Wanted, New Names!
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The Boston Weekly Globe.

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NATIONAL POLITICS.

Results of the Elections by the New States.

All Solid Republican Except Montana, Which Runs Close.

New York and Massachusetts' Democracy—Notes from Other Places.

Elections occurred in the four new States, Montana, South Dakota, North Dakota and Washington on Oct. 1. With the exception of Montana, the new States have gone solidly Republican. Despatches of dates from the 1st to the 5th inst., found below, give all the points, though in some cases conflicting as the results become more clear.

MONTANA.

Republicans Claim the State by a Narrow Margin—Democratic Governor Probable.

HELENA, Mont., Oct. 1.—The Democrats claim the election of their State and congressional ticket, but leave the Legislature in doubt.

Republicans make no figures as to the Legislature, but claim the election of Carter to Congress by a small majority. They generally concede the election of Toole, the Democratic candidate for governor, but say the balance of the State ticket is in doubt.

The election passed off quietly. Both parties unite in declaring the Australian system a success. The law limits the voter to five minutes in the voting booth, but this feature was not observed, fully 15 minutes being required in some cases.

The Journal, Republican, claims the State for Carter by 2500, and says Power will not run 500 behind it, and says the Legislature cannot be forecast, but is confident of a Republican majority. The Journal says the country districts show large Republican gains over Carter's majority of 5000 last year, and returns from Butte and Deer Lodge cannot overcome Republican country districts.

The Close Call in Montana.

HELENA, Mont., Oct. 2.—Carter, Republican, has been elected to Congress. The Democrats have the Legislature. The minor State officers are Republican.

HELENA, Mont., Oct. 3.—The Democrats today claim the election of Toole, their candidate for governor, by 400. They concede the election of Carter, the Republican candidate for Congress, by 900. They claim the Legislature by a majority of 11 on joint ballot. The Republicans claim the election of Power for governor by 300, and also claim the Legislature by a small majority.

The situation Oct. 4 shows that Toole (Democrat) is probably elected governor. The rest of the State officers are all Republican, but the House is still questionable. Republicans claim the Legislature on joint ballot by 3 or 4 majority. All the county officials are elected by the Republicans. The contest for the control of the Legislature promises to be very bitter.

REPUBLICAN BY TWO TO ONE.

Washington Defeats Woman Suffrage—Few Democrats in the House.

VANCOUVER, Wash., Oct. 2.—Judging from the count in the two Vancouver precincts the Republican State and legislative tickets are carried in Clark county two to one.

East Vancouver has been carried for the first time by the Republicans. The vote here is exceptionally heavy. The constitution is carried 3 to 1.

Spokane Falls reports 300 to 400 Republican majority, and a majority for the constitution.

The constitution has been adopted by 18,000 to 20,000 majority. The whole Republican State ticket has been elected by 8000 to 10,000. Of 110 members of the Legislature in both houses the Democrats have not elected more than 15. The Prohibition and woman suffrage clauses of the constition have been defeated.

For the State capital, Olympia is largely ahead of all competitors. All of the principal towns, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane Falls, Olympia, Port Townsend and Vancouver voted heavily for the constitution, and gave large Republican majorities.

Incomplete returns from all counties in Washington save Douglass, Okagan, San Juan, Skagit, Snohomish and Stevens give the Republican candidate for Congress 7629 majority. The whole State ticket is elected by majorities not far from these figures. Gains for the Republican ticket are reported from every section of the State, and it is not at all unlikely that the total vote will show over 8000 majority.

It requires a majority of the vote to select the permanent capital. East of the Cascade mountains North Yakima is ahead, and west of the range Olympia leads. Neither will have a majority, and another election will be necessary.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Solidly Republican—No Democratic Hopes Realized.

FARGO, N. D., Oct. 2.—Throughout the State the total vote is not as heavy as was expected, probably about 37,000. Many people have moved away from Ramsey, Eddis and Nelson counties, owing to the failure of the crops. The Legislature is strongly Republican. The Democrats elect senators in the 1st, 2d, 3d, 12th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 25th, 27th and 28th districts. The Republicans get 20, with the 23d district in doubt. The Republicans also get 36 members of the Assembly. The Democrats get 18, and there are five districts in doubt. Hansbrough, Republican, is elected to Congress by about 12,000 majority. The contest over the judgeships is extremely close.

At Republican headquarters the entire State ticket is claimed by from 10,000 to 12,000, while at Democratic headquarters Chairman Ryan asserts that from reports now at hand, official and otherwise, the Republicans will carry the State by not over 5000.

The total vote will not in all probability exceed 37 000. The Legislature is strongly Republican. Hansbrough, Republican, is elected to Congress by 12,000 majority. The Republicans claim that their entire State ticket is elected by 10,000 to 12,000. The Democratic leaders concede the State by 5000.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Reckless Trading of Votes for the Capital Site.

PIERRE, S. D., Oct. 1.—South Dakota's first State election descended to a degrading scramble for the capital location. There has been no fight on anything else.

Mellette is elected Governor by over 20,000 majority, Pickles and Gifford go to Congress. The Republican majority in the Legislature will be at least 60, ensuring the election of two Republican United States senators.

The vote was enormous, probably 80,000, and the trade and sale of ballots was based on the capital fight. For the capital, Pierre, Huron, Watertown, Chamberlain, Sioux Falls and Mitchell were entered. Reports to leading Republicans here indicate that Pierre has been chosen. With the figures at hand they place the vote of Pierre at 26,000, giving Huron 21,000; Sioux Falls, 11,000; Watertown, 10,000; Mitchell, 7000, and Chamberlain, 5000. It is at least certain it will go to either Huron or Pierre.

Incomplete returns give the Republicans the State by from 10,000 to 12,000. Prohibition carried the day.

Democrats Capture the Legislature.

HELENA, Mont., Oct. 7.—Latest returns show that the Democrats have a majority of seven on joint ballot of the Legislature.

Pierre the Capital City.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 2.—Pierre has undoubtedly been chosen as the capital of South Dakota.

NEW YORK'S DEMOCRACY.

State Ticket Nominated and Platform of Principles Adopted at Syracuse.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 1.—The Democrats held their State convention here today. At 12.18 the convention was called to order by Chairman Murphy, and the temporary organization was perfected according to the programme. After appointing the usual committees the convention took a recess.

The convention reconvened at 5.45 this evening. The temporary organization was made permanent, and the committee on contested seats made a report, which was adopted. The latter referred to only one district of Wayne and one district of Queens counties, and was not important. The following ticket was put in nomination.

Secretary of state, Frank Rice of Ontario.
Comptroller, Edward W. Wemple of Montgomery.
Treasurer, Elliot Danforth of Tompkins.
Attorney-general, C. F. Tabor of Erie.
State engineer, John Bogart of New York.
Judge of the Court of Appeals, Denis O'Brien of Jefferson.

The platform has the following: We have not advocated and do not advocate free trade, but we steadfastly advocate the principles of tariff reform, believing that adherence to the right alone carries in itself the certainty of triumph. We heartily indorse the honest and fearless administration of the national government by Grover Cleveland. Second, we charge that the Republican party at the last Federal election obtained power in the nation by corruption and false pretences, by intimidating and coercion of voters, by promises unperformed and pledges unredeemed, and by shameless trafficing of cabinet and other officers in its gift to the highest bidders; and though its candidate by these unscrupulous means received more than half the votes of the electoral college, its doctrines and principles were repudiated by a majority of the voters of the country.

We arraign the chief executive of the United States for a disgraceful violation of the pledge contained in his letter of acceptance, to wit: In appointments to every grade and department fitness and not party service should be the essential and discriminating test, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office, in that, not in exceptional instances, but with sweeping hand removed hundreds of honest and capable officers before the expiration of the terms for which they were appointed. Third, maintaining, as heretofore, that improper combinations of capital which limit production, fix the price of commodities regardless of the cost of production reduce the wages of labor and crush out the smaller independent dealers and thus strangle legitimate competition, are conspiracies, we demand legislation to prevent such combinations.

We do not favor the unrestricted sale of intoxicating liquors on the one hand, nor prohibition on the other. We believe that the liquor traffic should be restrained and regulated by just and equitable excise laws, rigidly enforced, which laws in their operation should be substantially uniform throughout the State. We believe all excise revenues, whether called license fees or taxes, should belong to the local treasuries of the localities under whose authority licenses are issued, to be applied in reducing the burden of local taxation.

We are opposed to all sumptuary legislation that needlessly interferes with the personal liberty of reasonable customs of the people; we favor the largest liberty for the individual citizen consistent with the public welfare.

We oppose the passage of the prohibition amendment upon which the next Legislature is required to act, and we denounce the hypocrisy of the Republican party of this State and of the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Pennsylvania in submitting, or proposing to submit prohibition amendments, only to defeat them at the polls. We arraign the Republican party for its dishonest treatment of the temperance question.

Sixth—The Democratic party renews its declaration in favor of electoral reform. We demand such changes in our election laws as will more effectually promote the secrecy of the ballot, stop corruption at the polls and prevent the intimidation and coercion of electors.

We earnestly insist upon a free, pure and untrammelled ballot, and to the accomplishment of that end will favor any reasonable and practicable measure which is free from constitutional and other radical defects, and has for its true and honest purpose the secrecy of the ballot, and the eradication of the evils of corruption, bribery and intimidation at elections.

The remainder of the platform is purely local.

MASSACHUSETTS DEMOCRATS.

W. E. Russell for Governor—Nominated by Acclamation.

The Massachusetts State Democratic convention assembled at Worcester on Wednesday last and nominated W. E. Russell, the candidate of the party last year, as their standard-bearer once more. There was no opposition, except by one delegate, Mellen of Worcester, who upset the harmony of the convention by declaring that Russell was the attorney and tool of monopolists. He wound up a speech which greatly excited the convention by nominating Gen. T. W. Higginson for governor. No one seconded the nomination, and it was made without Gen. Higginson's knowledge or consent.

Ex-Congressman P. A. Collins called the meeting to order and Nathan Matthews, Jr., was chosen president. He made a long and interesting speech. W. E. Russell of Cambridge was then nominated by Maynard of Springfield and the nomination was made by acclamation, the only exception being Mellen as before recited, who was jeered down by the angry delegates. The balance of the ticket was as follows: For lieutenant-governor, John W. Corcoran of Clinton; for secretary of the Commonwealth, William N. Osgood of Boston; for treasurer and receiver general, Carvin B. Munn of Holyoke; for auditor, William D. T. Treiry of Marblehead; for attorney general, Elisha B. Maynard of Springfield.

The platform adopted demands tariff reform; lower duties on necessaries of life; free raw material, especially wool; free coal and iron, as necessary to New England iron industry; the restraint of railroads from combinations calculated to raise traffic rates to a point injurious to New England; free shipbuilding materials as a means to build up the shipping interests; partial or entire reciprocity with Canada; closer commercial relations with Mexico; favors free elections, but deprecates a national election law. It also condemns the administration for its narrow partisanship and low standard of public duty, as compared with Cleveland's administration; objects to recent developments in the pension bureau and favors liberal treatment of invalid soldiers and sailors; demands the repeal of the poll tax as a prerequisite for voting; condemns the State control of the police as opposed to local self-government, and praises the high license system, while condemning the attitude of the Republican party on the temperance question. On the Australian ballot system and the public schools, it says:

We heartily indorse the principle of secret voting and we bespeak for the ballot act embodying this principle, which goes into effect this year, a fair trial.

We pledge ourselves to maintain our public school system in its full efficiency. The constitution of the Commonwealth requires the application of all school funds raised by taxation solely to the public schools, and there is no demand for the repeal or modification of this provision.

Upon the foregoing declaration of principles we appeal for the support of all those who are opposed to the present purposes and tendencies of the Republican party.

Notes.

There was an immense gathering of Republicans at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on Wednesday. The object of the gathering was the formal opening of the fall campaign by the organization of the new State committee. John N. Knapp was elected chairman and Frank S. Smith secretary. A delegation of colored Republicans was present, its members wanted representation on the committee, and recommended William B. Derrick of Flushing, L. I., a colored lawyer, as a delegate-at-large.

The Hudson county, N. J., Democrats held primaries, Wednesday night, to elect delegates to the county, assembly and freeholders' conventions. James Muldoon, who was judge of election in the 12th precinct, second district, provided a locked ballot box, to which an objection was raised, and voters demanded that the box be opened. This Muldoon refused to allow, and the box was seized. It was found to be stuffed with tickets. Muldoon was arrested.

The Australian system of balloting is said to have worked well at the election in Montana. A despatch from Boulder states that the ticket there contained 6[illegible] names, and the time necessary for marking it ranged from one to three minutes. Very few voters took more than five minutes and few tickets were spoiled. The system gave general satisfaction.

All Quiet at Samoa.

Rear Admiral L. A. Kimberly, in a communication to the Navy Department, reports his arrival at Honolulu Sept.20 from Samoa per steamer Alameda. He says that he has hoisted his flag on board of the Alert. He left Apia, Samoa, in the Adams, Sept. 13, and embarked with his personal staff, Lieuts. Rittenhouse and Merriam, on board the mail steamer the next morning. The Monongahela sailed from Apia for the navy yard, Mare Island, Sept.13, with the guns, gun carriage and the articles recovered from the wrecks of the Vandalia and Trenton. The admiral reports all quiet in Samoa. He says the work on the Nipsic has been well done at Honolulu, and that if she had her guns, which are now on board the Monongahela, she would be in good condition to make a full three years' cruise.

FOUR BURNED TO DEATH.

Three Injured by Jumping from Windows—Men Awake from Sleep Encircled by Flames.

WINONA, Miss., Oct. 6.—A fire broke out about 2.40 a. m., in R. E. Lett's two-story restaurant. This was a prominent building on 1st street.

It was only a few minutes after the alarm was sounded before the flames had completely enveloped the restaurant, the upper story of which was used as sleeping apartments.

Nine men were sound asleep in the upper story; five of the nine escaped, but four were burned to death.

Ruffin Thompson, the head clerk, and Cecile Simpson, another clerk, escaped by climbing down the awning in front.

Jeff Kent, of Carroll county, A. J. Cook, and W. L. Alford, of Webster county, jumped from the second-story window to the brick pavement below, and were all badly injured, Mr. Cook's ankle being broken so badly that amputation is thought to be necessary.

Those who perished in the flames were:

J. A. Thomas, a merchant of Cumberland, Webster county.

J. L. Lawtry, Lon Crouch, both merchants of Hopenlenden, Webster county.

Paul Williams, a farmer of Sun Creek, Oktibbeha county.

All of them were prominent citizens of their respective communities, and were en route home from Memphis to purchase goods.

It was only by the most heroic efforts that the adjoining buildings and stocks were saved. For a time it seemed that the large part of the business houses of the town were doomed, but the gallantry of volunteer citizens averted this great disaster.

As soon as possible the debris was cleared away, and the bodies of the four victims, burned to a crisp and beyond recognition, were recovered. The remains will be shipped to relatives tomorrow.

It is supposed that the victims died from suffocation before they could make their escape.

Lett's restaurant was one of the finest establishments of the kind in the State. The origin of the fire is unknown.

BORN WITH THE CENTURY.

Mr. Bancroft Celebrates His Birthday—The Years Fall Lightly on America's Great Historian.

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 3.—Born, Oct. 3, 1800, George Bancroft, historian, statesman, scholar, today completed 89 years of his life.

He gives no evidence of weakening either in mind or body, and received his scores of visitors today without weariness, which he certainly could not have done had he been the "enfeebled old man" which some correspondents have tried to make out. What he has gone through during the past 12 hours would be a hard day's work for any man however young or robust.

Rising early, as usual, Mr. Bancroft went through his morning mail, which contained many congratulatory letters, and before his callers began to arrive answered eight of these letters in his own hand, besides dictating his acknowledgment of many others. This work had scarcely been accomplished when the carriages began to roll up the gravelled approach to his beautiful villa, "Rose Cliff," and from that time until evening he was never free.

Nearly every summer resident now in Newport called, and each visitor was laden with some token of remembrance, and the drawing and reception rooms were soon completely banked with the most beautiful roses, arranged in designs so varied that the ingenuity of the florists must have been taxed to the utmost.

One of this throng of callers was George H. Snelling, one of Boston's most venerable citizens, and he and the host chatted together like two old chums. They had not met in several years. Mr. Bancroft did not at first recognize his guest, but after a moment's introduction they were discussing a travelling tour in which they both participated some 50 years ago as if it had been but yesterday.

Mr. Bancroft is a young man yet in many ways and he talks of future work today just as much as he did 10 years ago. He has abandoned horseback riding since receiving one or two falls, but he has not given up his idea of exercise. He has made a practice all summer long of walking one or two miles every pleasant day.

Two hours each day Mr. Bancroft devotes to his life of President Polk, which he hopes to complete the coming winter. He already has about 200 pages of his manuscript completed, besides innumerable letters and extracts from diaries which are to be published as a part of the work.

In addition to his labors on this interesting biography he has revised his life of Van Buren, which he expects from the press daily.

Among those who telegraphed their congratulations today were: George William Curtis, Clarence W. Boen and John A. King of New York, John Hay of Ohio, C. A. Dana of the New York Sun cabled his respects from Europe. Mr. Bancroft will close his cottage Tuesday and go direct to his winter home in Washington.

PENNSYLVANIA PESTILENCE.

Epidemic of Malignant Diphtheria at Carbondale.

CARBONDALE, Penn., Oct. 5.—An epidemic of malignant diphtheria has broken out in this city, which has thrown the people into a state of terror. In the last two weeks there have been about 75 cases of the most virulent type reported, and a large number of deaths. In many cases entire families are stricken down, with no one left to care for them, their friends and neighbors fearing to lend assistance lest the disease be conveyed to their own families.

The malady is infectious, and a large majority of the cases are fatal. New ones are reported every day, and the pestilence is spreading rapidly. The majority of cases are located in the least cleanly districts, but the contagion is one which has already spread through contact to the better class of people. Eight years ago an epidemic of the same disease visited Carbondale and did fearful work, wiping out many entire households.

THE RESCUED ON THE RAY.

Geographique's Crew Brought Safely Into St. Pierre.

ST. PIERRE, Miq., Oct. 7.—The schooner Ray, Capt. Buffet, of Jersey Harbor, N. F., arrived yesterday, bringing Second Officer Danguet, 18 of the crew and seven cattle men of the Geographique. The second officer reports having sighted Pass Island, N. F., about 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. They were piloted to Rencontre harbor by a fishing skiff. They were afloat 36 hours in a boat without food or water, and had great difficulty in keeping the boat afloat, the sea being very rough, wind southerly and strong.

On landing the people of Rencontre kindly took care of all, providing them with board and lodging. They took the first passage to this port by the schooner Ray. Langlais, chief fireman; Questal, fireman; Guena, coal trimmer, and one cattle man are missing, and it is supposed they were drowned when the steamer sank.

TIME RIPE

For Colored Men to Look to the Condition of Their Race.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 7.—A largely attended State convention of colored men opened in the senate chamber of the State Capitol this morning. John G. Jones of Chicago, in calling the convention to order, urged the formation of a State league of colored men for the protection of their political interests.

The call for the convention, which was read, declares that the time has arrived when leading and active colored Republicans should deliberate and confer upon the present condition of the race and upon principles and measures important to their welfare, progress and general improvement. Civil, political and intellectual advancement could only be promoted through the channel of organization, for in a multitude of counsellors only was there strength and wisdom. After the transaction of some routine business a recess was taken. It was given out that this movement is the prelude to the organization of a national Republican league, with headquarters at Chicago.

Three Men Suffocated.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 7.—A steam pipe in the Galaxy flour mill burst Saturday night and suffocated Frank Banks, assistant engineer, and Joseph Evans, fireman.

ALIENS IN AMERICA.

Contrasts Drawn by a Colored Traveller in Europe.

The Race Issue Gathering Importance All Over the Country.

Meeting of Boston's Colored Men—Church Circles Agitated.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—There is a movement on foot among the leading colored men in this country looking toward the formation of a league for the purpose of promoting the interests and the welfare of the colored people throughout the United States. The idea is not a new one, having been once or twice suggested by T. Thomas Fortune, the well-known editor of the newspaper organ of the colored race in New York.

New stimulus is given to the subject, however, at the present time by the return of William E. Matthews, a colored man of some prominence, and a resident of the district, from Europe, where he has travelled for the last eight weeks. In a letter which he has addressed to John M. Langston, at Petersburg, Va., Mr. Matthews says, among other things, relating to his European experience: "Enjoying as I did all the freedom and protection of a man and freeman in countries trained to systems of restricted liberties, I was hurt as with the sting of a whip at the outrages heaped on a few, to be sure, but meant for us all, at home. In Paris, at the exposition, I met people of every trade, tongue, and garb of the civilized world, and many, indeed, from the Soudan, Egypt, Persia and the Occident, only nominally civilized; but none of these could tell the outrageous and revolting tales of woe that the Southern negro tells. We are aliens at home, foreigners in our native land, without rights, denied even protection in the land we gave our blood to preserve

"Abroad, a stranger, I enjoyed rights and privileges denied me at home. I was wounded and humiliated at the contrast. I thought of this anomalous condition, and after much reflection and conversation with some of the best trained minds in Europe I concluded that the time is ripe for a race organization for race unity, protection and the promotion of all interests pertaining to the dignity and welfare of our people.

"In the few hours spent in New York on my arrival, I had the opportunity of talking the matter over with a few of our friends, including P. S. B. Pinchback and several others. Since reaching Washington the matter has been casually mentioned to John R. Lynch, Edward W. Blyden, John H. Smyth, E. P. McCabe, Mr. Cromwell and other prominent men of the race now in the city. They all thought well of the effort and stand ready to co-operate."

Mr. Matthews asks Mr. Langston to head the movement and take the necessary steps toward inaugurating the organization of the league. Mr. Langston accepts the responsibility, and in his letter says: "I shall assume the authority and I desire to state that in nothing am I so profoundly interested as the protection and advancement of the colored American; and to nothing am I so ready, under God, to dedicate all my powers and labors, as to his general welfare."

Georgia Negroes Hiding from the Census Taker.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 5.—W. A. Pledger, a prominent negro Republican, has called a convention of colored men, to be held Nov. 12, to discuss the relation of the races and alleged outrages of whites. Pledger's paper, in explaining the reasons for the convention, says: "We are going to discuss matters, it don't matter who it hurts. We are going to tell of outrages, of robbery, of our people, and of lies that the Bourbon press tell on our people, and how we are denied representation, and we will say to the world that so far as negro domination is concerned we do not wish it, but will say that we want representation scaled down, and, if necessary to do it, we will say to every negro in the State, 'Hide while the census is being taken.' If necessary, let the census tell that there is not a negro citizen in Georgia. Say, if necessary, you have moved to Mississippi." There are indications of a large attendance from all parts of the State.

Boston's Colored Men Organizing.

Rev. Theodore Gould, pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal church, Charles street, presided Wednesday over a well-attended meeting in the interest of the colored people of the South. Rev. John T. Jeniffer of Newport, R. I., gave a review of the Southern situation, claiming that it was time for the North to finish the work left undone by the government. Instead of looking abroad, the North should look to the South and see that the principle of murder is eradicated. The time has come when if the white man buys a revolver the black man buys one also. Rev. Mr. Gould declared that not only physically, mentally and morally, but politically, the black man has rights which must be respected. In spite of the amendment passed by the abolitionists in Tremont Temple thanking Cardinal Lavigerie of Algiers for calling the attention of the civilized world to the condition of the colored man, Mrs. Shepherd in her address strongly emphasized her declaration that Rome was the foe of the black man, and was working to get him back into slavery. While not an American she expressed her intense love of American institutions.

NO MACKEREL THERE.

Capt. Atwood Advises Americans to Keep Away from Africa.

"I have read," said Uncle John Atwood, "that a number of our fishermen are contemplating a trip to foreign countries in a search for mackerel. This is by no means a new scheme, for in 1841 my brother, Nathaniel D. Atwood, fitted out his vessel for a trip to the Azores, there being a dearth of mackerel here at the time.

"He was ready to sail and would have gone on a wild goose chase had it not been for a captain of a Fayal bark who brought to this country specimens of fish that proved not to be mackerel, but simply a species of them.

"It is my opinion, and I have reason to know, that there are no mackerel south of the equator and those men that are talking of a south African voyage will do better by staying on their own shore.

OFFICIAL DEFICIENCY

Declared to be Only Twenty-Two Points—Report of Trial Board on the Cruiser Baltimore.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 4.—The official report of the trial board on the cruiser Baltimore, relative to her recent trial run, was received at the Navy Department this morning. The board states that the average horse power developed by the engines was 8977.88, the requirements being 9000, thus making a deficiency of 22.12, which would incur a penalty of $2212. The report states that during the run two of the indicators, which had been thoroughly tested before the trial, broke, and it was necessary to substitute two others which had not been tested.

On the record of these indicators depended the record of the development of horse power. Secretary Tracy, after reading the report, decided to waive the question of acceptance of the vessel until he could hear from the Cramps, the contractors, as to whether or not they were willing to let the last trial stand as the final one or preferred to have another trial run with the indicators thoroughly tested.

The Favorite Fruit at the Fair.

[Van Wert News.]

At the county fair hundreds of men were sucking lemons. To the person not posted on tricks that are vain, this appeared to be a health precaution, but to the boys who knew what was going on it was more amusing than the races. These lemons were sold by a moonshiner. They were made of pressed paper, the same as pails, and look for all the world like lemons. But when the little tip on the end was gently removed, there was the forbidden fluid. A small, smooth lemon, with a square drink under its hide, cost 10 cents. A big, rough specimen of the fruit cost 15 cents. If your lemonade was not sour to your taste, you gently squeezed your lemon. One of the managers heard of the lemon and determined to break it up. He went to the dealer and bought a sample of the fruit and in triumph cut it open. To his astonishment he had a lemon. He made three additional purchases, and each time got a lemon. The moonshiner was not only posted but was prepared for emergencies.

THE SLATTERY MYSTERY.

No Solution Yet—Hunt Supposed to Have Swallowed the $1000 Diamond.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 7.—At this hour, 1 p. m., the police have no solution whatever to the mysterious attempt at murder and robbery made upon D. P. Slattery at an early hour yesterday morning. Of the six men arrested the police are still holding Alexander Hunt, the man who did most of the beating: John Hickey, the barkeeper at Klostermann's saloon, where the affair occurred, and John Meehan, who was in the crowd at the time. This morning a warrant for robbery in the first degree was sworn out against Hunt. He is the man in whose cell the police found the setting of Capt. Slattery's $1000 diamond pin. He is supposed to have swallowed the stone. No charges have been preferred against the others. At 1 p. m. Capt. Slattery was resting quietly. His injuries are not dangerous, but the physicians say that the only thing they fear is the result of the nervous shock, which may be fatal.

FIRED ON BY BOSSES.

Other Side of the Navassa Affray—Laborer's Complaints Answered by a Volley.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 7.—The State Department is in receipt of a partial report by W. G. Allen, United States consul at Kingston, Ja., of the recent riot at Navassa. It agrees with the press accounts already published, and has in addition the following letter from Mr. Henson, the spiritual adviser of the laborers, giving their version of the trouble:

NAVASSA, Sept. 15, 1889.

To his honor, the American consul of Kingston, Jam.:

We the undersigned laborers for the Navassa Phosphate Company, were attacked by the bosses and managers with firearms because we refused to work after being improperly treated. Our grievances are various, and we demand a hearing before the present acting superintendent, C. D. Smith. They immediately fired promiscuously among us, wounding four men. We, believing there was nothing between us and death, withstood the fire and captured some of their firearms. During the affray one of the bosses was wounded. They went under cover of the house and fired on us the second time. During the affray two of the bosses were fatally injured. They then evacuated the armory, which we now have in possession, treating the remaining bosses with due courtesy, with no further acts of violence on our part. We now await to hear from you, hoping you will send immediate relief, or a vessel to carry us back to the United States of America.

We remain yours, 136 souls, all American citizens, awaiting instant action.

WILLIAM H. HENSON, Spiritual Adviser.

TEMPEST OF APPLAUSE

Greeted Powderly Last Night in Chicago

CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—T. V. Powderly addressed an audience of 5000 persons here tonight. He was greeted with such a tempest of applause as seldom is given to any man. He began by referring to the criticisms that had been launched at him from Chicago, and said that a few years ago he would not have expected such an audience or such a hearing.

His remarks on Sunday saloon closing were emphatic and pointed enough to elicit repeated outbreaks of applause from even the most radical of his hearers.

"You have been told," he said, "that the chief officer of the Knights of Labor is a most villainous character. He is not going to deny it. But I will see that the citizens of Chicago not connected with any labor organization may select a committee of three honest men, and I will place with them the records of the order since its organization. If that committee does not say that what they have heard on the streets is a slander on the order, then I will submit that it is a just verdict. If the respectable, decent citizens of Chicago do not care to accept this offer I feel that they do not believe the slanders."

On the Sunday closing theme he said: "I believe in Sunday rest. So do the Knights of Labor. I believe the time will come when enough can be done in five days to give the laboring man two days in the week—one for God and one for humanity. What have the saloons ever done for humanity? How many souls have they saved? How many people have they clothed, except the saloon-keeper's family? When we have a strike the saloon-keeper often contributes more than the dry goods man, but he robs them of more. I never knew one of them to give a cent that he did not expect a dollar in return for. If the saloon will not do it voluntarily, let us make it do so. I would advise you to keep up this agitation. Don't let these meetings stop."

MILLIONS FOR A PUBLIC HOUSE.

A New York Syndicate to Build a $3,000,000 Hotel in Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 1.—A New York syndicate of eight men, whose names cannot be learned, have secured an option on real estate for the site of a $3,000,000 hotel here, after the style of the Hotel Ryan at St. Paul. The location is convenient to the Chesapeake & Ohio station, and it is supposed that C. P. Huntington has an interest in the proposed hotel. H. Victor Newcomb has property near the site, and is also probably interested.

NAKED AND HUNGRY.

Death Roll at Fated Johnstown on the Increase.

JOHNSTOWN, Penn., Oct. 6.—With the thermometer about the freezing point, there is a great deal of suffering here by the people who are improperly sheltered and poorly clothed. The relief money which was intended to supply their necessities, even if paid at once, will now come too late to be properly applied in providing against the blasts of winter. The clothing that was on hand when the commissary department shut down has been transferred to the Red Cross Society, by whom it will be distributed to the needy.

There have been a great many deaths here within the past week, and most of them have been superinduced by ailments contracted in the flood. At the Red Cross hospital there are now 22 cases of typhoid fever, most of the sufferers being strangers in town.

DESERTED FARMS.

Full Returns from 160 Towns in New Hampshire.

CONCORD, N. H. Oct. 1.—N. J. Batchelder, commissioner of immigration, appointed under the law passed at the last session of the Legislature looking to the repopulation of deserted farms in this State, has received returns from 160 towns, in which are 936 such, having buildings in good repair, or can be made so at slight expense. Thirty-nine towns reported no deserted farms, and it is probable that the 75 from which no returns have been received have comparatively few.

Towns having the largest number of abandoned farms are; Canaan and Hillsboro, each 27; New Boston, 22; Moultonboro, Sandwich and Bath, 20 each.

In Acworth, where there are 19, an agent has been appointed to co-operate with the commissioner, and it is probable that he will make the first attempt at repopulating farms in that town.

The returns showed about one-half as many farms occupied that are for sale as the number deserted.

Mr. Batchelder will soon issue a descriptive catalogue giving the location and price of each abandoned farm in the State.

HAVOC ON LAKE HURON.

Visited by a Terrible Storm Yesterday.

Mate of a Propeller Killed by the Force of a Wave.

Several Vessels go Down and Others are Aground.

CHICAGO, Oct. 7.—Despatches from several points report a terrific storm on Lake Huron yesterday. It is feared that several vessels have gone down. At Sand Beach, Mich., where several vessels put in Saturday night, a huge sea struck the propeller Otego yesterday, smashed in the port rail and instantly killed Mate Thomas M. Fisher.

Wheelman Thomas Rowland of the propeller Rosselle was killed during the storm. While the vessel was in Saginaw bay laboring in a heavy sea, the wheel got away from the mate and wheelman and the latter was instantly killed. Every spike of the wheel was broken when in its rapid revolutions it struck Rowland's head.

The schooner Magruder, laden with lumber, was driven ashore in Sand Beach harbor.

A despatch from Detroit reports the steamer Viking aground on St. Clair flats, and the steam barge Glasgow aground on Pelee island.

The barge Wend the Wave, one of the Glasgow's consorts, was run down and sunk by the schooner J. D. Sawyer. The cook, a woman, was drowned.

A despatch from Port Huron says many vessels put in badly damaged, and several are reported ashore at different points. The big steamer Chemung arrived in Port Huron last evening. Her captain reports that the Chemung's air-pump burst in the morning. The steamer drifted in the trough of the sea and shifted her cargo. She arrived at Port Huron almost on her beam ends. Two vessels report a black three-masted steam barge, with one large smokestack, ashore at White rock. Both think it is the Rhoda Emily or the Escanaba of the Owen line. No fatalities have so far been reported except those mentioned above.

RACING SEA CRABS.

How a Gang of Divers Played Nelson and Alcryon at the Bottom of the Deep.

Several years ago a well-known submarine diver, whose business is located in Boston, obtained a contract for some work near Fall River. It was to blast and remove some rocks, and several men were sent to work on the ledge. For the first day or two the boss stayed around and as everything seemed to be progressing smoothly and the rock was being rapidly removed he came back to Boston where he stayed a week or so attending to other business. Wishing to find out how his men were working when he was not around to see that they did their part properly he made a flying trip to Fall River one day, and went out to a point on shore, where he could see the raft from which his divers worked.

Everything was much as he had left it; the raft was in the same place, and upon it were the helpers, who tended the air pumps of the men under water and hauled up the rocks. Everything seemed to be unusually quiet, however, and though he waited about for some time, he did not see any stone coming up. Wishing to find out what the matter was he took a small boat and, rowing quietly out to the raft, put a suit of armor on and descended.

His coming was of course a great surprise, and he appeared on the bottom as an apparition to his men, who, instead of working as they should have been, were seated upon rocks on the bottom enjoying racing of a new sort. Having scratched off a miniature racecourse on the bottom, they had each captured a sea crab, to which they attached a string, and placing them all on an even line, were racing them for the drinks. For this amusing occupation the divers were drawing a salary of something like $10 a day, but they didn't have any more "crab races" after the appearance of the boss upon the scene.

COUNTERFEITERS RAIDED.

One of the Gang "Peaches" on His Companions in Crime.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 7.—The secret service officers raided a gang of counterfeiters south of this city yesterday and captured Isaac Reynolds, John Lucas and J. M. McBride. After the capture Lucas' house was searched and the mould and $140 in spurious coin were found. The gang has been making $10 "gold" coins, and a number of them have been put into circulation in this city and Johnson county.

McBride made a full confession, saying that they had been engaged in the business for several months, and had got rid of a large amount of the stuff in this State, Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois. He gave the names of several other members of the gang and the officers are after them.

CANNIBALS OF ONTARIO.

Human Flesh Devoured by Indians—Children Killed and Eaten by Ferocious Parents.

OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 7.—A man just returned from an exploring expedition in the wilds of Northwestern Ontario, said that he had discovered a tribe of Indians who had practiced cannibalism up to within a few years ago, when the country was first visited by French missionaries.

In the vicinity of Abbittibee lake he was shown an Indian child whose grandmother had killed and eaten seven of her young children, the child's father being the only one to escape. He made his mother's terrible deed known to the chief of the tribe, who sent his men to arrest her. On entering the wigwam they found the head of the last child boiling in a pot over the fire. She was ordered to be shot, lots having been drawn to see who the executioner should be. The unlucky straw fell to an old Indian, who successfully removed the unnatural mother from doing further harm.

On the Quinze lake several years ago he found that a full-blooded warrior had killed and eaten four of his sons, but was afterward shot and killed by his fifth son.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

Half a Century of Business Enterprise and Success.

Among the many business establishments of Boston there are none more famous in its line of trade than that of the Oliver Ditson Company. This widely-known house has had a remarkably successful career. It was founded half a century ago by the late Oliver Ditson, who was one of the earliest publishers of music and dealers in musical merchandise.

For many years the firm name of Oliver Ditson & Co. has been favorably known throughout the United States. The surviving partners of the old firm and the executors of the estate of Oliver Ditson, in March last organized a corporation under the style of the Oliver Ditson Company, and the business is being continued on as extensive a scale and as successfully as ever. The officers of the new company are: John C. Haynes, president; Charles H. Ditson, treasurer; Charles C. Williams, Charles F. Smith and Moses Williams.

Each of these gentlemen is well known in the musical world, and their business sagacity and enterprise augurs well for the continued prosperity of the house. Mr. Haynes, who, when a boy, was employed by the late Oliver Ditson in 1845, became a partner in 1857, and he is in charge of the principal store at 449 and 451 Washington street, where all the printing and publishing are done. At 694 Washington street there are 10,000 feet of flooring in the wholesale department. The treasurer, Mr. Charles H. Ditson, continues in charge of the New York city branch house, 867 Broadway. Mr. Charles C. Williams carries on the branch store at 33 Court street, Boston, under the style of John C. Haynes & Co., the Philadelphia branch is run under the title of J. E. Ditson & Co., while Messrs. Lyon & Healy of Chicago look after the immense Western trade of the company.

The new corporation is to be congratulated upon the large volume of business which it continues to handle, and upon the fact that there are no other firms or companies in the country in their line which can point to a longer or more honorable and successful career than it has enjoyed.

BATE HOUSE IN FLAMES.

Rescuing People from the Upper Windows of an Indianapolis Hotel.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 7.—The Bate House is on fire. The flames are confined to the inside. The entire fire department has been called out, and people are being rescued from the upper stories by ladders.

CALL TO CLAN-NA-GAELS

Issued by the Cronin Faction—Nationalists Oppose the Call—Attempt to Reorganize the Order.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 6.—The four members of the executive of the Clan-na-Gael who represent the Cronin faction as opposed to the Nationalists' faction, have issued a call for a convention of all the camps throughout the country. The call is signed by Luke A. Dillon and O'Meagher Condon of this city, James Tierney of New York, and Mortimer Scanlan of Chicago.

There are nine members of the executive, five of whom are Nationalists, and who, therefore, have the control. These five have come out in a counter circular, forbidding the camps to send delegates to the proposed convention, as the call, they allege, is unauthorized and illegal.

The purpose of the convention called by Messrs. Dillon, Condon, Scanlan and Tierney is stated to be for the purpose of reorganizing the order.

CONQUEST OF THE CONGO.

To be Made Firm with Iron Rails—Railroad Grading Expedition About to Sail from Antwerp.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—A Brussels special to the Sun says:

Next Thursday the steamer Lualaba will sail for the Congo from Antwerp, having on board the expedition which is to start building the Congo railroad. The expedition is in charge of Mr. Vanthier, civil engineer, and he will be accompanied by four assistant engineers, a physician, two foremen and a party of laborers. The labor forces will be recruited on the Congo.

This first expedition will grade the first division of the route which is already surveyed. This division is the most difficult part of the entire route, and extends from Matadi to Palaballa. It will be prepared for rails as rapidly as possible. A second expedition will embark some time in November.

A report just received from Mr. Vankerckoven, commander of the Bangala station on the upper Congo, says that in May he received alarming rumors from up the river with regard to the attitude of Tippu Tib. He at once issued an order forbidding European vessels to steam beyond the Aruwimi River, and he himself hastened to Stanley Falls to learn the situation there. He found that the rumors were entirely false, that Tippu Tib was in all respects living up to his agreement with the sovereign of the Congo State and that he had recently prevented a number of Arab leaders from going on slave raids. The interdiction upon navigation was at once revoked.

The Arabs at Stanley Falls are now wholly submissive to the will of the state. The new station at the mouth of the Aruwimi is prospering, and hundreds of the Basoko warriors, who attacked Stanley so fiercely upon his first descent of the river, are now enrolled among the native forces of the state.

STATEHOOD OF THE DAKOTAS.

President Harrison Asked to Examine the State Constitution.

FARGO, N. D., Oct. 7.—Gov. Mellet has had official copies of the constitutions of North and South Dakota prepared, with other necessary documents, and they have been placed in the hands of President Harrison, with the view of being examined, and the fact ascertained whether or not they comply with the provisions of the enabling act, and are not in conflict with the Constitution of the United States.

The canvass of the returns of the vote upon the constitution must be made by Gov. Mellet, Secretary Richardson and Chief Justice Tripp, or any two of the associate justices, 15 days after the election. When this duty is completed it has been arranged to telegraph the result to President Harrison and Oct. 23, a week later, it is hoped the President's proclamation will be issued. Each portion of the Territory will then become a State, and the officers elected last Tuesday may then qualify.

The constitution provides that the new governor, immediately upon his qualification, shall convene the Legislative Assembly at a date not less than 15 days nor more than 40 days from the date of such proclamation. It will, therefore, be seen that the Legislature cannot be called to meet before Nov. 7.

Should all of the foregoing plans be carried out as arranged, it is probable the meeting will not be until Nov. 12.

THE CIVIL SERVICE LAW.

Some Figures Given by the Civil Service Reform League.

The following table by States shows the number of removals made during the four years of Cleveland's and six months of Harrison's administrations:

State.	Cleveland.	Harrison.
Alabama	4	5
Arizona	2	0
Arkansas	3	9
California	6	6
Colorado	7	2
Connecticut	5	7
Dakota	11	5
Delaware	2	0
Florida	7	6
Georgia	11	3
Idaho	1	2
Illinois	41	40
Indiana	31	32
Iowa	40	18
Kansas	19	20
Kentucky	11	3
Louisiana	5	1
Maine	8	9
Maryland	3	3
Massachusetts	8	7
Michigan	24	22
Minnesota	10	6
Mississippi	11	4
Missouri	26	9
Montana	3	0
Nebraska	11	4
Nevada	2	1
New Hampshire	10	5
New Jersey	11	12
New Mexico	2	0
New York	45	30
North Carolina	18	20
Ohio	29	23
Oregon	3	0
Pennsylvania	28	21
South Carolina	7	1
Tennessee	9	5
Texas	10	10
Vermont	6	10
Virginia	18	10
Washington	4	5
West Virginia	7	3
Wisconsin	29	10
Wyoming	2	0
Totals	550	389

In a few cases the postmasters removed under the present administration have been removed "for cause," that is, charges have been preferred against them. But in the majority of cases these charges have been frivolous, and used simply as a pretext to get rid of a Democrat and appoint a Republican.

How do New England civil service reformers like the way in which the President is standing by his letter of acceptance "to advance the reform"?

Indians Sign the Treaty.

BRAINERD, Minn., Oct. 7.—Word has been received from the Indian commissioners at Mille Lacs reservation that these Indians have at last given in and signed the treaty which will open some of the richest lands in the country to settlement. The result of the commission's labors adds about 4,000,000 acres to the domain in addition to that secured by the Sioux commission.

Jay Gould Gone West.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 7.—Jay Gould, with a party of friends, arrived last evening, and is stopping at the Southern Hotel. He is going to Chicago, Monday night, to attend a meeting of the Presidents' Association, Tuesday. He thinks the agreement needs amending by striking out the nullifying clause which was added to oblige the Alton road.

RIVER AND OCEAN.

Boiler Explosion on a Mississippi River Steamer.

Forty Lives Lost—Twenty-seven Drowned Off Newfoundland.

British Steamer Lost with Twenty-one Persons—Other Disasters.

The steamer Corona of the Ouachita Consolidated line left New Orleans Wednesday evening for the Ouachita River with a full cargo of freight and a good list of passengers. She exploded her boilers at False River, nearly opposite Port Hudson, Thursday forenoon, causing the loss of the steamer and about 40 lives.

The Anchor line steamer City of St. Louis, Capt. James O'Neil, was near by, and with his crew and boats saved many lives. The surviving passengers and crew were taken on board by Capt. O'Neil, and very kindly cared for by him and his crew.

J. W. Blanks, captain of the Corona, and a number of the other officers were lost.

Mrs. Robertson, one of the passengers, says when the Corona arrived opposite False River landing one of her boilers exploded, tearing the boat to pieces, when she sank in deep water in a few seconds. She says she was wedged in the ladies' cabin, with some of the debris lying across her lower limbs, but was suddenly released and found herself floating in the river. She sank twice, but luckily was picked up, and escaped with only a few painful bruises on her limbs.

Hon. L. F. Mason, secretary of state, who was a passenger on the Corona, states that he was in the cabin talking to Mrs. Robertson when the explosion occurred. He escaped with life preservers, and assisted in saving Mrs. Robertson and another lady; there was very little time for preparation for escape, as the boat went down like lead a few seconds after the explosion occurred.

No one seems to be able to give any explanation as to the cause of the disaster. The Corona was on her first trip of the season, and had but recently come out of the dry dock where she received repairs. She was built at Wheeling, W. Va., by the Sweeny Brothers of the city about seven years ago, and had a carrying capacity of about 2700 bales of cotton. She was valued at $20,000.

A Tramp Steamer Sinks.

A despatch announces that the British steamer Earnmore, from Baltimore for Rio Janeiro, had foundered at sea in a gale of Sept. 5. All hands were lost except seven—the first officer, second engineer and five of the crew—who were landed at Nassau. The total loss is 21. The Earnmore left Baltimore Aug. 29 for Rio Janeiro with a cargo consisting of 85,000 bushels of wheat and miscellaneous merchandise valued at $70,000; insured. The vessel was valued at $135,000 and insured for $120,000. The Earnmore was built in 1887 and had a gross tonnage of 2010 tons. The crew consisted of Capt. R. J. Grey, First Officer Painter, Second Officer Stone, First Engineer Sauder, Second Engineer Meldrume and 23 firemen and seamen.

Two Ships Sunk in Collision.

The transatlantic steamer Geographique of the Bossiere line, Capt. Pausset, bound from Montreal to Southampton, with cattle, sheep and a cargo of general merchandise, which left Sydney, C. B., on Tuesday, collided with the Nova Scotian bark Minnie Swift, 40 miles off St. Pierre, early Wednesday morning. The Minnie Swift sank within two minutes, drowning, as near as can be ascertained, two women, three children and 10 men. The others, with part of the crew of a Norwegian vessel who had previously been picked up, got on board the steamer, which, despite all efforts, sank at 11 o'clock a. m. Two boats containing about 35 persons, which put off from the steamer early in the morning, are still missing. The third boat, with the captain and 15 others, was picked up by the schooner Sister Belle and brought to St. Pierre, Miquelon.

HOLSTEIN DREW LARGE SUMS.

Bookkeeper Accused of Stealing Over $2500.

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—Henry Holstein, long the trusted bookkeeper for Nicoll, the tailor, on the Bowery, is in the Tombs prison, accused of swindling his employer.

Donald Nicoll, who appeared against Holstein, said that the young man had cheated the firm out of upward of $2500. His method was to present checks to Donald Nicoll for amounts which he claimed were necessary to meet payments of the salaries of employes. He would make out the check for double the amount actually necessary and then make an entry on the check slip for the sum actually required.

NEGRO INVASION OF MEXICO.

The Chamber of Deputies Considering a Contract with that End in View.

CITY OF MEXICO, Oct. 7.—The Tiempo says that a contract signed by Messrs Ellis and Ferguson with Secretary Pacheco for an African invasion of Mexico is now before the Chamber of Deputies for discussion. This journal, while taking a pessimistic view of the outlook, thinks that there is now no doubt that the contract will be approved.

It suggests, therefore, that Gen. Pacheco take the first invoice of negroes under his own protection and locate them in the district of Corcoba below the Hacienda of Guadaloupe; that the government give each head of a family a plot of 10 yectares of land, of which he shall have entire possession without the right to sell it, and that each colonist be furnished agricultural implements and all the coffee trees necessary for the plantation, besides the usual number of banana and tobacco plants. The Tiempo thinks that the only anchor of salvation in the matter is to keep the negroes on coffee plantations.

LIABILITIES OF MILLIONS.

Business Failures for Three Months Throughout the Country.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—The business failures in the United States reported to R. G. Dun & Co. and E. Russell & Co. of the mercantile agency for the quarter ending with September were 2276, showing a decrease of 85, or 3.7 per cent., from last year, but for nine months the number has been 7879, showing an increase of 329, or 4 per cent.

The liabilities for the past quarter have been swelled by a few large failures to $39,227,045, or 40 per cent. more than for the same quarter last year, but for nine months the aggregate has been $105,055,890, an increase of 16½ per cent.

The later weeks have shown a decrease both in number of failures and liabilities, and the average of liabilities to each failure is comparatively low even for the last quarter, being only about $17,000, and for nine months about $13,000, against $12,000 last year.

The failures in Canada show a decrease of 5 per cent. in number, and 40 per cent. in liabilities for the past quarter; for the nine months there have been only three less than last year in number, but 16 per cent. less in liabilities.

For the past week the failures reported number 172 for the United States and 34 for Canada, 206 in all, against 192 last week, and 221 for the corresponding week last year—184 in the United States and 37 in Canada.

Typhoid Fever in Michigan.

ISHPEMING, Mich., Oct. 7.—Typhoid fever is epidemic in a number of upper peninsular towns, notably at Negaunee and Ironwood, there being nearly 100 cases in each of these cities. It is also prevalent in nearly all the other towns of the district. The unusual number of cases has caused an investigation to be set on foot by the State board of health.

Four Lives Lost in the Gale.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 6.—The gale has been very severe on Lake Ontario. Several steamers which attempted to reach Charlotte were forced to put back on account of the terrible storm, and many boats sought shelter in the harbor. It is reported that four men were lost from a barge, but it cannot be substantiated.

AROUND THE FARM.

BATH FARMERS PROSPEROUS.

The comments of THE GLOBE that called forth the following letter were based upon the report of Nahum J. Bachelder, who was appointed by an act of the last Legislature of New Hampshire to devise ways and means of rehabilitating the deserted farms of that State. Bath is all right. We congratulate its farmers upon their prosperity.

To the Editor of The Weekly Globe:

An item in THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE of Sept. 18 reports that in the town of Bath, N. H., there are 15,000 acres of deserted farms. We admit that there are many deserted buildings on the old original farms of this town. The inference derived from the item is that Bath is a poverty-stricken town, but when the matter is inquired into it will be found that there are many prosperous farmers, who wish for all the land that joins them, and having the means to buy their neighbors' farms, have bought them and allowed the buildings to go to decay. The appearance of having deserted farms comes from our farmers having bought all the farms for sale. Still further examination will show that these same farmers have large deposits in savings banks in this and neighboring States, United States bonds, mortgages, town notes, and cash in their pockets for a good purchase any day. It is said that 10 or 15 years ago these same farmers were ruled out of their own Grafton county cattle fair because they took all the best and highest prizes on their stock presented at the fair. CITIZEN.

Bath, N. H., Sept. 25.

SOME SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.

Cold Storage Room—The Potato Rot of this Season—Seaweed as a Fertilizer—Preparing for Winter—Etc., Etc., Etc.

The cold storage system is gradually growing into favor as its practicability becomes known. Where a constant low and dry temperature can be maintained the principle is no longer a secret. Nor is it necessary that the room be made of any particular size or form. It must, however, be thoroughly insulated in regard to keeping the walls impervious to circulating currents of air, except those necessary for ventilation, which should be small and perfectly controllable. A plan of a very good room is given by the California Fruit Grower as follows: Erect a frame lined upon the inside with heavy paper and varnished with shellac, then ceiled and floored with tongue and grooved material, five-eighths or three-quarters inch thick. Varnish the entire inner surface. Before putting down the paper lining and floor, fill in between the framing dry sawdust and pulverized charcoal mixed. Board up the outside with tightly matched boards, filling in as you board up with the sawdust and charcoal, as well as every part of the top, excepting the door for putting in the ice.

THE DOOR FOR ENTRANCE

to the room must be made to shut against broad jams and angular closures like an iron safe, so that it cannot stick by swelling. It should be made by framing and packing with sawdust and charcoal, in the same manner as the room, which should be from 12 to 15 inches between the walls. Frame an opening in the ceiling large enough to let in a galvanized sheet iron box of sufficient size to hold as much ice as you may wish to store, or about one-tenth of the capacity of the whole room. The ice chamber should be fitted in the opening tight, with a flange all around the top. It may be made of No. 18 or 20 galvanized sheet iron. To the bottom attach a coil of galvanized iron or lead pipe, running two or three times around the room, hanging on hooks or brackets, just below the level of the ice box. Pass the end of the coil through to the outside of the room and terminate in an inverted siphon, so as to retain the water within the coil up to a level just below the bottom of the ice box. This is for the purpose of

ECONOMIZING THE COLD

from the waste water by circulating it around the room. From the cross beams of the ceiling as bearings for the weight of the ice, place two or three straps of square iron, of a size sufficient for carrying the weight of the ice you intend to put in. Let them hang upon the inside of the galvanized iron box to within an inch of the bottom. Upon these straps lay a hardwood grating. Make a galvanized iron cover to fit tightly over the ice chamber, and a wooden one to close over the iron one. To prevent the water which may be condensed upon the outside of the ice chamber from dripping down upon the goods make the bottom of the ice chamber bulge downward, so that the condensed drops will run to the centre, or one side, where a small pan may be hung with a small pipe leading to the outside of the cold room, and a siphon attached to prevent ingress of air. The ice chamber may now be charged to its full capacity with ice; and if a very cold room is required, sprinkle a layer of salt between each layer of ice. This is seldom used for such rooms.

THE PRINCIPLE EMPLOYED.

The principle upon which this cold room is constructed is, that there shall be no communication between the ice with its moist vapor and the air of the cold room. Any moisture made by cooling of the air, and which is precipitated upon the iron surface of the ice chamber, is at once conveyed out of the room by the drip pan and its pipe. Hence there is no need of any special ventilation, more than what will naturally occur by the use of the door and the small leakage through its crevices. The ice chamber requires no ventilation, hence economizes the ice to the best advantage, while the water from the melting ice is turned to the best account by circulating around the room in the waste pipe. The best temperature for eggs and fruit is about 34 degrees, or any temperature below 40 degrees and above freezing, where this kind of stock is often changing by sale. If stock is to lie for considerable time, 34 degrees should be obtained if possible.

PREPARING FOR WINTER.

The most important work of the market gardener during October is to see that his winter crops are gathered in due time and safely stored. Bulky crops, such as cabbages and turnips, may best be cared for in the field where grown. For cabbages, select the most elevated portions of the field, points from which the water runs off freely. Open deep furrows, having first cleared a space of the growing cabbage, say five feet apart. Pull up all that have made solid heads, working to a convenient distance on each side the furrows, and place them close together in the furrow, head downward and roots in the air. It will be found most convenient to work at one time a "land" of about 10 rows width, having the furrows in the centre and carrying to it from either side. If the weather is cold, and freezing nights are indicated, a light covering of soil should be thrown over the row from each side at once. Two or three inches of earth will be enough for the present, as the point to aim at is to keep it as cool as possible without allowing it to freeze. It must be watched carefully, and as the degree of cold intensifies it must be securely covered by throwing heavy furrows up against it. If there are soft heads of a size that seem to be worth saving, they should be put in rows by themselves and given the same treatment. If left until late winter or spring (they need not be disturbed until the others are all sold), the larger portion of them will be found to have made solid heads. If it is the intention to market them continuously through the winter, a supply for immediate use may be put in the cellar; not more than a couple of hundred should be put in a pile, else they may heat and spoil. Subsequently, every thaw may be taken advantage of for getting out a quantity with which to replace this supply.

In harvesting turnips, where sown broadcast, there is but one way in which expeditious work can be done. Again, laying off a "land," say 40 feet square, begin at the centre of this to pull the turnips by hand and throw them into a ring or hollow circle, the roots toward the centre and tops outside. With a fair yield each of these plots should have from five to 10 bushels, as many as it is desirable to put into a single pit. As soon as a ring is completed, commence topping, using a sharp knife, and cutting the tops at least a half inch from the flesh of the turnip. As fast as topped throw the roots to the centre of the ring, and when completed throw the tops over the pile for a temporary covering from the sun. The topping and covering should be done as fast as each ring is completed, as exposure to the sun and air will make them more difficult to cut. The tops will do for a temporary covering against a slight freeze at night. But as soon as possible some straw or fodder should be substituted, as the tops piled thus will commence to rot in a short time. Over the straw a little soil should be thrown at once, and a heavier covering upon the nearer approach of winter. A ditch with a drain to carry off surface water, should also be dug about the bottom of each pile at once.

Potatoes may be put in piles in the field and covered in the same manner as turnips; but if covered too deeply they are inclined to heat and rot; are spoiled if frosted in the least, through the covering being too light; and are also apt to rot during any protracted spell of warm wet weather. A better method is to store them in a cool, dry cellar, in barrels, or better still, spread out not more than a foot deep on an elevated floor or staging.

The banking up of late celery will continue almost until the ground freezes. If, as a cap-sheaf, a couple of inches of straw, fodder, or coarse dry manure is scattered along the tops of the rows, and a little earth thrown upon this, the celery may be kept in good condition as late as the first of February.—[Agriculturist.

KITCHEN AND MARKET GARDEN

The market gardener who has large quantities of roots to preserve, if not through the winter, at least as far into that season as possible, has an admirable method with trenches, which preserve the roots, etc., but allows them to be taken out as they are wanted. The family gardener, who has not large quantities to preserve finds it the least trouble to store them in the cellar of the dwelling, his chief fear being whether the presence of a furnace may not make the cellar too warm for the purpose, and not whether the presence of a mass of vegetables or fruit may not render the rooms above unfit for dwelling. Vegetables and fruit when they have ceased growing, commence to decay. In the process of decay there is given off more or less carbonic-acid gas; a deadly poison to animal life, if present in large quantities; in small quantities it is injurious, especially to delicate persons. With these articles in the cellar the danger is always present, but only one of degree. Absolute safety is only secured by avoiding the cause. It is not difficult to make a cellar under an outbuilding, or in a bank; a trench with a roof of boards, and the use of an abundance of litter. For small quantities, an outcellar may be made by sinking an old cask, and providing it with a tight-fitting cover. It should not be far from the kitchen door, and be sunk to within a few inches of the top edge. Place the roots in this, cover them with leaves or litter, throw over a sack, put on the cover, and there will be as good a frost-proof preserver as need be. After a heavy fall of snow, shovel a passage to it before thawing and freezing take possession.

Sweet herbs such as thyme, etc., should be cut before hard freezing, made into convenient bunches and hung in the shade to dry.

Celery should be "handled," the stalks be brought into an upright position, and held there by pressing some earth closely around them.

Squashes are injured by a slight frost. If frost is feared, gather up the squashes carefully, without bruising, into a heap, and cover with the vines, or, if these are not sufficient, use cornstalks. Late squashes, even if quite green, are very good for the table. On a dry, warm day take up the ripe ones and store in a warm place. A closet near a chimney keeps them well.

Lima beans—If they ripen faster than they are used, pick and shell for winter use. If frost is threatened, take up the poles with the vines and store under cover.

Tomatoes may be taken up by the roots and hung up in a greenhouse or other shelter, where many will finish ripening.

Sweet corn—Continue to dry for winter use if there is more than can be used fresh.

A bite for the cows—Sow rye on all vacant land in the garden.

SEAWEED AS A FERTILIZER.

Potatoes fertilized by seaweed produce a large crop of tubers, free from grub-eaten spots. The salt of the green weed is poisonous to the grub, so injurious to the potato crop over a large part of the country. Then the potato blossoms are picked off, and the stalks and leaves are kept fresh and green, yielding nourishment to the roots, and furnishing valuable green manure for a future crop. The leaves, it will be remembered, absorb from the atmosphere the carbonic acid, of which the starchy matter chiefly makes up the bulk of the potato.

AVERAGE COMPOSITION OF THE POTATO.

Water	75
Dry nutritive matter	25
Total	100

Of the latter there is:

Starch or pectose	62
Sugar and gum	15
Protein compounds	9
Fatty matter	1
Cellular fibre	9
Mineral matter	4
Total	100

The seaweed is rich in protein, containing from 20 to 25 per cent. It is from this fact that pigs and fowls greedily devour fresh seaweed, and especially the rockweed in it, which is very rich in protein. Did the farmers generally of the south side of Long Island know the remarkably fertilizing properties of seaweed, as do most of the European seaside farmers they would save half of the expense they are now compelled to incur for manures. A load of seaweed is worth as much as a load of New York manure, and it is conceded that New York city manure is super-excellent, because of the high feeding of city horses. We prefer half seaweed added to an equal quantity of barnyard manure for general crops. But for potatoes three-quarters of the former to one-quarter of the latter is preferable. This last combination is especially recommended for asparagus, which was originally a seaside plant.

The compost of seaweed, hen manure and barnyard manure where the cows are bedded with oak leaves, forms an admirable fertilizer for cabbage. Equal parts of seaweed—this includes nearly always, rockweed sedge and other vegetable, and much animal matter and shells—and barnyard manure profusely applied to land to be laid down with a full and free seeding with clovers and several of the meadow grasses, prolong paying meadows for a number of years.

The free use of seaweed manures, areates and loosens the soils, lessens leaching and drying, and furnishes an abundance of carbonic acid gas for absorption by the leaves of all kinds of crops. But especially seaweed retains the ammonia in the decomposition of the animal matters and the liquid animal manure that would otherwise escape into the atmosphere and be lost to our crops.

As it is unhealthful to store vegetables in the cellars of our dwellings, the writer has built a temporary cellar, covered two feet thick with freshly-gathered seaweed. This preserves the vegetables during winter and late spring in a fresh and sound condition safe from frost. When taken from the cellar they look as fresh as when first dug in autumn. The size of the cellar must be proportioned to the quantity of the root crops grown. A frame of 4x4-inch scantling is laid upon the ground with posts of the same and 4x6-inch plates. Rafters are put up to give eight feet high in the centre, using all sorts of odds and strips of waste boards to cover and board close enough to prevent seaweed from falling through. Then a two-foot wall of fresh seaweed is laid up compactly on all sides, including roof. An eight-inch chimney of boards is placed in the end of the peak farthest from the door to permit warm air and moisture to escape. A double door filled in with dry seaweed is hung opening towards the south. For convenience, the door should be 3x6 feet, so that a man can wheel a barrow through it. Convenience is economy. Drift and seaweed are used to cover cowsheds and pig sties, and lay up wind-breaks to protect from the chilling east and the keen, biting northwest winds.

Having a convenient creek leading to Hempstead bay and a good yacht, the writer, when no other work is driving, makes pleasant and profitable sails, venturing with two big loads for a two-horse wagon with seaweed, drift etc., for cellar, hovels, windbreaks and manure heaps. When in the spring these sea manures have fulfilled their kindly winter service, they are thrown into the open manure depression, where the solid and liquid manures are deposited from the stables. When thoroughly soaked and mixed the whole is removed to convenient heaps to be forked over for use at any time. In this way a stock of from 100 to 200 loads of good, well-rotted and fine manure is collected and can be kept on hand in advance of need. This process destroys the germinating power of seeds of troublesome weeds, one of the serious drawbacks of purchased manures.

Long Island soil and especially that of the south side, will yield by the free and full use of such manures as large crops as can be grown anywhere. A meadow thus treated with the full use of seeds and manure yielded an average of four tons of good hay per acre the present year. Of course nature has this season been kind to prodigality.—[Agriculturist.

POTATO ROT.

Reports from all directions indicate as great damage this year to the potato crop by rot as to the corn crop of last year by frost. Up to nearly the last of July the appearance of the vines gave promise of an unusually heavy yield. Early varieties planted very early in sections where there was no frost to kill after growth began, were generally nearly ripe before the blight made its appearance, and such potatoes have yielded well, and where sold brought good prices; but those growers who based their expectations for the main crop on the yield of those early diggings, are now sadly disappointed. Scarcely a farmer can be found in many sections who does not report much rot; and many, finding their fields not worth digging are ploughing the land and fitting it for seeding. In my own ground, where the earliest plantings yielded at the rate of more than 200 bushels per acre, mostly sound, the later varieties were more than half decayed, and one variety returned fewer sound tubers than were planted.

Nearly fifty years ago, when potatoes first blighted in this country, very little was actually known regarding the nature of the disease, but since scientific investigators have studied it, we are able to understand as much about the potato disease as of the potato itself, though lenses of high power are required for seeing the blight plant in its several parts. Microscopists are better agreed now in regard to the potato rot fungus than farmers are regarding the best varieties or best methods of growing the crop.

The potato fungus phytaphthora infestans may be as old as the potato plant it. If, but it was not until 1845 that it gained the serious attention of Europe and the United States. It was first noticed that year in the south of England about the middle of August. In two weeks it had spread over every part of the British isles, so that it was difficult to find potatoes not affected. In this country the disease was equally sudden in its appearance, and exceedingly destructive. It is somewhat amusing to turn through the old volumes of agricultural papers and note the varying ideas which have prevailed regarding the cause and cure of the disease. Many believed it was caused by deterioration of the plant, and recommended going to the mountains of South America for new stock. Others said it was caused by animal manures, and lime and ashes would cure or prevent it, but the larger number attributed it to some mysterious atmospheric influence.

It is known now that the fungus begins its growth upon the green leaves, producing a whitish bloom or mildewed appearance accompanied by dark putrid spots. The bloom and dark spots increase with great rapidity in damp weather, while dryness may check it and cold entirely stop it. The leaf blast is accompanied by a strong disagreeable odor. Like other forms of fungus, the potato rot increases by the production and dissemination of innumerable myriads of spores, each capable of becoming a new centre for the spread of the disease.

When the eaves are attacked the parasite, by means of its fine threads, corresponding somewhat to the roots of other plants, gets possession of the entire vines in a very short time, under favorable conditions in two or three days. There is no doubt that if dug at once the tubers might be saved, but it is difficult to know exactly what to do in all cases. If the vines are very green the potatoes will be unripe and of poor quality. Should the weather change suddenly to cool and dry there is a possibility that the rot will be stayed and the crop saved.

I have little confidence in the advice of some to dig and market a crop that is much affected in order to save it. Doubtless there is a time when the disease may be incubating, as it were, in the tubers, but without showing disease. Such tubers when cooked are doubtless perfectly wholesome, but that period is so short that it is difficult to find a market that could consume any considerable quantity before the disease would advance to the putrid state. A potato rot scare spoils the market, I therefore prefer to let infected fields remain undug till the rotting has ceased.

After many years of experience with this crop I have come to depend largely upon early varieties planted early and well manured for a full crop that will mature before the usual time of the blight attack.

Some seasons late potatoes do the best, but, taking one year with another, the early ones give most satisfaction. The beetle war is also curtailed by planting only early varieties.—[New England Farmer.

GRADING MILK.

Professor Alvord of the Massachusetts Agricultural College says regarding milk that "there is far greater difference in the milk of distinct breeds of cows than among single cows of the same breeds." Milk is graded by the quality of its solids, and the professor gives a table showing the averages of all reliable analyses that he could find during three years' investigation, and numbering several hundred, as follows:

In 100 Parts.	Jerseys.	All Breeds.	Holsteins.
Water	85.18	87.31	87.01
Total Solids	14.82	12.69	12.08
Casein	3.98	3.41	3.15
Fat	5.06	3.66	3.30
Sugar	5.03	4.92	4.90
Ash	.75	.70	73

This would appear to show a much larger proportion of fat for the Jerseys than for other breeds, as has been claimed, but a little examination shows that other matters must be taken into consideration in order that a fair and satisfactory comparison may be instituted between different breeds of cows. For instance, suppose a fine Jersey gives milk of the standard mentioned, and yields daily eight quarts of milk 100 parts of which give the solids indicated.

A Holstein cow gives daily 16 quarts of milk, and then by the table above, in the aggregate would give relatively of casein, fat and sugar twice the amount indicated, for a fair comparison with the Jersey, for, while the Jersey gave 100 pounds of milk, which would be composed of 85.18 pounds of water, 14.82 pounds of solids, divided as follows: Casein 3.98 pounds; fat 5.06 pounds; sugar 5.03 pounds; and ash .75 pounds, the Holstein would give 200 pounds of milk, composed of 175.84 pounds of water, 24.16 pounds of solids, divided as follows: Casein, 6.30 pounds; fat, 6.60 pounds; sugar, 9.80 pounds; and 1.46 pounds of ash or a cow productively more valuable than the Jersey.

This shows how important it is in making comparisons to take into account every circumstance that has any bearing upon final results, lest imperfect impressions prevail. It is always unsafe to jump at conclusions without a satisfactory amount of proof leading to a full explanation of the matter that is being considered.—[Germantown Telegraph.

THE HOTBED.

When there is to be a garden of vegetables of considerable size, and earliness of some varieties is desirable, it is a matter of economy to have a suitable hotbed for early starting of plants. It requires some time to attend to them, but it is better than to buy them. The hotbed should be situated in a sunny place against a building or board fence, and shielded from the north winds. It should have good drainage, since too much dampness is injurious to the roots of plants. Procure the sash ready panelled and glazed, so as to know the size to make the bed. Three or four sash, 3¼ feet wide by 6 feet long, will be sufficient for a garden of one acre, and for a smaller garden the size can be correspondingly reduced. In making the bed, dig the trench a few inches short of the length of the sash for its width and a few inches short of the combined widths of sash for its length, to a depth of two feet. This should be tightly boarded upon the sides and ends, so as to retain the heat, making the back side six or eight inches higher than the front, and both raised above the surface of the ground, but well banked with earth. Course manure should be used for filling the pit, a large proportion being horse manure, which should be forked over before using so as to induce fermentation; after a time, or when the heat has reduced a little, it should be placed in the pit and well tramped down, coming up to within eight inches of the frame, and then covered with about three or four inches of fine rich soil. The finer the soil the better, and to secure this state the same may be sifted. Place the sashes over it at once so as to encourage steaming, as will follow the handling of the manure. Keep a thermometer in the bed and when the heat has subsided to about 75° sprinkle the top, and when partially dried off rake the surface, make it smooth and plant the seed of such vegetables as are most required. It should be watched so as not to get too hot, and occasionally weed a little. This becomes frequently necessary as the plants grow, that they may become hardened.—[Germantown Telegraph.

WEIGHTS IN THE KITCHEN.

As a help in the absence of any handy means of weighing, the following rules for measuring will be found very convenient:

One and one-third pints of powdered sugar weighs one pound.

Two and three-fourths teacups (level) of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

One pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs 14 ounces.

Two teacups (level) of granulated sugar weigh one pound.

One pint of coffee A sugar weighs 12 ounces.

Two teacups (well heaped) of coffee A weigh one pound.

One pint of best brown sugar weighs 13 ounces.

Two and one-half teacups (level) of best brown sugar weigh one pound.

One tablespoon (well heaped) of granulated, coffee A or best brown sugar equals one ounce.

Two tablespoons of powdered sugar or flour weigh one ounce.

One tablespoon (well rounded) of soft butter weighs one ounce.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) weighs one pound.

Two teacups of soft butter (well packed) weigh one pound.

One generous pint of liquid or one pint of finely chopped meat (packed solidly) weighs one pound, which it would be very convenient to remember.

Ten common-sized eggs weigh one pound.

Teaspoons vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an old-fashioned spoon of 0 years ago. A medium-sized teaspoon contains about a drachm.

Four teaspoons are equal to one tablespoon.

THE EXPERIMENT STATIONS.

Bulletin 8, August, '89, of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., is upon the effect of different rations in fattening lambs.

The following is the summary of this bulletin:

The weight of evidence of all of our experiments, together with results obtained by other experimenters in the same field, seems to show:

That corn, as an exclusive grain ration, does not give the best results, either in amount, quality or economy of production, when fed to growing or fattening animals.

That the amount of water drank (especially in the case of our lambs) is a pretty certain indication of the rate of gain.

That the production of wool is very greatly dependent upon the nitrogen in the ration.

The value of the manure made from the animals fed is a matter of prime importance to all Eastern farmers at least. And often the manure left on the farm represents a large part, if not the whole, of the profit made from feeding a lot of animals. For this reason we have calculated the manurial value of the rations fed the different lots and have placed alongside the cost of the foods used.

The basis of calculation has been that 80 per cent. of the manurial value of the food is recovered in the manure. With lambs so highly fed as these were it is altogether likely that more than 80 per cent. of the manurial value of the foods was excreted.

Nitrogen is reckoned at 17 cents per pound, phosphoric acid at 7, and potash at 4½.

SPRING PLANTING.

With all garden and field crops which cannot endure our midsummer heats the early start is of great importance the more so because our winters protract so late, and we have often summer heat with but little normal spring weather intervening. Col. Curtis tells of large gains made in the case of the oat crop through preparing the ground in the fall and sowing the oats early in spring, on a late snow, as is done often with clover seed. Joseph Harris made trial of this, but the spring proved too dry for its success. But in seeding a field to barley which had been ploughed ready in the fall, he used only the harrow and the drill, excepting that a strip was reploughed at seeding time. On this the seed was many days later in germinating than on the rest of the field. He now prepares the ground in the fall for early garden planting, and as soon as the frost leaves the surface in the spring marks it out and sows pease, onions, celery, seed, etc. He is not alone in this process of valuable economy. It works well, and is entirely safe, and often extends the season of growth three to five weeks, making even a great proportion of yield in the product, because it can mature before being blighted by excessive heat.

THE TELL-TALE GUN.

"To be shot on his own coffin!" Such was the sentence of William Watson at the court-martial, when he stood convicted on circumstantial evidence of having murdered the midshipman, Henry Carvon. Everything had pointed to his guilt. On the night of the murder he had an altercation with the middy and was heard to exclaim: "I will have satisfaction for that." The murdered youth had been hit by a slung-shot, and the nearest approach to such an article was a canister-shot which Watson wore around his neck.

So the boy was condemned to die, with his old father as a witness, and all the while he protested that he was innocent of the deed. A body of marines was drawn up on the deck to carry out the sentence, and in the rigging and along the bulwarks stood the sailors waiting for the death shot to sound.

At the carronade, which was to be fired, as the signal for the execution to take place, stood John Gow, the gunner.

"Fire!" come the order at last from the captain.

There was a broad, bright flash and the roar of the gun was heard.

But as that thunder peal of doom shook the vessel, something, jarred by the shock of the report, fell dislodged from a crease in the partially furled mainsail which was about 18 feet above and nearly in a line with a carronade.

The falling article looked like a small ball of cloth. It partially opened as it struck the deck, and out of it rolled a slung-shot.

"Hold there!" shouted the commodore to the lieutenant of marines, "stay the execution!"

"Ground arms!" roared the lieutenant to his three men, who already had their pieces levelled at young Watson, with their fingers on the triggers.

The commodore's gaze and the eyes of all around him were riveted on the deadly slungshot.

At the sight of it Gow had turned ghastly pale. He hurriedly picked up the piece of cloth, which had fallen with it, and in which it had been wrapped, and was about to throw it overboard, when the master-at-arms seized his wrist and prevented him.

"It is only a—a rag, which somehow got in the—the mainsail," stammered the gunner.

"Give it to me!" said the master-at-arms sternly.

Gow pushed him off. A struggle ensued, and the gunner drew his knife.

The lieutenant called in his marines to arrest Gow.

Just then, however, the latter, who had aimed with his knife a blow at his adversary, who avoided it, stumbled and fell upon his own arm, the sharp blade turning up in his hand so that the point entered his stomach to the hilt.

Meanwhile a midshipman, having picked up the slung-shot, had presented it to the commodore, and now the piece of cloth which had been rolled around it was taken from the gunner and also passed to him. It proved to be a blue satin neckerchief which Gow had occasionally worn, and which bore his full name upon it worked with white silk.

"And here," said the commodore, "we have proof enough, it seems to me, that Gow is the murderer of Mr. Carvon."

"You have not long to live," said the surgeon, who was now by the dying gunner's side. "You will not live six hours, and you may as well tell the truth."

"It is so!" gasped Gow. "Carvon once struck me, and so I made up my mind to be revenged."

"Tell everything," said the chaplain, who was also there, "as you hope for mercy in the next world."

"I had procured a slung-shot," continued the gunner. "I climbed up by a dangling rope, on that dark night, from one of the gun-deck ports to the berth-deck, just abaft the mainmast. I knew Mr. Carvon was there. I rushed at him. He caught me by the neckerchief, and I bit his hand to make him release his hold. I squeezed his throat and he could not speak. He made a motion to draw his dirk, when I let go of him and struck him a powerful blow with the slung-shot, which I had pulled from my pocket. As he fell dead his hand slipped from my necktie, which he had nearly torn off. I was afraid some blood might have got on the neckerchief from the hand I had bitten.

"In my hurry, ere I retreated the same way I had come, I rolled up the slung-shot in the neckerchief, and when near the mainmast, on the weather side, under the main-yard, I tossed them to windward, as I thought, into the sea. But it is now proven that they did not go overboard. There was also a gale, and in my anxiety to make sure of throwing them over the high bulwarks I must have hurled them too far up, which, together with the wind blowing against them, must have caused them to lodge in a fold of the mainsail, which was partially loosened at the time, as we had drizzly weather, and I had slightly slackened the canvas the morning before. I had slackened and tightened that sail, the same way, several times since, for, as you know, it is my duty to take care of the mainyard. But I never dreamed that that fearful testimony against me was wrapped in a fold of the sail. This morning early I again slightly slackened the canvas on that fatal yardarm, still having no suspicion that the neckerchief and slung-shot were hidden from me by one of the creases.

"The rest you know. The carronade nearest the mainmast was fired, and that gun told the story! The jar of the report caused those dreadful articles to fall out of the crease to the deck below."

Such a cheer went up from all hands, after the dying man had been taken below, and his confession made known to the crew, it would have done you good to hear.

And while the voices of the men rolled up to the heavens—while from deck to boom, from boom to rigging a forest of waving tarpaulins shadowed the air, young Watson, now liberated from his shackles—cleared of every suspicion—his innocence proved, was clasped in the arms of his old father, whose head could again be lifted, higher now than ever—his gaze turned joyfully upward toward the blue sky.

I TOLD YOU SO.

[H. C. Dodge in Detroit Free Press.]

If you marry an angel who cannot make pies,
And after the honeymoon, O,
Find marriage a failure with all it implies—
Remember my telling you so.

If you try to outshine your neighbors in style,
And live on the money you owe,
And end in the poorhouse soon after awhile—
Remember my telling you so.

If by blowing and bragging you try to impress
The world with your consequence, O,
And show you are nothing—or possibly less—
Remember my telling you so.

If you think to make people imagine you're wise
By talking of things you don't know,
And prove you're the fool that you cannot disguise—
Remember my telling you so.

If you go into business minus the cash
That makes the mare properly go,
And after a struggle wind up with a smash—
Remember my telling you so.

If you try to be happy without being good,
And living a life that is slow,
And find all your joys become gall and wormwood—
Remember my telling you so.

If you try to be healthy by swallowing pills,
And natural ways overthrow,
And find you're a victim of aches and of ills—
Remember my telling you so.

If you try to make love to a sweet little miss
Who doesn't reciprocate, O,
And find you are left when you ask for a kiss,
Remember my telling you so.
So-so,
Remember my telling you so.

LIKE THE AUSTRALIANS.

Summary of the New Ballot Law.

A Lesson in Politics for the 5th of November.

Penalties for the Infraction of the Statute.

The Australian ballot law, so-called, has received more public attention than any other statute in this State in recent years; still, it is safe to say that a large majority of the voters of the State are even now unfamiliar with some of its details, and much confusion and many misunderstandings are anticipated at the polling places. A summary of the provisions of the new law is accordingly not out of place.

The new ballot law is "an act to provide for printing and distributing ballots at the public expense and to regulate voting at State and city elections." It was passed in 1888, amended in 1889, and takes effect Nov. 1, 1889. At State elections its provisions are in force throughout the Commonwealth; at city elections the new system shall also be followed, but not at town meetings for the election of town officers.

Ballots are prepared at State expense by the secretary of the Commonwealth for State elections, and by the city clerks at the expense of the cities for city elections. Candidates may secure places on the official ballot in one of two ways: they may be nominated at some convention of delegates or caucus or meeting of qualified voters, a certificate of their nomination being signed and sworn to by the presiding officer and secretary of the convention or caucus and sent to the secretary of the Commonwealth, or they may be nominated by "nomination papers." "Nomination papers" must be signed by at least 1000 voters in the case of State officers, and in the case of officers in districts counties, etc., by at least one for every 100 voters who voted at the next preceding annual election, but in no case by less than 50 voters. "Nomination papers" require the certificate of the registrars of voters as to what number of the signers are qualified voters in the district, and one of the signers must swear that the statements therein contained are true. Certificates of nomination and nomination papers must be filed with the secretary of the Commonwealth at least 14 days before the election.

Cards of Instruction

for the guidance of voters in voting under the new system are prepared by the secretary of the Commonwealth for State elections, and by the city clerks for city elections, and together with specimen ballots are posted in each voting place. The secretary of the Commonwealth is also required five days before the election to transmit lists of candidates to the registrars of voters, who must cause such lists to be posted in one or more public places. The secretary of the Commonwealth must also cause to be published prior to the day of election, in at least two newspapers, if there be so many, in each county, a list of all nominations made which are to be voted for in that county. In city elections the city clerk shall cause lists to be printed and shall publish the same in two newspapers.

The new ballots are substantially the same length as those now required by law, and two or more times such width. Before distribution the ballots are to be so folded that their width and length shall be those of the ballot now required by law. On the back and outside, when folded, shall be printed, "Official ballot for," followed by the designation of the polling place for which the ballot is prepared, the date of the election and a fac-simile of the signature of the secretary of the Commonwealth or the city clerk who has caused them to be printed.

On the inside the new ballots contain the names of the candidates for each office separately in alphabetical order. The form in the case of each office is as follows:

GOVERNOR.	VOTE FOR ONE.	
J. Q. A. Brackett of Arlington.	Republican.	
Wm. H. Earle of Worcester.	Prohibition.	
Wm. E. Russell of Cambridge.	Democratic.	X

There is a blank space left after the list of the regularly nominated candidates in which the voter may place, by sticker or by writing, the name of some other person for whom he desires to vote. The voter's choice is registered by a cross mark [x] opposite the name of the candidate for whom he desires to vote. [In the illustration above the voter has voted for Mr. Russell.] The voter marks his ballot in one of

A Number of Voting Shelves,

or compartments, so arranged that in the marking he is screened from the observation of others. A guard rail is placed so that no person outside can approach within six feet of the ballot boxes and the shelves and compartments. One voting compartment is provided for every 75 voters, and in no case less than five in any city polling place or three in any town precinct.

On entering a polling place the voter steps up to the ballot clerk and gives his name. The clerk thereupon announces the name in a loud and distinct tone of voice, clear and audible. If the checking clerk finds his name on the list, he likewise repeats it, and the voter is admitted inside the rail.

Inside the rail the ballot clerk furnishes the voter with one and only one ballot, his name meanwhile having been checked on the list. On receipt of his ballot the voter retires to one of the compartments and prepares his ballot in the manner stated above. Before leaving the voting shelf or compartment the voter must fold his ballot without displaying the marks thereon, and must keep it folded until he has voted. At the ballot box the voter casts his ballot in the manner already provided by law, depositing it with the official indorsement uppermost.

A voter may not remain at a voting compartment more than 10 minutes. In case all the compartments are full and other voters are in waiting, five minutes only is allowed. The law says further, however, that he shall "mark and deposit his ballot without undue delay."

If a voter

Spoils a Ballot

he may obtain another, and if he spoils the second he may obtain a third, but he shall not be given more than three, and the spoiled ballots must be preserved, cancelled and sent to the town or city clerk with the check list. No person can take or remove any ballot from the polling place before the close of the polls.

Any voter who was a voter prior to May 1, 1857, and cannot read, or who by blindness or other physical disabilities is unable to mark his ballot may on application to the presiding officer receive the assistance of one or two election officers. Such officers shall certify on the outside that it was thus marked.

If a voter marks more names than there are persons to be elected to that office the vote cannot be counted for that office, but the rest of the ballot is not thereby vitiated.

In the case of a woman voting for school committee the working of the system is exactly similar, save that the ballot clerk would hand her a special ballot containing only the names of candidates for that office.

The new ballot act is supplemented by a series of penalties for disobedience of the law. For showing a ballot after it has been marked, or indicating how one is about to vote, a fine of not less than $5 or more than $100 shall be imposed, and the police officer on duty at the polling place shall, by command of any election officer bring the offender before the court. The same fine shall be imposed for any of the following offences: Destroying or defacing any list of candidates, or cards of instruction, destroying or carrying away any supplies or conveniences in the ward room, or wilfully hindering the voting of others.

Making false certificates, nomination papers or letters of withdrawal or destroying or defacing them, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $1000, or by imprisonment for one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

An election officer for neglect of his duty shall be punished by a fine of from $5 to $1000, or imprisonment for one year, or both.

Sworn on a Dictionary.

[Savannah News.]

Does it matter what kind of a book people kiss when a magistrate swears them? If it does, then a magistrate in a district in this county has gone beyond the bounds of law. Witnesses in his court have been swearing a considerable time by a mutilated Latin dictionary.

"Some time ago," the justice said, "I borrowed a Latin dictionary, and it was just about the size of my Bible and looked for the world like it. The back was torn and mutilated, and the edges were red. The dictionary, as I thought, finally disappeared and could not be found. I kept swearing witnesses right along with the Bible, as I thought, when in fact it was nothing but the dictionary.

"How did I find it out? Why, the other day, just as I wound up a big case, and was rendering my decision, the book fell out of my hands into my lap, open. There it was as plain as day, the old dictionary."

"Did you suspend trial?"

"Suspend nothing. I just went right along as if it was a Bible sure enough. Nobody, you may be sure, in that office knew what I found but myself."

ODD ITEMS.

The czarina has a handkerchief valued at $2500.

William Nickel is the proprietor of a five-cent store in Butler, Penn.

Disproportionableness, with 21 letters, is said to be the longest English word.

America has 200,000 telephones — more than the rest of the world combined.

A Wheeling man caught a mouse with four ears in a trap in his store the other day.

Fifteen potatoes that weighed 21 pounds were raised by a farmer in Wetzel county, W. Va.

The largest collection of coins, 125,000 in number, is in the cabinet of antiquities, Vienna.

A Philadelphia man committed suicide rather than take some physic ordered by the doctor.

A Pettis county (Mo.) farmer has sent the Sedalia Bazoo an ear of corn that contains 1000 grains.

A bunch of celery containing 12 stalks has just been gathered at Kalamazoo. It weighed 35 pounds.

A Jefferson county, O., hen has hatched out 36 chickens during the summer and is now sitting on 16 eggs.

The proprietors of a Chicago museum announce that they "will hang a man at every performance this week."

At the Berks county (Penn.) fair John C. Hepler had 124 cases containing 34,000 buttons, no two of which are alike.

A firm of West Chester, Penn., nurserymen is growing Japanese chestnuts, which are quite large and of sweet flavor.

A young man in Holbrook claims that a rooster crows the same number of times every day and always at the same hour.

Blacksmiths at Jenny Creek, W. Va., extracted enough iron from an aerolite that fell near there to make a set of horse shoes.

A pumpkin weighing 226 pounds was brought to the Westchester county (Penn.) agricultural fair, and 31 weighing at least 100 pounds apiece.

An army of black, gray and red squirrels has been passing southward over the mountains and valleys of Clinton county, Penn., for the past three weeks.

It is said that peach stones make as good a fire for household purposes as the best of coal. Fruit-growers in California dispose of the stones at $6.00 a ton.

There is a spot in Siberia about 30 miles square where the ground has not thawed out for the last 100 years, and where it is frozen to a depth of 60 feet.

A fisherman at Doylestown, Penn., saw a sunfish swallow a bee, and a few minutes later saw the fish on the water dead. He cut it open and the bee flew off.

H. W. Williams and Miss Martha Critshen were married the other day at Clayton, Ala., after a courtship of one month. The young man is only 18 and the bride 45.

Twenty-two pumpkins growing on one vine, and nearly all of them as large as a half-bushel measure, was a sight lately seen on a farm in Cherokee county, Ga.

A little girl 7 years old, living nine miles southeast of Smith Centre, Kan., has ploughed 12 acres of ground for fall wheat with a three-horse riding plough.

W. H. Cross of Miroa, Ill., challenges any man in the world to sleep with him 142 hours for cash. He says he can sleep more hours in 142 than any other man.

The youngest deputy sheriff in the United States was appointed last week by the sheriff of Queens county, N. Y. His name is Sedden Weller, and he is 13 years old.

A citizen of Tacoma, Wash., smoked out a bee tree to get the honey, and, besides a large quantity of the saccharine product, found $7000 worth of gold in the hollow trunk.

Dentist's advertisement in a Reading, Penn., daily: Teeth filled and extracted without pain by the use of vitalized air, and made fresh every day and perfectly harmless.

A tree bearing peaches of an unknown variety and of prodigious size—some of them 10 inches in diameter—grows in the yard of Christian Stouffer, at Chambersburg, Penn.

A glittering stone picked up in Irvington, a Newark (N. J.) suburb, a few days ago, was found on analysis to contain enough gold to make the quartz worth at the rate of $50 a ton.

A one-armed man runs a joint in Topeka, and when witnesses are asked why they visited his place they say they heard that the man's arm was growing and they wanted to see it.

Bagdad, on the Arizona & Pacific road, is said to be the hottest station on the road. The thermometer has stood at 140° in the dining-room and 128° at midnight on the coolest side of the depot.

Harry Fullen of Steubenville, Penn., who has almost reached the allotted time of three score and ten, ran a 50-yard race with a Mr. Benedict, who is a professional, and beat him with apparent ease.

A dilapidated safe stood outdoors in Adrian, Mich., several years ago, and recently it was sold for old iron. On breaking it up a set of account books and a good gold watch were found inside, and no one knows who the watch belongs to.

In Madagascar you can keep house, live well and have three servants for about 70 cents per week. A hired girl would be paralyzed with astonishment if paid over six cents per week, and the washwoman thinks she has a soft snap at three cents per day.

A citizen of Charlestown, W. Va., has long been bothered with a smoky chimney, and the other day he got a mason to investigate. In the flue was found a tin box containing $5000 in cash, which some one hid away during the war and never returned to get.

A. B. Arthur, an eccentric farmer of Marion, Mo., who died in June, by his will bequeathed $50,000 to found a home for "indigent hackmen." The strangest circumstance in relation to the will is that there are few hackmen in that portion of Missouri.

The boys of Manheim high school were having a scientific experience several days ago, and to illustrate it a tallow candle was placed in a gun and John Martin was to fire it through a board. The gun kicked with such force that young Martin was knocked senseless.

A bashful young man of Wellsville, N. Y., offers a $5 silk umbrella to the young lady sending the best proposal of marriage. Points to be considered are composition, spelling, writing, brevity and reasons for wishing to be married. Maiden ladies over 75 are barred out.

Chattanooga has received a "waterphone." This is an instrument shaped like an ordinary iron rod, which, when placed on a stopcock, will convey the sound to the ear in case the water is running. In this way it can be determined whether or not the water is shut off in a house without entering the house.

Henry Bach is the name of a hunter who recently made a remarkable shot on Beaver river, in the Adirondacks. He saw two deer standing in the water no more than 10 yards apart. He fired, and his bullet passed through the first deer and inflicted a mortal wound on the second.

A real estate agent living at Kingston, N. Y., a few days ago hired an artistic house painter to paint a house which he has on his list. But, unfortunately, he gave the painter the wrong number, so that it was the wrong house which received a beautiful and becoming new coat of paint.

The smallest circular saw in practical use is a tiny disc about the size of a shilling, which is employed for cutting the slits in gold pens. These saws are about as thick as ordinary paper, and revolve some 4000 times per minute. Their high velocity keeps them rigid, notwithstanding their extreme thinness.

Ben Williams of Lansing, Mich., has a novel way of ridding his face of whiskers. Every Sunday morning for the past 22 years he has sat down before the glass and pulled the hair out of the lower part of his face with a pair of tweezers. He says that it hurt like most anything at first but he don't mind it a bit now. He is 75 years old, and is loaded with nerve and grit.

According to a French paper, a sea monster, such as no fisherman has ever seen before has been stranded on Bancais rock, situated to the west of the island of St. Honorat, near Cannes. The creature measures 5½ meters in length and is 5 meters round the thickest part of its body. It has a beak resembling that of a parrot, and two horns on its head; its eyes are at a distance of one meter from the extremity of the beak.

The highest structure of masonry in the world is said to be the national museum recently completed at Turin. It was originally designed for a synagogue, but it proved ill-adapted to that purpose, and was sold to the city. It was then converted into a museum as a monument to the memory of Victor Emmanuel. On top of the dome rises a spire nearly as high as the whole of the rest of the building. The gilt statue on the top of this spire stands 538 feet above the ground.

A childless old woman who lives near Stoddardsville, Penn., has a great fondness for spiders. Years ago the old lady set apart a small bedroom for the insects to make their webs in, and from that day to this not a single web has been torn from the walls and ceiling. On the sides and overhead every inch of space is covered with the delicate work of the industrious spiders and the one little window in the room is partially darkened by layer after layer of network over the panes.

A remarkable passenger who arrived in Las Vegas, N. M., the other night was a little boy named Manuel Brazil, 8 years old, who came alone from the Azores Islands, off the coast of Portugal, to meet his uncle, M. S. Brazil, a cattleman who lives near Fort Sumner, and with whom he will hereafter make his home. The little fellow landed in Boston, and from there went across the continent to Sacramento Cal., and from Sacramento to Las Vegas. It was a wonderful trip for a child of his years alone and unable to speak English to make, but he got through in good order.

A West Virginian got a marriage license the other day and gave the lady's last name wrong. When notified of his mistake he said he really didn't know what her name was.

Few people know that the government issues a stamp of the denomination of $60. Such stamps are used on second-class mail matter, and are rarely seen by the general public.

The island of Cyprus is so afflicted with locusts that they make a business of netting them for destruction. They thus collect thousands of tons estimated at 400,000,000 000 insects a year.

Isaac Heffelfinger of Schwenksville, Penn., was walking through his yard an evening or two since when he collided with the clothes-line. When he came to his senses he found his jaw broken.

A Chicago man, who has had the delirium tremens, says he didn't see a single snake or rat. On the contrary, he seemed to be sitting on the limb of an orange tree, and butterflies played around him.

A Philadelphia inventor is busy on a street car floor, comprising slats laid crosswise on two endless rubber bands, that revolve as the car moves, and gradually roll the people up to the front.

John Jones, a Norristown, Penn., hunter, has shot with a small rifle an owl-shaped bird of bright yellow and white tints, with a face like a monkey, and an inkmark on its breast resembling a heart.

Melon sandwiches are made with a slice of well-frozen ice cream, cut from a brick mold and placed between thin slices of watermelon. On a yellow or white porcelain plate the effect is very pleasing.

Some boys of Princeton College tore up a hundred feet of sidewalk for a widow named Nevis, and she sent them a great big sweet cake with enough poison in it to have killed 25 people had they eaten it.

Lady Guinness is said to have given an order for a diamond necklace which it will take several years to make owing to the present scarcity of stones of the first water. The design is superb, and the cost will be about $125,000.

"It may seem singular," says a New York florist, "but I've been keeping a record for these 20 years past, and I have found that nine murderers out of ten are ardent admirers of flowers, and most of them prefer daisies and lilies."

When Mrs. Hastings of Carlisle, N. Y., passed over the dark river her husband had an epitaph all ready for her monument. A portion of it reads: "She never borrowed one single thing from her neighbor during her 34 years of wedded life."

The price of rubies and emeralds is yearly increasing. Diamonds and white pearls are not getting dearer. Black pearls have been increasing steadily in price for the last four years—in fact, it is almost impossible to supply the demand for them.

There is a lady in Greenville, Mich., who has three daughters whose birthdays are celebrated on the same day—the 17th of June. They were all married in the same month of the year, and each of them married a man having four letters in his surname.

Uncle Bob Carlton of Magazine, Ark., is said to be 126 years old. He is strong and hearty, has good eyesight and can shoot more squirrels than any boy in the neighborhood. He uses an old rifle that was carried by a soldier in the revolutionary war.

A well known Oil City man, who has for years acted as usher in one of the churches, recently went away for a vacation. He took a seat in the cars several minutes before the train started, and every time a person stepped in he would get up and show him or her to a seat.

"The largest fig orchard in the United States," says the Los Angeles Champion, "is about to be set in the Pomona valley, between Pomona and Ontario. The orchard will consist of 11,000 white Adriatic fig trees and 5000 Smyrna fig trees, planted 80 to the acre, on 200 acres."

Despite his ascetic demeanor, Mr. Edison is not altogether destitute of humor. One of his practices is to keep a stock of cigars, composed of wadding and hair, but specially made up in elegant wrappers. These he reserves for critical smokers, gravely informing them that they cost him 35 cents apiece.

It is hard to realize that a man was actually eaten by ravenous wolves in Minnesota only last week. It reads like an extract from an old-fashioned story book about Russia, that the victim here in America fought the wolves for hours before compelled to give in and be torn to pieces by his awful foes.

A writer in the United Service Magazine says that the stones used for scrubbing the decks of ships are called "holy stones" because the work was generally done on Sunday. But a writer in the Churchman says that they were so called because those who used them had to go down on their knees to do their work.

A humanitarian in Cincinnati gave 600 laboring men a Sunday excursion in order to get them away from the influence of the saloons for that day. About the first thing he saw when his crowd landed in the country were fifteen kegs of lager, which had been brought along to add to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The Germans are distinguished for their love of titles. The climax in this direction was reached a few days ago in Darmstadt, when the grand duke created a man "Court Sauerkraut Cutter." Hereafter he must be addressed, according to custom, as "Mr. Court Sauerkraut Cutter" and he will be offended unless the title is used.

At the foot of Sand mountain, Alabama, there is a large box bearing the inscription: "Drop a coin in the slot and draw out whiskey at the rate of $2 a gallon." This automatic bar is known as "a blind tiger." The man who was arraigned for running this box bar-room escaped conviction, as it was impossible to prove his ownership.

J. H. Myers of Horton, Mich., announces himself the champion guesser of Jackson county. Last spring he guessed on the weight of 450 sheep and came within half a pound of it, and turned round and guessed that the bean crop on the farm would be 40 bushels, and the measurement showed only five quarts lacking from that amount.

The largest nugget of gold in the world was taken from Byer & Haltman's gold mining claim, Hill End, New South Wales, May 10, 1872. Its weight was 640 pounds; height, 4 feet 9 inches; width, 3 feet 2 inches; average thickness, 4 inches; worth $148,000. The owners of the mine were living on charity when they found it.

Harry C. Donaldson of Chester, Penn., met with a peculiar accident a day or two ago while playing base ball. The sphere was thrown towards him with great force, and as it sped past his head it whizzed so close to his temple that the current of wind paralyzed totally the right side of his face. He is in the doctor's care.

It is not a Yankee invention, for it originated in the brain of a Frenchman. Coats and trousers are hereafter to be made with large waterproof pockets, which will contain a small amount of carbonic acid. If the wearer falls into the water, a small outlet will let in just enough water to create a gas, which will float the man for a number of hours.

The largest county in the United States is Custer county, Montana, which contains 36,000 square miles, being larger in extent than the States of Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware and Rhode Island. One-tenth of our present population could find a means of livelihood in this one county, and then it would not be so populous as Belgium.

Ethan Streeter has awful queer luck when he gets married, and queerer yet when he don't get married. His first attempt resulted in a separation after three days of married bliss, and his second attempt resulted in a separation three minutes before the ceremony, in the presence of the wedding guests. The last affair occurred near Berlin, Mich., last week.

Mr. Jaeger of Rochester, N. Y., was frequently puzzled by the absence of his dog. The animal was frequently absent half a day at a time, and last week was missing for two days. His owner advertised for him, and on the following day he was returned by a man who had discovered his peculiar mania. It was for riding on street cars. He will get aboard of any car he sees and rides till he is put off.

Ira Tripp, the millionnaire of Scranton, Penn., has a peculiar habit. For many years he smoked cigars until his physician told him he must stop smoking or die. Thereupon Tripp hired a negro to smoke all day near him and blow the smoke into his face. The negro did this for years until he died, and his place was taken by a white man. Mr. Tripp is in perfect health. His smoker uses about 12 fine cigars a day.

Probably the most valuable parrot in Atlanta is one owned by W. W. Dunlap, a conductor on the West Point railroad. It is worth $400. Mr. Dunlap has been offered that price for his bird, but refused to take it. The parrot is a fine African gray and is an excellent talker. When you go about him he first regards you critically, cocks his head to one side, winks one eye at you slyly, and says: "I'm a $400 bird." Mr. Dunlap paid $10 for his parrot, and taught it to talk.

Capt. Alexander Kendall of Nashville has a horse named Mack that he has taught to perform more than 30 tricks. Mack receives commands from his master, which he recognizes and obeys as promptly as if he fully understood the English language. He can uncork a bottle with all the expertness of a veteran bartender, and can drink its contents like an old toper. He will ring a dinner bell, carry a dinner basket or play seesaw as naturally as if he were an individual. Mack is a beautiful black animal, only 7 years old, and is a whole circus all to himself.

Mayville, N. Y., has the oldest applicant for a pension in the country, if not in the world. His name is Philo Grant. He is in his 102d year, is as straight as an arrow, and has good eyesight. Until recently he has been able to do a good day's work, but owing to an accident is unable to perform manual labor, and has applied through the county clerk for a dependent pension. He is a veteran of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war, and his mind is clear and he can talk intelligently upon most subjects. He is undoubtedly the oldest man in Chautauqua.

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No publication will be sent for less time than one year, and no order for a publication will be accepted unless it includes a yearly subscription to THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

	Regular Price.	Price with Weekly.
Arthur's Home Magazine	$2.00	$2.60
Atlanta Constitution, Weekly	1.00	1.80
American Machinist	2.50	3.25
Agents' Herald	.50	1.25
American Rural Home	.85	1.65
Andover Review	4.00	4.30
American Dairyman (new subs)	1.50	2.05
Art Interchange Magazine	3.00	3.85
American Poultry Journal	1.00	1.60
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4.30
American Art Journal	3.00	3.80
American Garden	2.00	2.30
American Agriculturist	1.50	2.10
Art Amateur	4.00	4.10
Army&Navy Journal (only new subs)	6.00	6.15
Book Buyer	1.00	1.90
Banner Weekly	3.00	3.37
Brainard's Musical World	1.50	2.10
Burlington Hawkeye	1.00	1.85
Ballou's Magazine	1.50	2.00
Bee-keeper's Magazine	.25	1.25
Babyland	.50	1.45
Boston Pilot	2.50	3.00
Boston Medical Journal	5.00	5.10
Boston Medical and Surgical Journal	5.00	5.85
Christian Leader	2.50	3.10
Critic Literary Reviews	3.00	3.50
Cleveland Weekly Plaindealer	1.00	1 80
Congregationalist	3.00	3.50
Cincinnati Weekly Times	1.00	1.75
Century Magazine	4.00	4.60
Christian Union	3 00	3.60
Cottage Hearth	1.50	2.60
Cassell's Magazine of Art	3.50	3.90
" Family Magazine	1.50	2.30
" Quiver	1.50	2.30
Country Gentleman	2.50	3.10
Christian Herald	1.50	2.05
Courier-Journal (Weekly)	1.00	2.00
Chautauqua Young Folks Journal	1.00	2.00
Decorator and Furnisher	4.00	4.10
Demorest's Magazine, without prem.	2.00	2.60
Donahoe's Magazine	2.00	2.30
Domestic Monthly, with premiums	1.50	2.05
Detroit Free Press (Weekly)	1.00	1.90
Engineering and Mining Journal	4.00	4.10
Farm, Field and Stockman	1.50	2.60
Farm Journal	.50	1.30
Fireside Companion	3.00	3.60
Floral Cabinet	1.25	2.00
Folio (Musical)	1.60	2.00
Forney's Progress	2.50	3.10
Frank Leslie's Illustrated (Weekly)	4.00	4.25
" " Sunday Magazine (M'y)	2.50	3.10
" " Popular Monthly	3.00	3.50
" " Pleasant Hours (M'y)	1.75	2.50
Forest and Stream	4.00	4.10
Germantown Telegraph	2.00	2.30
Green's Fruit Recorder	.50	1.40
Gardner's Monthly	2.00	2.50
Godey's Lady's Book	2.00	2.60
Golden Argosy	4.00	4.50
Golden Days (for young people)	3.00	3.35
Harper's Magazine	4.00	4.10
Harper's Weekly	4.00	4.30
Harper's Bazar	4.00	4.30
Harper's Young People	2.00	2.50
Herald of Health, without premiums	1.00	1.75
Home and Farm	.50	1.45
Household	1.10	1.80
Home Decorator	2.00	2.45
Housekeeper	1.00	1.65
Home Journal	2.00	2.55
Indiana Farmer	1.00	1.95
Independent	3.00	3.55
Illustrated Companion	1.00	1.55
Iowa Homestead	2.00	2.60
Irish World	2.50	3.10
Journal of Microscopy	1.00	1.75
Ladies' World (no premium)	.35	1.25
Life (humorous weekly)	5.00	5.00
Locomotive Engineer	1.00	1.85
Louisville Weekly Courier-Journal	1.00	1.80
Lippincott's Magazine	3.00	3.30
Littell's Living Age	8.00	8.00
Magazine American History	5.00	5.10
Mining Record	3.00	3.30
North American Review	5.00	5.10
Nation	3.00	3.75
N. Y. Fashion Bazar	3.00	3.60
Nursery	1.50	2.20
N. Y. Critic	3.00	3.50
N. Y. Ledger	3.00	3.30
N. Y. Weekly Post	1.00	1.75
N. Y. Weekly World	1.00	1.80
N. Y. Weekly Sun	1.00	1.80
N. Y. Weekly Herald	1.00	1.80
N. Y. Weekly	3.00	3.30
N. Y. Sportsman	4.00	4.60
New Princeton Review	3.00	3.50
New York Witness	1.00	1.90
Our Little Men and Women	1.00	1.80
Ohio Farmer	1.00	1.95
Puck (the best comic weekly)	5.00	5.00
Phrenological Journal, without pre.	2.00	2.55
Pansy	1.00	1.80
Phrenological Journal, with prem.	2.15	2.70
Practical Farmer	2.00	2.10
Prairie Farmer	2.00	2.50
Peterson's Lady's Magazine	2.00	2.60
Popular Science News	1.00	1.85
Popular Science Monthly	5.00	5.00
Presbyterian Review	3.00	3.60
Philadelphia Weekly Times	1.00	1.80
Philadelphia Medical Times	4.00	4.10
Philadelphia Practical Farmer	2.00	2.40
Rideout's Magazine	1.00	1.75
Rural New Yorker	2.50	2.80
Saturday Evening Post	2.00	2.60
Scientific American	3.00	3.60
" " (with supplement)	7.00	7.00
Sunday School Times	2.00	2.55
Scribner's Magazine (new)	3.00	3.45
Sunny South	2.00	2.80
St. Nicholas	3.00	3.60
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
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JOSHUA:

A Story of Egyptian-Israelitish Life.

By GEORG EBERS,

AUTHOR OF "UARDA," "AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

"Go down, grandfather. I will keep watch."

But the old man to whom the words were spoken shook his shaven head.

"But up here you will get no rest."

"And the stars? Or even below. Rest in such times as these? Throw my cloak over me. Rest, in such a fearful night!"

"You are so cold; and your hand and the instrument shake."

"Then steady my arm."

The lad willingly obeyed the request; but after a short space he exclaimed: "It is all in vain. Star after star is swallowed up in black clouds. Ah, and the bitter cry of the city comes up. Nay, it comes from our own house. I am sick at heart, grandfather; only feel how hot my head is. Come down, perchance they need help."

"That is in the hands of the gods, and my place is here. But there, there, eternal gods! Look to the north across the lake! No, more to the westward. They come from the city of the dead!"

"Oh, grandfather, father, there!" cried the youth, a priestly neophyte, who was lending his aid to an elder whose grandson he was, the chief astrologer of Amon-Ra.

They were standing on the watch-tower of the temple of the god at Tanis, the capital of the Pharaohs, in the north of the land of Goshen. As he spoke he drew away his shoulder, on which the old man was leaning.

"There, there. Is the sea swallowing up the land? Have the clouds fallen on the earth to surge to and fro? Oh, grandfather, may the immortals have mercy, the nether world is yawning. The great serpent Apep is come forth from the city of the dead. It comes rolling past the temple. I see it, I hear it. The great Hebrew's threat is being fulfilled. Our race will be cut off from the earth. The serpent—its head is set toward the southeast. It will surely swallow up the young sun when it rises in the morning."

The old man's eye followed the direction of the youth's finger, and he, too, could discern that a vast, black mass, whose outline was lost in the darkness, came rolling through the gloom, and he, too, heard with a shudder the creature's low roar.

Both stood with eye and ear alert, staring into the night; but the star-gazer's eye was fixed not upward, but down, across the city to the distant sea and level plain. Overhead all was silent, and yet not all at rest, for the wind swept the dark clouds into shapeless masses in one place, while in another it rent the gray shroud and scattered them far and wide.

The moon was not visible to mortal ken, but the clouds played hide and seek with the bright southern stars, now covering them, and now giving their rays free passage. And as in the firmament, so on earth, there was a constant change from pallid light to blackest darkness. Now the glitter of the heavenly bodies flashed brightly down on the sea and estuary, on the polished granite sides of the obelisks in the temple precincts and the gilt copper roof of the King's airy palace; and again, lake and river, the sails in the harbor, the sanctuaries and streets of the city, and the palm-strewn plain surrounding it, were all lost in gloom.

Objects which the eye tried to rest on vanished in an instant, and it was the same with the sounds that met the ear. For a while the silence would be as deep as though all life, far and near, were hushed or dead, and then a piercing shriek of woe rent the stillness of the night. And then, broken by longer or shorter pauses, that roar was heard which the youthful priest had taken for the voice of the serpent of the nether world; and to that the grandfather and grandson listened with growing excitement.

The dusky shape, whose ceaseless movements could be clearly made out whenever the stars shot their beams between the striving clouds, had its beginning out by the city of the dead and the strangers' quarter. A sudden panic had fallen on the old man as on the young one, but he was quicker to recover himself, and his keen and practised eye soon discerned that it was not a single gigantic form which was rising from the necropolis to cross the plain, but a multitude of moving creatures who seemed to be surging or swaying to and fro on the meadow land. Nor did the hollow hum and wailing come up from one particular spot, but was audible now nearer and now more remote. Anon he fancied that it was rising from the bosom of the earth, and again that it fell from some airy height.

Fresh terror came upon the old astrologer. He seized his grandson's hand in his right hand, and, pointing with his left to the city of the dead, he cried in a trembling voice: "The dead are too many in number. The nether world overflows, as the river does when its bed is too narrow for the waters of the south. How they swarm and sway and surge on! How they part, hither and thither! These are the ghosts of the thousands whom black death hath snatched away, blasted by the Hebrew's curse, and sent unburied, unprotected from corruption, to descend the rungs of the ladder which leads to the world without end."

"Yea, it is they!" cried the other, in full belief. He snatched his hand from the old man's grasp and struck his fevered and burning brow, exclaiming, though hardly able to speak for terror: "They—the damned! The wind has blown them to the sea, and its waters spew them out and cast them on the land again, and the blessed earth rejects them and drives them into the air. The pure ether of Shoo flings them back to the ground, and now—look, listen! They are groaning as they seek the way to the desert."

"To the fire!" cried the elder. "Flame, purify them; water, cleanse them!"

The youth joined in the old priest's form of exorcism, and while they chanted it in unison the trap door was lifted which led to this observatory on the top of the highest gate of the temple, and a priest of humble grade cried to the old man:

"Cease thy labors. Who cares now for the stars of heaven when all that has life is being darkened on earth?"

The old priest listened speechless, till the messenger went on to say that it was the astrologer's wife who had sent for him, and then he gasped out:

"Hora? Is my son then likewise stricken?"

The priest then bent his head, and both his hearers wept bitterly, for the old man was bereft of his first-born son, and the lad of a tender father.

But when the boy, trembling with fever, fell sick and sorrowing on his grandfather's breast, the elder hardily freed himself from his embrace and went to the trap door; for although the priest had announced himself as the messenger of death, it needs more than the bare word of another to persuade a father to give up all hope of life for a child. The old man went quickly down the stone stairs, though the lofty halls and wide courts of the temple, and the lad followed him, although his shaking knees could scarcely carry his fevered frame. The blow which had fallen within his own little circle had made the old man forget the fearful portent which threatened the whole world perhaps with ruin; but the boy could not get rid of the vision, so when he had passed the first court and was in sight of the outermost pylons, to his terrified and anxious soul it seemed as though the shadows of the obelisks were spinning round, while the two stone statues of King Rameses on the corner piers of the great gate beat time with the crook in his hand.

At this the lad dropped fever-stricken on the ground. A convulsion distorted his features and tossed his slender frame to and fro in frantic spasms; and the old man, falling on his knees, while he guarded the curly head from striking the hard stone flags, moaned in a low voice: "Now it has fallen on him!"

Suddenly he collected himself and shouted aloud for help, but in vain, and again in vain. At last his voice fell; he sought consolation in prayer. Then he heard a sound of voices from the avenue of sphinxes leading to the great gate, and new hope revived in his heart.

Who could it be who was arriving at so late an hour?

Mingled with cries of grief, the chanting of priests fell on his ear, the tinkle and clatter of the metallic sistrum shaken by holy women in honor of the god, and the measured footfall of men praying as they marched on.

A solemn procession was approaching. The astrologer raised his eyes, and after glancing at the double line of granite columns, colossal statues and obelisks in the great court, looked up, in obedience to the habits of a lifetime, at the starry heavens above, and in the midst of his woe a bitter smile parted his sunken lips, for the gods this night lacked the honors that were their due.

For on this night—the first after the new moon in the month of Pharmutee—the sanctuary in former years were wont to be gay with garlands of flowers. At the dawn of day after this moonless night the high festival of the spring equinox should begin, and with it the harvest thanksgiving.

At this time a grand procession marched through the city to the river and harbor, as prescribed by the Book of the Divine Birth of the Sun, in honor of the great goddess Neith of Rennout, who bestows the gifts of the field, and of Horus, at whose bidding the desert blooms; but today the silence of death reigned in the sanctuary, whose courtyards should have been crowded at this hour with men, women and children, bringing offerings to lay on the very spot where his grandson lay under the hand of death.

A broad beam of light suddenly fell into the vast court, which till now had been but dimly lighted by a few lamps. Could they be so mad as to think that the glad festival might be held in spite of the nameless horrors of the past night?

Only the evening before the priests in council had determined that during the pitiless pestilence the temples were to be left unadorned, and processions to be prohibited. By noon yesterday many had failed to attend because the plague had fallen on their households, and the terror had now come into this very sanctuary, while he, who could read the stars, had been watching them in their courses. Why else should it have been deserted by the watchmen and other astrologers, who had been with him at sunset, and whose duty it was to keep vigil here all night?

He turned once more to the suffering boy with tender anxiety, but instantly started to his feet, for the gates were opened wide and the light or torches and lanterns poured into the temple court. A glance at the sky showed him that it was not long past midnight, and yet his fears were surely well grounded—these must be the priests crowding into the temple to prepare for the harvest festival.

Not so.

For when had they come to the sanctuary for this purpose chanting and in procession? Nor were those all servants of the divinity. The populace had joined them. In that solemn litany he could hear the shrill wailing of women mingled with wild cries of despair such as he had never before, in the course of a long life, heard within the consecrated walls.

Or did his senses deceive him? Was it the groaning horde of unresting souls which he had seen from the observatory who were crowding into the sanctuary of the god?

Fresh horror fell upon him; he threw up his arms in prohibition and for a few moments repeated the formula against the malice of the evil spirits; but he presently dropped his hands, for he marked among the throng some friends who yesterday, at any rate, had been in the land of the living. Foremost, the tall figure of the second prophet of the god, then the women devoted to the service of Amon-Ra, the singers and the holy fathers, and when at last, behind the astrologers and pastophoroi, he saw his son-in-law, whose home had till yesterday been spared by the plague, he took heart and spoke to him. But his voice was drowned by the song and cries of the coming multitude.

The courtyard was now fully lighted, but every one was so absorbed in his own sorrow that no one heeded the old astrologer. He snatched the cloak off his own shivering body to make a better pillow for the boy's tossing head, and while he did so with fatherly care, he could hear among the chanting and wailing of the approaching crowd, first, frantic curses on the Hebrews, through whom these woes had fallen on Pharaoh and his people, and then, again and again, the name of the heir to the crown, Prince Rameses, and the tone in which it was spoken and the formulas of mourning which were added announced to all who had ears to hear that the eyes of the first-born of the king on his throne were also sealed in death.

As he gazed with growing anguish in his grandson's pale face the lamentations for the prince rang out afresh, and louder than ever, and a faint sense of satisfaction crept into his soul at the impartiality of death, who spared not the sovereign on his throne any more than the beggar by the wayside.

He knew now what had brought this noisy throng to the sanctuary.

He went forward with such haste as his old limbs would allow to meet the column of mourners, but before he could join them he saw the gatekeeper and his wife come out of the gatehouse, bearing between them on a mat the corpse of a boy. The husband held one end, his frail, tiny wife held the other, and the stalwart man had to stoop low to keep their stiff burden in a horizontal position that it might not slip down toward the woman. Three children closed the melancholy party, and a little girl holding a lantern led the way.

No one, perhaps, would have observed them but that the gatekeeper's wife shrieked forth her griefs so loudly and shrilly that it was impossible not to hear her cries. The second prophet of Amon turned to his companions; the procession came to a standstill, and, as some of the priests went near to the body, the father cried in a loud voice: "Away, away from the plague-stricken! Our first born is dead!"

The mother, meanwhile, had snatched the lantern from her little daughter, and, holding it so as to throw a light on the face of the dead boy, she shrieked out:

"The God hath suffered it to come to pass. Yea, even under our own roof. But it is not his will, but the curse of the stranger in the land that has come over us and our lives. Behold, this was our first born; and two temple servants have likewise been taken. One is dead already; he is lying in our little room yonder; and there—see, there lies young Ramus, the grandson of Rameri, the star-reader. We heard the old man calling, and saw what was happening, but who can hold another man's house up when his own is falling about his ears? Beware while it is yet time, for the gods have opened even the temple gates to the abomination, and if the whole world should perish I should not be surprised and never complain—certainly not. My lords and priests, I am but a poor and humble woman, but am I not in the right when I ask: Are our gods asleep, that a magic spell has bound them? Or what are they doing, and where are they, that they leave us and our children in the power of the vile Hebrew race?

"Down with them! Down with the strangers! They are magicians; into the sea with Mesu,* the sorcerer!"

*Mesu is the Egyptian form of the name of Moses.

As an echo follows a cry, so did these imprecations follow the woman's curse and Hornecht, the old astrologer's son-in-law, captain of the archers, whose blood boiled over at the sight of his dying, fair young nephew, brandished his short sword, and cried in a frenzy of rage: 'Follow me every man who has a heart! At them! Life for life! Ten Hebrews for each Egyptian whom the sorcerer has killed!"

As a flock will rush into the fire if only the ram leads the way, the crowd flocked to follow the noble warrior. The women pushed in front of the men, thronging the doorway, and as the servants of the sanctuary hesitated till they should know the opinion of the prophet of Amon, their leader drew up his majestic figure and said deliberately:

"All who wear priests' robes remain to pray with me. The people are the instrument of heaven, and it is theirs to repay. We stay here to pray for the success of their vengeance."

CHAPTER II.

Baie, the second prophet of Amon, who acted as deputy for the now infirm old head prophet and high priest Ruie, withdrew into the holy of holies, and while the multitude of the inferior ministers of the god proceeded to their various duties the infuriated crowd hurried through the streets of the town to the strangers' quarter.

As a swollen torrent raging through a valley carries down with it everything in its way, so the throng, as they rushed to their revenge, compelled every one on their way to join them. Every Egyptian from whom death had snatched his nearest and dearest was ready to join the swelling tide, and it grew till it numbered hundreds of thousands. Men, women and children, slaves and free, borne on the wings of their desire to wreak ruin and death on the detested Hebrews, flew to the distant quarter where they dwelt.

How this artisan had laid hold of a chopper or that housewife had clutched an axe they themselves scarcely knew. They rushed on to kill and destroy, and they had not sought the weapons they needed; they had found them ready to their hand.

The first they hoped to fall upon in their mad fury was Nun, a venerable Hebrew, respected and beloved by many, a man rich in herds, who had done much kindness to the Egyptians; but where hatred and revenge make themselves heard gratitude stands shy and speechless in the background.

His large estates lay, like the houses and huts of the men of his race, to the west of Tanis, the strangers' quarter, and were the nearest of them all to the streets inhabited by the Egyptians themselves.

At this morning hour Nun's flocks and herds were wont to be taken, first to water, and then to the pasture; so the large yard in front of his house would be full of cattle, farm men and women, carts and field implements. The owner himself commonly ordered the going of his beasts, and he and his were to be the first victims of popular rage.

The swiftest runners had already reached his spacious farm, and among them Hornecht, the captain of the archers. There lay the house and buildings in the first bright beams of the morning sun, and a brawny smith kicked violently at the closed door; but there was no bolt, and it flew open so readily that he had to clutch at the door-post to save himself from falling. Others pushed by him into the courtyard, among them the archer chief.

But what was the meaning of this?

Had some new charm been wrought to show the power of Mesu, who had brought such terrible plagues already on the land, and display the might of his god?

The yard was empty, absolutely empty; only in their stalls lay a few cattle and sheep, slain because they had suffered some injury, while a lame lamb hobbled away at the sight of the intruders. Even the carts and barrows had vanished. The groaning and bleating crowd, which the star-gazer had taken to be the spirits of the damned, was the host of the Hebrews, who had fled by night with all their herds, under the guidance of Moses.

The leader dropped his sword, and it might have been thought that the scene before him was to him an agreeable surprise, but his companion, a scribe from the king's treasury, looked round the deserted courtyard with the disappointed air of a man who has been cheated.

The tide of passions and schemes, which had risen high during the night, ebbed under the broad light of day. Even the soldiers' easily-stirred ire had subsided to comparative calm.

The mob might have done their worst to the other Hebrews, but not to Nun, whose son Hosea (Joshua) had been his comrade in battle, one of the most esteemed captains in the field, and a private friend of his own. If Hornecht had foreseen that his father's farmstead would be the first spot to be attacked he would never have led the mob to their revenge, and once more in his life he bitterly rued that he had been carried away by sudden wrath to forget the calm demeanor which beseemed his years.

And now, while some of the crowd proceeded to rifle and pull down Nun's deserted dwellings, men and women came running in to say that no living soul was to be found in any of the other houses near. Some had to tell of yelling cats squatting on vacant hearths, of beasts past service found slaughtered, and broken household gear, till at last the angry crowd dragged forward a Hebrew with his family and a gray-haired, half-witted woman whom they had hunted out among some straw. The old woman laughed foolishly and said that her people had called her till they were hoarse but Mehela knew better; and as for walking, walking forever, as her people meant to do, that she could not; her feet were too tender, and she had not even a pair of sandals.

The man, a hideous Jew, whom few even of his own race would have regarded with pity, declared, first with humility bordering on servility, and then with the insolent daring that was natural to him, that he had nothing to do with the god of lies in whose name the impostor Moses had tempted away his people, but that he and his wife and child had always been friends with the Egyptians. As a matter of fact, he was known to many, being an usurer, and when the rest of his tribe had taken up their staves he had hidden himself, hoping to pursue his dishonest dealings and come to no loss.

But some of his debtors were among the furious mob; and even without them he had not a chance for his life for he was the first object on which the excited multitude could prove that they were in earnest in their revenge. They rushed on him with yells of rage, and in a few minutes the bodies of the hapless wretch and his family lay dead on the ground. No one knew who had done the bloody deed; too many had fallen on the victims at once.

Others who had remained behind were dragged forth from houses or hovels, and they were not a few, though many had time to escape into the country. These all fell victims to the wrath of the populace; and while their blood was flowing, axes were heaved and doors and walls were battered down with beams and posts to destroy the dwellings of the detested race from the face of the earth.

The glowing embers which some furious women had brought with them were extinguished and trodden out, for the more prudent warned them of the danger which must threaten their own adjoining dwellings and the whole city of Tanis if the strangers' quarter were set in flames.

Thus the homes of the Hebrews were spared from fire, but as the sun rose higher the site of the dwellings they had deserted was wrapped in an impenetrable cloud of white dust from the ruins, and on the spot where but yesterday thousands of human beings had had a happy home, and where vast herds had slaked their thirst by fresh waters nothing was now to be seen but heaps of rubbish and stone, while broken timber and splintered woodwork strewed the scorching soil. Dogs and cats, abandoned by the fugitives, prowled among the ruins, and were presently joined by the women and children who herded in the beggars' hovels on the skirts of the neighboring necropolis, and who now, with their hands over their mouths, poked among the choking dust and piles of lumber for any vessels or broken victuals which the Hebrews might have left behind and the plunderers have overlooked.

In the course of the afternoon Baie was borne in his litter past the scene of devastation. He had not come hither to feast his eyes on the sight of the ruins but because they lay in the nearest way from the city of the dead to his own home. Nevertheless, a smile of satisfaction curled his grave lips as he noted how thoroughly the populace had done their work.

What he himself had hoped to see had not indeed been carried out; the leader of the fugitives had evaded their revenge, but hatred, though it is never satiated, can be easily gratified. Even the smaller woes of an enemy are joy, and the priest had just quitted the mourning Pharaoh, and though he had not yet succeeded in freeing him completely from the bonds laid upon him by the Hebrew soothsayer, yet he had loosened them.

Three words had the proud, ambitious man murmured to himself again and again—a stiff-necked man, not wont to talk to himself—as he sat alone in the sanctuary, meditating on what had happened and on what had to be done; and those three words were: 'Bless me also.'"

It was Pharaoh who had spoken them, addressing the petition to another, and that other not old Ruie, the pontiff and high priest, nor Baie himself, the only men living whose privilege it could be to bless the king. No, but the worst of the accursed, the stranger, the Hebrew Mesu, whom he hated as he hated none other on earth.

'Bless me also!" That pious entreaty which springs so confidingly from the human soul in anguish had pierced his soul like a dagger-thrust. He felt as though such a prayer, addressed by such lips to such a man, had broken the staff in the hand of the whole priesthood of Egypt, had wrenched the panther skin from its shoulders and cast a stain on all the nation he loved.

He knew Mesu well for one of the wisest sages ever produced by the schools of Egypt; he knew full well that Pharaoh was spellbound by this man who had grown up in his house, and had been the friend of the great Rameses, his father. He had seen the monarch pardon misdeeds in Mesu which any other man, were he the highest in the land, must have expiated with his life; and how dear must this Hebrew have been to Pharaoh—the sun god on his earthly throne—when he could compel the king, standing by the deathbed of his son, to uplift his hands to him and implore him: "Bless me also!"

All this he had told himself and weighed with due care, and still he, Baie, could not, would not, yield to the powerful Hebrew. He had regarded it as his most urgent and sacred duty to bring destruction on him and his whole race. To fulfil that duty he would not have hesitated to lay hands on the throne; indeed, in his eyes, by the utterance of that blasphemous entreaty, "Bless me also," Pharaoh Menephtah had forfeited his right to the sovereignty. Moses was the murderer of Pharaoh's first born whereas he himself and the venerable high priest of Amon held the weal or woe of the deceased youth's soul in their hands.

And this weapon was a keen and a strong one, for he knew how tender and irresolute was the King's heart. If the high priest of Amon—the only man who stood above him—did not contravene him in some unaccountable fit of senile caprice, it would be a small matter to reduce Pharaoh to submission, but the vacillating monarch might repent tomorrow of what he resolved ere today, if the Hebrew should again succeed in coming between him and his Egyptian counsellors. Only this very day, on hearing the name of Moses spoken in his presence, the degenerate son of Rameses the Great had covered his face and quaked like a frightened gazelle, and tomorrow he might curse him and pronounce sentence of death against him. He might perhaps indeed be moved to do this, but even then by the day after he would surely recall him and beseech his blessing once more.

Away with such a monarch! Down with the feeble reed who sat on the throne, down to the very dust! Baie had found a fitting successor among the princes of the blood royal and when the time should come—when Ruie, the high priest of Amon, should cross the boundary of the time of life granted to man by the gods and close his eyes in death—then he, Baie himself, would fill his place; a new life should begin for Egypt, and Moses and his tribes were doomed.

As the prophet thus meditated a pair of ravens fluttered around his head, and then, croaking loudly, alighted on the dusty ruins of one of the wrecked tenements. His eye involuntarily followed their flight and perceived that they had settled on the body of a dead Hebrew, half buried in rubbish. And again a smile stole over his cunning, defiant features, a smile which the inferior priests who stood about his litter could by no means interpret.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THROUGH THE MIST,

OR

HER SHADOWED LIFE.

We were all very fond of Helen in the hospital, and it was beautiful to see how she cared for poor little Jerry, the cripple, who had no friends in the world.

Dr. Rubens, a smart young physician in charge of the accident ward, fell in love with her from the first, and I was pained to learn one day that she had rejected him, because I believed it a case of mutual affection.

She explained to me the reason later on with tears in her eyes. Her father had been hanged some years before for murder.

"He was not guilty, for his own lips told me so," she quivered. "But I could not tell Dr. Rubens of that sad event in my life. I must go away from here, even though it breaks my heart. I must never see him again."

"Do not act hastily," I pleaded.

She threw her arms about my neck and kissed me.

"God bless you, my best of friends."

With these words she left me.

She did not wait as I had counselled, but leaving no word, departed as suddenly and mysteriously as she had come. How we all missed her! My co-workers, of course, knew nothing of what had happened, and they were loud in their regrets; while little Jerry, the cripple, who loved her so, with a piteous quiver of his small lips asked:

"Miss Hope, will we never see her any more?"

Dr. Rubens came in a few days after she had gone, and when I saw how changed and grave his face was I felt that it was my duty to tell him all I knew. He heard me silently, though the strong hand which leaned upon the table beside him trembled. When I had finished, he said:

"Miss Hope you know that I love her, and that no pain or disgrace in her life could make her aught but dearer to me. Can you not help me to find her?"

Ah, foolish Helen! to think that to such love as his anything could make any difference.

But I could tell him nothing as to her whereabouts. The great house seemed very different to me. Before Helen came my duties had taken up my time and mind to the exclusion of everything beside; now the hours seemed long. And when I passed through the hospital ward and paused by little Jersey, the tears would fill my eyes as I would remember the graceful figure which had so often bent there, breathing sweet truths about Jesus in words suited to her tiny listener's comprehension.

At length a change for the worse came to Jerry. The hospital doctor shook his head gravely.

"He is not long for this world, Miss Hope," he whispered.

Jerry, too, seemed to understand why it was his breath came so feebly, and his little body so full of pain.

Looking up into Dr. Rubens' face one day, he said, in his childish voice:

"Dr. Rubens, I am going to Jesus before long; won't you please find Miss Helen, so that I can bid her goodby?"

Find her! I knew how hard he had tried, and how unsuccessful his attempts had all been so far. Leaning over the boy he said, huskily:

"Little Jerry, pray to your Jesus to help us to bring Miss Helen to you."

I thought long that night, and at last a project came to me. In the next day's papers I caused this advertisement to be inserted:

"Little Jerry is dying. He calls for Helen."

Prayerfully it was written, and I thought that if she saw it, perhaps for Jerry's sake she would come. But it must be very soon; for paler grew the transparent skin, and more piteous the expression of the pain-drawn lips. It was noon. The boy lay quietly in his white bed. There was none beside him but myself our pastor and the physician, as too many would excite him. All around was an intense silence. Suddenly the lids opened over the dark eyes. Looking straight toward the door, the boy said:

"She is here! I feel it. Tell Helen to come quickly to Jerry; he wants her so much."

The pathetic utterance of the last words brought the tears streaming down my cheeks. We had all tried our different ways to find her, and we thought the child must die before he saw her he loved so well.

But the door gently opened. Jerry was right; it was Helen. With a low cry she hurried to the couch, and placed her arms about the dying boy.

"Little Jerry, here is Helen! Oh, I am not too late?"

No, not too late. Once more the tired lids lifted, and Jerry saw her. With a last effort he raised one tiny arm, and dropped it softly around her neck; then closing his eyes, in a faint voice he began one of the sweet hymns he had learned from her lips:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child."

He said the first line; then his voice sank, and with a long-drawn, quiet sigh his head fell back upon his pillow. Little Jerry was at rest.

There was a solemn silence, then, with a burst of tears, Helen sank upon her knees.

Dr. Rubens went to her side and placed his strong arm about her. I knew then that, once found, he would never lose her again.

I was right. The two, who once more had met through mutual love for the child whose sufferings upon earth they had helped to lighten, were never parted again.

They were married, and Helen took her place as our doctor's honored wife.

Yet it is only within the past year that my friend's sweet eyes have lost that mournful sad expression I had always noticed in them. Early last spring a noted criminal confessed to having killed, for mere plunder, the man of whose murder her father had been accused. I was present when Dr. Rubens first broke the news to his wife.

Springing to her feet, Helen exclaimed:

"I thank God that my father's memory is cleared at last! Now I can be really happy."

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

How to Make Twenty-Five-Cent Dinners.

Two Ways of Cooking, But the Wrong Way Causes Much Waste.

How Hearty, Wholesome Meals Can be Cheaply Prepared.

"I wish I could write," says my friend, the housekeeper, driving an imaginary quill across her spotless kitchen table.

"What a dreadful wish!" I exclaim.

My friend, the housekeeper, lifts her eyebrows, and looks at me as if not quite certain whether I am making fun or not. She is a trim little woman, not in the least pretty, but the pink of neatness in her cheap print wrapper and white apron. Her brown hair isn't banged, but it has a natural wave in it.

"No, but really," she says, presently, "I have often wished I could write. I am a workingman's wife, you know, and I've often thought I would like to tell the wives of other workingmen how to manage—that is, how I manage. It isn't vanity, is it, to say that I know we get along better than a good many people do in our circumstances? And Jack says"—a dimpling smile makes the plain face almost pretty—"it is all owing to my way of managing."

"Tell me," I say, insinuatingly; "I would like to manage if I knew how." There is a swift, involuntary pursing of Mrs. Jack's lips which speaks volumes. Then she laughs.

"It can't require a great deal of management for one cat, one parrot, one room and one's meals out," says she. "But, truly, I was in earnest in what I said. Would you like to know what stirred me up to it, just as you came in? Why, I'd been reading that article in THE SUNDAY GLOBE—if I could write like that and say what I want to say, what wouldn't I give? It is just as nice as can be, but—" the speaker hesitates under stress of a sudden suspicion, "maybe you are 'M. P.' yourself?" she says, with implied interrogation.

I reluctantly disclaim the honor.

"Well, it doesn't make any difference," says Mrs. Jack, brightly; "I should say what I have to say just the same if you were. That article was sensible and practical, and all that, but now, see here; how many of the dinners a workingman eats do you imagine there are that cost him $1 for the family?"

"Helplessly and honestly I answer I do not know."

"That is, if he saves anything," Mrs. Jack went on, quite as if I had not spoken. "I am free to acknowledge, though that a good many of his dinners cost him more than they ought, considering quality and quantity, I mean in a good many cases. And it is all because his wife doesn't know how to use up the remnants. She would be prudent if she knew how, but she doesn't; she's never been taught to make the most of everything she has to do with—to make $1 do the work of $2.

And that is why I say I wish I could write. I would make a study of the subject of household economy for the benefit of the wives of workingmen, and I would tell them what I knew in plain English. I would not call a plate of hash a "rechauffe," or minced meat on toast a "ragout," but I would tell them how to make both as appetizingly as possible.

Talk about economy; why there is more wasted today in the kitchen of many a workingman than

From the Tables of the Rich.

Because the latter can afford to hire a French cook—and nobody understands better the use of "left-overs" in making up a thousand and one delicious dishes. I'd hire a French cook myself if I were able.

"But there is no need of wasting anything—yes, anything; I mean just that. Why," and Mrs. Jack laughs merrily, "since we came where we have our own swill barrel I have heard the swill man whistle when he opened it."

"You see Jack has steady work at $2.50 a day, and there are not many workingmen that do better. When we were married, 10 years ago, he had enough saved to furnish two rooms and pay a month's rent in advance. I had my bedding and some little knick-knacks that I had picked up as I could. Maybe we were foolish, but we were happy; and we made up our minds at the start that some day we would have a home of our own—and so we will. We worked and planned and saved until we had $1000 laid by. Then we bought this house, took 11 shares in a co-operative bank, bought $2200, which, with what we had saved previously, paid for the house and gave the bank a mortgage, to be cancelled when our shares mature. This will be in 10 or 11 years. In the meantime our monthly payments are no more than rent would be—in plain figures, just $24.10, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that what we pay goes into our own pockets. Then we have our own home, and that's worth something, isn't it?

"To be sure, these monthly payments have to be met, but so has the rent; we know this from experience, and we mean to get to be our own landlord."

"Now, you see why there aren't many dinners for us at a dollar apiece. They are oftener 25-cent ones, and they are pretty good, too. At any rate we thrive on them; I don't believe you can find three brighter, smarter, prettier (if I do say it) children in the Commonwealth than mine. They are all in the grammar school now and when they come home at noon, as hungry as little bears I always try to have something they can relish. Children can't study if they do not eat, and they won't often take kindly to a lunch of cold bread and butter. They like a change, too; it doesn't do to have one day's lunch exactly like that of the day before.

"Then when Jack gets home we have our dinner—or hot supper, as you please. What for tonight? Well, I shall buy three pounds of haddock at six cents a pounds; half an hour before supper I shall fry a small slice of salt fat pork until crisp in my spider; then I shall lay in the pieces of fish, salt and pepper to taste, cover closely and let it cook in its own juices. The potatoes I shall boil, and a half hour should cook them, also, because soggy potatoes—as they would be if put on in lukewarm water and allowed to bubble, bubble, bubble for an hour—are worse than none. They should be washed clean, a bit sliced from the ends of each, dropped into as much water as will barely cover them, and which has just reached the boiling pitch, and kept boiling until a fork will pierce them easily. Just before they are done add a pinch of salt, and when they are done drain off the water, shake the kettle so the air will reach each potato, then cover with a thick towel and place on the back of your range till wanted. There are two ways of cooking everything, and the wrong way is the

Cause of a Great Deal of Waste.

"Besides the fish and potatoes, I shall have fresh baked bread and baked apples,—butter and sugar understood—and I'll pay for the whole with a quarter. The fish and potatoes that are left, much or little, I shall mash well together and form into little flattened balls—you may call them croquettes if you like, I call them fish cakes; when I get ready to fry these for Jack's breakfast, I shall roll each one in flour or powdered bread crumbs, and fry them in hot fat And there won't be one left to tell the tale of what befell!"

It is a good plan for us all to remember that the most expensive cuts of meats aren't always the best. I heard a marketman say once that if housekeepers knew half as much as they ought, his cheaper cuts wouldn't go begging as they had to now. Why, I remember—" My friend the housekeeper, pauses, hesitating. I smile, encouragingly.

"Well, I'd just as soon tell you," says she. "It's nothing to be ashamed of, although I think Jack is a little sensitive on it. You see, it was last fall, just after we bought the house. What with moving and all we were quite a little pinched for money, but we had put by our bank payment which was due the next week, and all would have gone well if Jack hadn't slipped and sprained his ankle. It was Monday, and we had just 85 cents in the house, besides the payment, a part of which we could have used, and made it up with Jack's week's wages—if it hadn't been for the sprain.

"'Never mind,' said I. 'I'll make the 85 cents do, with what groceries we've got on hand.'

"'You can't,' groaned Jack; 'we'll have to let the payment lapse this month and pay the fine.'

"'We won't,' said I. For if we couldn't live and meet one payment, how could we live and meet two? That would have been a bad beginning—and one that wouldn't be likely to make a good ending.

"I went to the market paid 25 cents for potatoes, and told the marketman I wanted a good soup bone. He gave me a piece just below where he had been cutting steak and charged me 25 cents for that. Then I paid 5 cents more for some vegetables—two or three onions, a carrot and a turnip, and went home.

"I suppose you will laugh when I tell you that piece of meat formed the foundation of five good, wholesome dinners. I took out the bone, to which portions of meat clung, put it over the fire in cold, slightly salted water, let it simmer two or three hours, added the vegetables pared and sliced, with a pint of sliced potatoes, and seasoned with pepper, salt and a pinch of sweet marjoram.

"The meat I folded together tied around with a bit of twine to hold it in place, put in a deep pan and steamed until tender. Next day I put it in the oven for a half hour or so, basting it frequently until it became brown, thickened the gravy with a little flour, and served my roast with baked potatoes—put in a hot oven and baked until they were done, no more and so not shrivelled and clammy, but plump and brown. Next day we had sliced cold meat with mashed potatoes and spiced grapes.

The next, sliced meat again, warmed up. There was no gravy left over from the second meal. Had there been I would have heated the slices in that. As it was, I put in my frying pan

A Spoonful of Butter.

let it get brown and very hot, put in the meat just long enough to heat, turning from one side to the other, and transferred it to a platter, heating in the oven. I added another large spoonful of butter to that in the spider, dredged in the same quantity of flour, let it cook, added a cupful of boiling water, mixed it thoroughly, seasoned it and poured it over the meat, which I served with baked potatoes.

"The next day there were only the scraps left. I chopped them fine, made a dish of mashed potato, lined the bottom and sides of a deep earthen baker with it, just as I would with crust only that the potato was three-fourths of an inch thick, warmed the minced meat up quickly in a spoonful of butter and, with a chopped onion, filled it in my potato 'pie,' covered it with a layer of mashed potato, sprinkled bits of butter over the top, and placed it in the oven a few minutes to brown. And Jack actually declared that the last state of that meat was better than the first!"

"And I don't doubt it was," I say, looking at the little woman, with the unspoken wish that there were thousands more just like her in this city of ours, and all the wives of working men. "Wouldn't you like to take a boarder?"

"Now you're joking," laughed Mistress Jack. "Seriously, that week was rather a hard pull; but Jack's ankle was so he could get to work again Friday, so we had $5 for the next week, which wasn't so bad. But I often wish that those who need the knowledge most could know what hearty, wholesome meals can be cheaply prepared by the exercise of a little care and common sense. A beef's heart, for instance, costs very little in proportion to other meats; yet, stuffed as one would stuff a fowl, with a dressing of breadcrumbs, boiled potato, an onion, sage, pepper and savory, steamed until tender, then browned in the oven and the gravy thickened, it is a veritable tid-bit and will serve excellently for more than one dinner. A beef's heart boiled makes the very best of mincemeat for pies. Beef's liver, cooked with onions, is a most hearty and appetizing dish. Good round steak at 15 cents a pound cooked as Salisbury steak, agrees with our digestions far better than sirloin at 30 cents. I chop the round steak until the fibres just hold together and cook it in my spider. Oh yes I know that fried meat isn't fit to eat but I don't fry it, thank you. I have the spider as hot as hot can be, put on a slice of steak, sear one side, turn it, sear the other and keep it moving and turning for two or three minutes before I place it on the platter, hot as the oven can make it, and give it its allowance of pepper, salt and butter.

A good many women—good cooks and housekeepers too—seem afraid of the broiler, perhaps because they don't know how to use it. In the way I have told you of the broiler may be dispensed with, and it it doesn't give you broiled steak you will have the very next thing to it, which some people like even better. When butter is very high I frequently make a milk gravy to accompany this steak. After the last slice of meat is taken from the spider pour in two or three spoonfuls of hot water, which dries away immediately to a spoonful of rich brown liquid; add a cupful or less of milk, stir in a scant teaspoonful of corn starch—just enough to make the gravy as thick as good cream—dissolved in a little cold milk. This is quite as healthful, and, for a change, quite as nice as clear butter gravy."

"Like the immortal Oliver, I want 'more.'" I laugh. "Have you told me all your saving ways?"

"Oh, no, indeed," says Mrs. Jack, "but the rest will keep. I know I have talked you nearly blind, and besides—"

She glances at the puffy bread-dough, showing its color in the shining pan, and I, accepting the gentle hint, discreetly withdraw. AGNES CUYLER.

A ROCKY PHYSIOGNOMY.

[From Judge.]



Conductor—Tickets!

Commuter—Say, you've seen my ticket four times already on this trip.

Conductor (apologetically)—Beg your pardon; but you see, sir, you've got an almighty hard face to remember.

AN AUTUMN SUNSET.

Green islands in a golden sea,
With amethyst cliffs that melt away
At every wash of the sleepy waves,
White towering Alps that greet the day;
And still through rents in the further space,
Glimpses of distant ocean bed,
Burning with restless changeful light,
And veined with flushes of glory spread
Far as the living are from the dead,
Far as the blessed are from hell's night.

Then the islands grow to radiant realms
And shoot forth golden tongues of land,
And the Alps fade down to a level plain
Where monsters troop in a threatening band;
Then murky towers where ghosts can reign
Rise like a wizard's dying dream;
While low in the west in a narow vein
There spreads, through the dust, one golden beam
Like heaven's last and lingering gleam
Seen through hell's vista by those in pain.

Nature is changeful and, like the sea,
Has its autumn ebb and its summer flow,
Cloudlets of morning pass with dawn;
Who can tell where the sunbeams go?
Dead flowers turn to mere earth at last,
Earth to blossom breaks forth in May,
Life and death are ever at war
On this great chameleon world, I say;
Yet river or cloud or leaf on the tree
Is not so changeful, it seems to me,
As a woman's mind—that a feather can sway.

BELLE EYRE.

Gems and Their Maninge.

[Texas Siftings.]

Superstition has assigned to each gem its special dowry. The diamond is the symbol of justice, which accounts for so many police justices sporting them in their shirt bosoms. It also denotes innocence, liable to be imposed upon by the dealer in paste diamonds.

The ruby was believed by the ancients to banish evil thoughts, but not if you indulge in the "ruby" too often.

The Chinese today present the carbuncle as a most sacred testimony of friendship. If we had a carbuncle, especially on the neck, we would give it to anybody who fancied it, be he friend or foe.

Topaz is said to calm frenzy. It also incites ambition, though an energetic man might go to the top-az quickly without it as with it.

The amethyst ought to be a favorite among those who love to imbibe. The idea once prevailed that if a man put an amethyst in the cup he could never drink to intoxication, no matter how much he drank to excess.

The opal was not always the unlucky stone that it is now considered. It was called the child of love by the ancients, though a child of love is not generally so fortunate as one born in a legitimate way.

The Peruvians worshipped the emerald, and the lucky dog who found one immediately set up a Peruvian bark.

The Czar's Cork-Lined Train.

[London Truth.]

A new imperial train has just been built for the Emperor of Russia. The saloons are covered with iron outside, and then comes eight inches of cork, instead of the steel plates with which the carriages of the old train were protected. All the saloons which communicate by a covered passage) are exactly the same in outward appearance, so that no outsider may be able to discover in which carriage the Czar is travelling. During the Emperor's journey last autumn he passed most of his time in a carriage which, from the outside, looks like a luggage van.

Even When They're Off Duty.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The London police are now ordered to wear india rubber or noiseless boots at night always.

WITH THE TURKS.

How They Observe the Mahometan Lent.

Night Service in the Mosque of Santa Sophia.

Turkish Merchants Read the Koran and Pray While at Work.

[Copyrighted, 1889, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

CONSTANTINOPLE, 1889.—I arrived in Constantinople during the month of Ramazan, and I find the whole city observing the Mahometan Lent. The cook shops of Stamboul are closed during the day for lack of custom, and of the 500,000 Turkish men, women and children in this city not one eats anything from sunrise to sunset. They do not drink a drop of water, and the more devout will not even swallow their spittle. The Turks are the most inveterate smokers of the world, and they like to titillate their nostrils with snuff, and to gratify them with perfumes. During Ramazan they do not smoke during the day time, and they entirely abstain from snuff and the use of ottar of roses.

This is so not only in Constantinople, but also over the whole Mahometan world. It is 6 o'clock p. m. as I write, and 100,000,000 Mahometan stomachs scattered from the wilds of North China to the tropical regions of Central Africa are howling with hunger. One hundred million parched tongues are now scraping against the dry roofs of 100,000,000 mouths, and I doubt not that something like 200,000,000 eyes are anxiously watching the going down of the setting sun. The moment it drops behind the west these millions will grab for the food that has been prepared for them, and for the next hour or so the fasting will be turned into feasting. The nights of Constantinople are now nights of revelry. The Koran does not prohibit the Turk from eating what he pleases after sunset, and the people gorge themselves to make up for the fast of the day. The city is lighted at night and crowds throng the streets. All the cafes and eating houses are open, and the lemonade pedler and the sweet meat man are out in all their glory. The turks are very hospitable, and during Ramazan they give many dinner parties. Such as are wealthy enough to do without work stay up the whole night in order that they may the better sleep through the fasting hours of the morrow.

It is a time for religious observance as well as pleasure. There are services at all the mosques every evening, and all the men go to prayers.

The Mosques

are illuminated and the hundreds of minarets which rise high above the sombre city of Stamboul are girdled with light, and between them are stretched great figures of fire, made by stringing countless lamps upon wires. Here is one composed of gigantic letters, forming the Turkish word for God, or "Allah." There is one representing a cannon a hundred feet long, and between the towers of another mosque hangs a mammoth star and crescent of fire.

There are between 200 and 300 mosques in Constantinople, and the Ramazan ceremonies in these are most interesting to the stranger. I witnessed them in the largest mosque of the world last night. This was the Mosque of Santa Sophia, which was built as a Christian church in the fourth century, and which was for ages the finest Christian church in the world. It took 100 architects to superintend its construction, and 10,000 masons worked upon it at the same time. It had doors of ivory, amber and cedar, and its altar was made of precious stones embedded in gold and silver.

It was decorated with beautiful paintings, which the Turks destroyed when they took possession of Constantinople, and its roof has still enough mosaic to carpet an acre field. The great temples of antiquity have been robbed to build this church. Within it there are four pillars of green granite, which were taken from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, and there are other columns from the temples of Thebes, Athens, Rome and Alexandria. If you will take a two-acre field and plant within it a forest of columns, roofed with a dome bigger and grander than that of the Capitol at Washington, hang thousands of lamps in the air between the dome and the floor, scatter richly-carved pulpits about various parts of the building, put immense fountains here and hang gigantic Turkish inscriptions there, you may have a mazed idea of how the Mosque of Santa Sophia looks when entering. You will wander for hours through the corridors of its columns, finding new beauties at every step. You will note that the great walls are lined with precious marbles and that the cornices and the friezes of the arches are of gilded bronze.

At night when the thousands of lamps are lighted, when the great stars of flame float in the air between the dome and the floor, when every pillar and every alcove is ablaze, and when the various galleries are walled with flame, the wonders of the mosque take on a new grandeur, which added to the picturesqueness of the worshippers themselves make a Ramazan night in Santa Sophia one of the greatest sights of the world.

By the Liberal Use of Backsheesh,

accompanied by my Mahometan guide, I obtained admission to the gallery of Santa Sophia last night. It was 9 o'clock when I arrived and the acres of floor below me were covered with worshipers. In long, regular lines, with their faces toward Mecca, sitting on their knees were at least 5000 Mahometan. In turbans and gowns with their bare or stockinged feet looking up at the gallery they formed long lines of curious color on the white mats away down there under the floating flames. From the back of the church came the shrill voice of the Iman who was leading the devotions. It was a wonderful tenor which penetrated the remotest recesses of the vast mosque, and in response to which these 5000 turbaned men rose and fell like clock work in their devotions. They moved as one man, and when they sank to their knees the striking of 10,000 legs upon the floor made a noise like the rumbling of a cannon in the distance, and when they bowed their heads to the floor the sound came up as though it had been made by the fall of some great weight rather than by the touch of 5000 heads. In the front of each worshipper was placed his shoes, and at the close of the services each Mahometan took these in his hands and walked with them out of the mosque.

The Mahometan prayers and method of praying is fixed by the Koran, and these 5000 men all prayed in the same way. I noted their actions from the beginning to the end of each prayer. The person praying must first remove his shoes and sandals and turn his face toward Mecca. He must bathe his hands and feet and certain other parts of his person before entering the mosque and in the court of this mosque of Santa Sophia there is a large and beautiful fountain. Entering the mosque and standing in the right position, the worshipper begins by putting his hands to the lobes of his ears and he then holds them a little below his girdle.

He then goes through a number of prostrations, reciting certain prayers from the Koran as he does so. If

He Is a Faithful Mahometan

he prays five times every day, and he does not care for his surroundings. At the hours of prayer Mahometans will begin their devotions in the midst of a crowd. They will stop their business transactions, and whether in the store or in the field, they will drop down on their knees and pray. I remember entering a rug bazaar in Alexandria and calling upon a gray-bearded turbaned Turk while he was engaged in his devotions. He was standing on a rug in the back of the store looking toward Mecca and mumbling the Koran. He must have seen me as I entered with a party of Americans and though he knew I intended to buy he paid no attention to me. He continued his kneeling down and rising up for fully 15 minutes and I sat down and waited until he was through. There were many other rug establishments near by, and he must have known that he stood the chance of the loss of a sale by not attending to me. This made no difference, however, to him. It would be a curious thing to see a merchant in New York or Chicago stop his sales in the middle of the day and drop down on his knees and pray in the presence of his customers.

The Mahometans are much less ashamed of their religion than we are. They are, in fact proud of it, and you can count the Mahometan conversions to Christianity by hundreds. It is only in the rarest of instances that missionaries are able to make any impression upon the followers of the prophet, and such conversions as Christians make in Mahometan countries are, as a rule, from other sects than Mahometan ones. Speaking of the Mahometan observance of religious duties, all of the officials of the Sultan keep Ramazan, and when I called upon the secretary of state yesterday in the Sublime Porte, which contains the great government offices of Turkey, I did not see a single clerk smoking or drinking coffee.

The secretary of state, who is one of the leading men of Turkey and who ranks here as Blaine does to President Harrison, asked me if I would not smoke and I, thinking nothing of Ramazan, assented. When the tobacco came in I asked him why he did not take a cigarette and he replied that it was against the rule of his religion and begged me to excuse him.

As it Was Ramazan.

Upon this I refused to smoke myself and on the same ground refused the coffee, which was afterwards brought in to me. In calling at a big Mahometan university, which is located in the English quarter of Constantinople, at noon the other day, I found the class rooms deserted and the professors absent, and I was told that it being Ramazan, the pupils were trying to sleep through the day in order to get rid of the fast. The Sultan himself keeps Ramazan, and when he went the other day to kiss the mantle of Mahomet he remained in Stamboul until sunset, and ate a lunch there before coming back. Cart loads of provisions were carried to his palace in this part of the city, and the moment that the sunset cannon fired, himself and his ministers began their feast.

The Turks read the Koran fully as much as we read the Bible. It is a common sight in going through the bazaars to see one man reading the Koran to his friends, and nearly every merchant has a copy of this Mahometan Bible beside him, and you will see dozens of merchants reading to themselves during the intervals of trade. They take pride in having good Korans, and the Korans used by the Sultan are bound in silver and beautifully illuminated. In the tombs of the Sultans where they lie in marble sarcophagi, inside of fences of silver, their Korans are preserved with them, and I looked over several volumes of the finest of these the other day. The guide in charge, whose hands are washed, will not permit a Christian to touch them, but he turns the pages and shows you their beauties. They are as fine as any of the wonderful manuscripts made by the monks of the middle ages, and they are painted by hand upon parchment. The Sultan probably knows the Koran by heart. The Khedive of Egypt can recite it from one end to the other, and the average Mahometan ruler has a much better knowledge of his Bible than have our presidents or the kings of Europe of the Scriptures.

The churches of the Mahometans, known as mosques, are the finest buildings of the East, and they rank among the great architectural structures of the world. There is a mosque in Cairo which covers more than an acre, which is made entirely of alabaster, much of which is as beautifully veined and as transparent as Mexican onyx. The floor of this mosque is carpeted with elegant Turkish rugs, and I attended it one night when the Khedive was among its worshippers. It is one of the most beautiful mosques in the world, and it is a fair representative of a

Great Mahometan Place of Worship.

The Mahometans believe in God and the prophets. They look upon Christ as the great prophet and believe that Mahomet and Christ will act together as the judges of all mankind at the last day. One of the minarets of the noted mosque at Damascus was built in memory of Christ, and Damascus is one of the fanatical of Mahometan cities. They look upon Adam as a pattern of human perfection and they believe that the Garden of Eden was originally located in heaven. When Eve seduced Adam in eating the apple our parents were cast out of the Garden of Eden and fell to earth. Adam landed on a mountain in Ceylon and Eve dropped down near Mecca. Adam for his sin spent 200 years in looking for Eve and at last he found her in Arabia, and the two lived in a mountain there together until they died. This mountain is still known as Adam's Mount.

The Mahometans consider Abraham a great prophet. He is called in the Koran the friend of God. They call Moses the speaker of God, and they have all told, 124,000 prophets. The greatest of these are Adam, Abraham, Jesus and Mahomet. The Koran inculcates charity and brotherly love. It prohibits lending money at interest, and it fixes the general laws of the Mahometan world. It inculcates belief in a future state, in the heaven of which each devout believer shall have four beautiful and ever young maidens to wait upon him and to administer to his wants. It is in many of its chapters so much like the Bible that it is believed that Mahomet got a large part of its teachings from the Scriptures and from the Jews with whom he was acquainted.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

SCOUTS OF THE SEAS.

How Information is Secured by the Government's Hydrographic Department.

There is a little nook just within the rotunda of the custom house, near the western entrance to the building, which the ordinary visitor would in nine cases out of 10 be likely to pass unnoticed. The presiding genius of the place is Lieut. Downs, U. S. N. Though the quarters are contracted in space, scarcely an hour of the day passes when some stout, sturdy and hale old son of the sea, either just returned from or on the eve of departure for a voyage, may not be seen popping into or out of this little local office of the government's hydrographic service. They come, these scouts of the sea, to instruct and to be instructed respecting the lay of the land, the course of the currents, the shallows and shoals throughout the whole broad expanse of the watery main, and they impart much and important information picked up in even the remotest corners of the globe.

That skeleton of its former self, the American navy, mercantile and military, without the good offices of the hydrographic service would be soon shattered in pieces, and would leave its bare lean bones along iron-bound coasts, be stranded upon shoals or sucked down into total oblivion in maelstroms, and any amount of protective tariff would be powerless to prevent or avert the catastrophe. Though buried in the salt sea, decay has so strong a hold upon the navy that salt itself could not preserve it.

Lieut. Downs' experience, formed in part upon the visits of the masters of vessels, leads him to entertain the opinion that American captains are not sedulous enough in regard to supplying the hydrographic service with material and data to turn to use for the guidance of others who may later along have to direct their craft over the same course which the returning captains sailed on their homeward voyages. This does not arise from unconcern or indifference, but is due to the rather loose and slip-shod notions which the free and independent citizen of the great republic has of the importance of bureau methods and formalities which are good in themselves and only to be reprehended in the excess. As much as he likes a fair wind and free way, just so much does the American captain like direct and uncomplicated methods in transacting business ashore.

On the other hand, the skippers of northern Europe, the Swedes and Norwegians and also British captains, all of whom have more full and exact sailing codes to direct their acts and movements, seem to estimate the value of clearness, exactness and detail at their full worth. Skippers as a class, however, are all imbued with a spirit of brotherhood which makes the concern of one the concern of all, so far as providing against casualties at sea goes, and even the most unreflecting, when he has been made to see the importance to others of any matter connected with the safety of ship, crew and passengers, of which he has knowledge, is only too eager to give it the widest publicity.

It is interesting to listen to the incidental remarks of the newly-arrived sea captains. They talk as easily and readily of Buenos Ayres as of Boston, of Callao as of Calais, Me., of San Salvadore as of San Francisco, of Antwerp as of Austria, of China as of Corea, of Marsailles as of Mexico, of East India as of West Africa, of Genoa as of Greece, of Behrings straits as of the Bermudas. They know the peculiar taste of the popular tipple at Havana and at Havre, but not a few they are who "taste not, touch not, handle not;" will speak of "trades" and typhoons, of tides, currents and courses, with the familiarity and readiness that a school boy recites a short review lesson in geography, until the listeners find themselves in the mental state of those of whom it is said:

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

They can tell how many knots an hour this current has increased, and what is its present set; they found that the water had shoaled at high tide over that sand bar, maybe off the coast of California; or that the bell buoy near such a reef was no longer tolling its solemn warning; the weather had been unusually thick and dirty about the banks of Newfoundland; icebergs had been seen in such and such a track of ocean travel; in lat. —° —' south, long. —° —' west, a large school of whales were seen which would have made the fortune of a fleet of New Bedford or Nantucket whalers had it been cruising thereabouts; had relieved the bark Plenty, found east of the Horn, and in spite of her name short of provisions and water. And so it goes on, day after day, the telling of these stories, with incidents, adventures and anecdotes more than sufficient to have supplied material for all of Marriatt's novels.

Yet it must be confessed that of the vessels making long, deep sea voyages very few drop anchor in Boston harbor in the whole run of the year, and of these few not one-half are American ships, or commanded by American captains. As for native American sailors, they are becoming about as scarce as stormy petrels in an inland oak grove.

Unjust to the Landlady.

[Time.]

George—That was mean of Fred to start that story about me, wasn't it, Henry?

Henry—What story, George?

George—Why, he's been telling around that I left my boarding-house, owing my landlady $90.

Henry—You don't say so! And I don't suppose you owed her more than half that amount, did you, George?

WANTED!

WANTED!

WANTED!

NAMES!

NAMES!

NAMES!

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Boston Weekly Globe.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9, 1889.

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THE "AUSTRALIAN" EXPERIMENT.

Eight States have adopted the Australian ballot system. These are Massachusetts, Indiana, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Rhode Island, Tennessee and Wisconsin.

Massachusetts was the first to adopt the system for the whole State, though the city of Louisville, Ky., was the first town to employ the system at an election. It is, therefore, quite in order that this State should put the system into operation at the November election, soon to take place. The fact that it is to be strictly a State election will relieve the first experiment of the severest kind of test.

The essential purpose of this system is to substitute a secret ballot for an open one. Most people have heard of the election scenes in England 40 years ago, when promiscuous crowds thronged the polling-booths and each man declared his vote *viva voce*. There were hired bullies, menacing factory lords, tyrannical landlords, bribers and intimidationists of all classes surrounding the poor voter, while savage mobs paraded the streets and frightened timid people from going to the polls at all.

But the English are a slow-moving people, and it required the young colony of Australia, whither this scandalous evil of *viva voce* elections had been transplanted, to inaugurate a secret ballot system. The Australian ballot law was passed in the legislative session of 1857-58, and has since been adopted in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland—also in Canada, Belgium, Luxemburg, and with some modifications in Austria, Hungary, France, Italy and Greece.

Few people realize the full extent of the viciousness of our prevailing American methods of election. The one custom of having ballots printed by local and general political managers alone defeats much of the intent of republican government. In the first place, no matter how fairly a man may be nominated in ward caucus it lies within the power of the "printing committee" to throw him overboard at will. Even if his name is sure of getting before the voters, the drain upon a poor man for printing expenses alone is frequently beyond his means. The printing, folding, addressing and mailing of ballots of the three leading party organizations of New York city costs $25,000 at each election, to say nothing of the drain upon candidates for ticket-pedlers and other incidentals.

But the handling of tickets, the scratching, trading, "bunching" and other tricks, make many city elections a pure gambling operation. This business probably caused the defeat of Mr. CLEVELAND, many of the Tammany and Republican tickets supplied to voters in New York city having the HARRISON electors, HILL for governor and GRANT for mayor.

It is no wonder that people have finally become aroused. The universal testimony with regard to the Australian system for the past 30 years is all in its favor. Now that Massachusetts is to try the experiment of an election under it, it is to be hoped that all good citizens will co-operate to make it work as smoothly as possible under the many obstacles that must attend a first trial.

REFORMS IN THE POSTAL SERVICE.

In the current number of the Forum is a terse and able article on "Needed Postal Reforms," by THOMAS L. JAMES, who, it will be remembered, was postmaster-general under President GARFIELD.

Free from the strife of politics, and unhampered by his former official duties, Mr. JAMES' reflections have led him to make several sensible suggestions. As to the cost of mailing, he thinks our domestic rates are low enough for the present, but insists that transatlantic postage should be two cents instead of five, as is now the case. The law limiting the maximum amount of a domestic money-order to $100 he thinks absurd, and unhesitatingly declares that there should be no limit, and that the rates paid for the same should be reduced at least one-half.

The railway mail service, Mr. JAMES thinks, should be improved in many ways, so as to make work lighter for the clerks, and at the same time ensure prompter transportation of the mails to the smaller cities and towns. At the same time the innumerable "cross-roads" post offices which prevail today should, he urges, be consolidated into larger and central offices, and thus tend to make the receipts commensurate with the salaries.

Before he lays down his pen Mr. JAMES takes occasion to say: "We can expect no great or lasting reform in the postal service until that branch of the government is absolutely divorced from politics, and the work of the office is run on business principles."

Few of Mr. JAMES' proposed reforms will come about without great opposition, yet his suggestions are eminently sensible and point unquestionably in the direction that must eventually be taken to bring our postal service up to the requirements of the country's business.

A QUARTET OF NATURALISTS.

It is good to put aside the customary standards once in a while and contemplate men and things in another light. The mind tires with too much repetition of the familiar and known, and craves fresh excursions into the hidden and unknown. It so happens that those names most frequently on men's tongues are not by any means the ones that are reserved for permanent distinction. As war is being steady displaced by the more attractive arts of peace, so are its heroes possessors of a fame that time will surely subordinate to that enjoyed by the unheralded promoters of civilization and happiness.

Our country has, within a few years, come into the inheritance of a renown which will long continue to constitute one of its chief glories, derived from the lives of four naturalists, whose names are not often heard, whose achievements are rarely applauded, and whose contributions to the world's stock of knowledge are far from being understood. Yet they pursued their own course, leaving results and reputations to time to adjust and dispose of. They are AUDUBON, AGASSIZ, ASA GRAY and SETH GREEN. It is a positive refreshment to contemplate their lives and deeds.

To add ever so little to the existing accumulation of human knowledge is a distinction which it is worthy of any one to covet. It is far before speculations and theories, which are but fabrics, easily constructed and as easily dissolved. Naturally, in the task of human instruction, the concrete precedes the abstract and induction furnishes the materials for deduction. It used to be entirely the other way, and the world made little or no progress. Now it is all changed. The generally accepted doctrine of evolution compels the discovery and organization of facts before we begin any process of reasoning to establish preconceived theories. In other words, the pursuit of knowledge is from the right instead of from the wrong end.

If there are younger men coming forward to succeed the four distinguished ones whose work as students of nature stands unrivalled in our common history, it will indeed be a presage of future renown in which every one of us will only be too grateful to share. They led the way for others to advance in. The open book whose leaves are to be still further turned by their successors is one that contains the records of a vast continent of which civilization has not much more than begun to take possession. They would have liked to live to continue their reading of its pages, but handed the torch down to others instead.

OUR TWO NEW WEEKLY FEATURES.

Last week THE GLOBE presented to its young readers one of the choicest of treats, the Youth's Department, under the editorial charge of Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. This department will be a regular feature of THE WEEKLY GLOBE hereafter.

The first number of a second great feature, designed for reflective adult readers, appears this week. Professor GEORGE EBERS, who ranks among the profoundest scholars and deepest thinkers of the day, has written a Biblical romance, entitled "Joshua." It is based on the Bible narrative, and will be found more intensely interesting than anything of that nature since the publication of "Ben Hur." The narrative of Joshua furnishes the grandest kind of a story, and Professor EBERS is a scholar competent to handle the subject.

The new Youths' Department made such an unmistakable hit with the multitude of our young readers last week that no words of praise are needed in announcing the features for this week. Another instalment of BRET HARTE's great serial, "A Waif of the Plains," appears this week. A characteristically bright story by Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE will also be published under the taking caption of "One of the Boys." And last, but certainly not least, is an entertaining article in which ANDREW LANG discusses "Reading for Boys and Girls."

WHAT CANADA IS AIMING AT.

From the fact that the Dominion on the north is apparently indifferent to the strengthening of its military force, and is especially active in the extension of its commercial interests, the conclusion is drawn that the tendency up there is at present decidedly to the cultivation of the arts of peace. This, too, in the face of so much bluster over Behring sea outrages and all other conceivable causes of irritation on the part of the United States. So favorable an omen for the continuance of friendly relations with us must be accepted with solid gratification.

The commercial energy just now displayed by Canada is deserving of special attention. She has been sending out ambassadors in a quiet way to the West Indies and the Bermudas, as well as official agents to Brazil, the Argentine Republic and Australia. The conference of the governments of the Australian colonies is likewise to be attended by a minister of the crown representing Canada. A cable is to be laid from Ireland to Canada, and another from the Pacific coast to Australia. And steamship lines are to be established between Halifax and St. John and the West Indies to English ports, also from Vancouver to Japan and China, and as soon as practicable to Sydney or Melbourne. All this tends to make it doubtful whether annexation proposals will finally come from the United States or from Canada.

EUROPE IN AMERICA.

It is in the line of expected things that the commercial states of Europe should regard with unmitigated jealousy any attempt of the various states of the American continent to draw themselves together in closer trade relations. Practically, the former are indifferent to the political arrangements under which their transatlantic relatives are content to live; but when it comes down to trade interests they manifest a feeling that it is no exaggeration to describe as dictatorial. That seems to be the state of the case at the present time, when a conference of the American nations is about to be held at Washington.

The tone of many of the leading European journals in openly giving their advice to the republics of South America to put no faith in any overtures which the United States may make to them on behalf of a fresh reciprocal trade is insolent in the extreme and deserving of the severest rebuke. It is the same spirit of hostility to this country at Paris and Vienna, at Madrid and Berlin. That European governments should be jealous of the influence of the United States over the other nations of the western continent is the extreme of presumption, considering the distance between the former and all the rest of us. That the European shippers of every grade should practically proclaim the continent to be their field of trade to the exclusion of those of the United States will strike every citizen of this country as too preposterous for serious belief. Yet that is precisely the attitude which the latter are reported to take. They don't scruple to rest their hostility on the grounds of interest, forgetful of the fact that in trade matters competition is by common consent conceded to be free.

What they profess to fear as the result of the coming conference is the establishment of a uniform tariff of rates of customs duties that shall break up the system they have so profitably pursued, and let in a powerful rival that impatiently awaits its own long-delayed opportunity. Why may not the United States legitimately strive to gain every possible commercial advantage in its dealings with the nations of South America? Must it go to Europe to obtain permission to extend its trade with them? Are our many industries that languish for an expanded market to be impudently classed with the wishes of the millionnaires of the Union? What is there in the claims of the laboring men of Europe that is not equally present in those of the laboring men of our own country? As for closing the ports of Brazil, the Argentine Republic and the other nations of South America against the trade of Europe, that is an apprehension which could hardly exist save in the minds of those who have all along enjoyed a trade monopoly.

It is not at all within the bounds of probability that any one of our South American neighbors and sister republics would consent to an agreement whereby they are to become losers instead of gainers. In the unlikely event of their being deceived they would not hesitate, one or all, to withdraw from a compact that proved to be other than mutual. If they manifest the perfectly natural desire to establish uniform weights and measures and a uniform system of coinage, to appoint a court of arbitration to settle all disputes that may spring up between American nations and to form a common union for resisting future encroachments on the part of European powers in American affairs, what is to obstruct its realization and forbid its becoming as much an historical fact as any of the holy and other alliances of the European continent?

Should the coming conference materialize in the way above suggested, it will be the gravest of all mistakes for the governments of Europe to array themselves against an American compact.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

"Socialism" is made to cover about everything in these days. But those who want the municipalities to take charge of the gas, telegraph wires, electrical plants and all public conveniences do most certainly take the name of THOMAS JEFFERSON politically in vain when they quote him in any such connection. JEFFERSON, of all men, believed in the least possible government compatible with the public weal.

The triennial Episcopal convention assembled in New York has voted that the Nicene creed is no longer obligatory upon the clergy. Thus, step by step, does the mere verbal creed retire before the demand for solid, practical Christian life and works.

We hope New York's elation over the base ball victory will not prove disastrous to the prospects of the great World's Fair collection. Pass the hat, brethren of Gotham, and pass it lively.

LOVE'S THOUGHTLESSNESS.

I.

The dying fire flames and glows
Upon the hearth, and gray and rose
The embers alternate;
While fitful flames curl lightly round
The blackened logs without a sound—
The hour is growing late.

II.

With curtains drawn, in firelight dim,
She nestles lovingly to him
Whom she so much adores.
They little heed the driving rain
That beats upon the window pane,
Or realize it pours.

III.

Love's flame is glowing in their hearts;
And when at last the youth departs,
With vows that he'll be true,
She dreamily goes off to bed
Without an idea in her head
That he will get wet through.

A BRIDE IN BOY'S CLOTHES.

Dressed Like Her Husband She Spent a Novel Honeymoon.

[New York Herald.]

A novel bridal tour is that which a newly-married couple is at present enjoying. Several months ago Charles Fish, a San Francisco clerk, while attempting to board a ferryboat, made a misstep and fell over some ropes into the arms of Mary Rothburn, the daughter of a retired merchant. With an apology the young man departed. A few nights afterwards the pair met at a party and affection was blossomed between the two. Finding that the girl's parents were opposed to the match, the couple, a few weeks later, eloped and were married at Sacramento. The young man, having only $44, told his wife if they could manage to reach New York all would be well, as he had wealthy relatives there.

The girl took off her dresses and attired herself in man's clothing. Their adventures since then have been numerous. From Sacramento they made their way by riding on freight trains and on the trucks of passenger coaches. A week ago Ogden was reached, and, being desirous of seeing some of Colorado's scenery, the Rio Grande was selected. After having been put off a half-dozen of trains, the couple reached Denver Saturday morning. The Union Pacific ran a Grand Army excursion train out Saturday night, and the couple managed to go on the train in the capacity of porters. It is more than probable that they will get through to Chicago, reaching New York next month. The girl is extremely pretty and scarcely 19, while her husband is three years her senior.

THE CARBON FILAMENT.

How It is Placed and Secured in the Electric Lamp.

[Scribner's Magazine.]

The first step is to take two minute pieces of platinum wire, one end of each having been shaped into a little socket capable of holding the enlarged end of the carbon filament, and, after mounting them in a small lathe chuck, to wind melted glass from a gless rod, heated in a glassblower's lamp, around these platinum wires until they are for some distance imbedded in glass and formed into a structure such as is seen at the lower part of the ordinary incandescent lamps. Into these lamps and platinum supports are then inserted the large ends of the carbon filament.

In the meantime small glass flasks, made by the thousands at the glass works, are passed through a variety of manipulations by which a small glass tube is attached to what would be the bottom of each flask, and its neck is shaped so as to receive the glass socket carrying the platinum wires and carbon filament. At the proper time this socket is dropped into the prepared flask, and by manipulation with the glassblower's lamp and a slight of hand which is simply marvelous, the glass socket with its carbon filament and connecting wires, is sealed by fusion of the glass itself into the neck of the flask. The girl holds in her left hand the glass flask by the glass tube which has been attached to it, and in her right hand the shears with which she at times holds and shapes the glass socket and neck of the flask.

The next thing to be done with the lamps is to exhaust them. For this purpose they are attached by the small glass tubes before mentioned to radiating glass connectors, and these in turn are attached to the pumps, while at the same time electric connections are made so that currents can be sent through the filaments of the lamps while they are being exhausted by the pumps.

Another New Parlor Game.

The newest parlor game is called "Bankers and Merchants or Breaking the Bank." It is a splendid game for children of all ages, from 5 years up to 15, and once it gets into a family parents like it about as well as the children. It is played with paper money, a folding-board quartered in four colors, and a spinning teetotum. It is purely a game of luck. The banker starts out with a pile of money equal to all the merchants combined, and the merchants go in to "bust him." The fun is great. The price of the game is only 50 cents, and there is a whole winter's amusement in it. All the toy stores have it, and the makers, the W. S. Reed Toy Company, Leominster, Mass., send it to any address, all charges prepaid, on receipt of 60 cents.

If They're Good, They're Good Now.

[Clothier and Furnisher.]

Tailor (100 years hence)—Here is a bill for your suit, sir. $50.

Professional humorist—Ah, yes. I left my check book at home, but (producing a wad of MSS.) I presume you have no objection to my paying you in jokes.

Tailor (receipting bill)—Certainly not, sir. They are always good at any newspaper office.

How to Do It.

To the Editor of The Globe:

A good way to wash woollen skirts and socks is this. In the first place choose a good clear day; now have some warm soap suds, put articles in to be washed; don't let them soak at all; now wash, rinse in warm weak suds and hang out to dry, pulling them in shape; dont rub any more soap on.

H. L. C.

An Expression of Surprise.

[Youth's Companion.]

Georgie saw a telegraph wire and poles for the first time. Gazing for a minute or two deliberately at it, he remarked in his slow way, "Is there any woman big enough to hang clothes on that line?

HOWARD'S LETTER.

Reminiscences of the Theatre and Lecture Platform.

Talmage's Methods of Study Contrasted With Beecher's.

The Demand for Shoddy Literature Met by Publishers.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—"For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."—Acts xviii, 21.

Just so now.

There is this difference, however, that whereas the Athenians and strangers were compelled to go to Mars Hill to distribute and receive information, and to swap gossips, in these more advanced days the newspapers kindly furnish it at the breakfast table. New York, just at present, is in a condition of gossip drought. There is literally no new thing. The Flack people are indicted, Liverpool Jack is convicted, and the world's fair committee have settled down into individual conditions of irascibility, scolding, offensively criticising, and in general conveying the idea that if any of us live until the world's fair is opened, Methusaleh won't be a circumstance to us in the way of advanced age.

What next?

What box will furnish the spice? What circle will afford the needed flavor? What high official will be disclosed in the nakedness of his corruption? What respected family will uncover its skeleton? Where, O where, is the sensation to come from, for we must have it? Mustn't we?

Or must we?

Isn't this a good time for us to programme the coming months with menuistic suggestion—mental, moral and physical? Are we to depend upon the racy developments of a spicy scandal? Are we to relish, day in and day out, abuse of men suspected of crime? Are we really to relish the salacious circumstances of unholy living, or are we to come to a common-sense basis, recognizing the dignity of manhood, the possibilities of womanhood, and to take hold of the boundless opportunities afforded us of education, of improvement, of individual upliftment in the interest of a common weal? Theatres and opera houses have very largely taken the place formerly occupied with significant benefit to the community by the lecture platform. We are told that lecturing is played out; that our people, young and old, prefer the excitements of the theatre, the social surroundings of the opera house, and that such as care for solid literary pabulum may easily find it not alone in the better grade of newspapers, and more especially in their Sunday issues, but in the magazines, which, to do them justice, spread before their readers, month in and month out, magnificent evidences of their intellectual discernment and their financial liberality. Yet it is here, and I doubt not quite as significantly so in New England, a fact that the lecture platform, save along certain lines, is very decidedly not only not played out, but is as effective an instructor, as absolute an entertainer as ever. I was not only interested, but amazed, at the list of instructive entertainments prepared for the improvement of the public by the trustees of Cooper Union. Every conceivable subject which the hand of experts in science and in art, in the better forms of literature and in the homely ongoings of industrial endeavor, that can be suggested, is laid before the pupils of Cooper Union.

Without Money and Without Price.

We have also regular courses of scientific lectures in sundry well-known halls of this city, supplemented by the best that money or influence can procure in the ample lecture-rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. Then, too, we have the Society for Ethical Culture and its subsidiary associations, while connected with many of our largest churches, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, are young men's and young people's associations, literary in fact as well as in name, where bright minds corruscate and illumine for the benefit of thousands and thousands of the young folks growing up to the estate of men and women.

There need be no antagonism between the stage and the platform.

There are theatres and theatres, as there are platforms and platforms. In olden days when the land was in heat, struggling with passionate insistance on either side concerning slavery, its perpetuity, its extension on one hand, and its extinction on the other, nearly all the lecture platforms were occupied by men, now and then by women, of pronounced beliefs and opinions, which they urged with such solidity, with such fiery zeal, with such power of denunciation, and with such manifest personal interest as to warrant their appellation as agitators. Recall the names of the past and the recent past at that. Beecher, with his magnificent inspirations along the line of manliness in every phase of living; Gough, the very apostle of temperance; Wendell Phillips, whose silver tongue dropped eloquence never yet surpassed, and always in the interest of the best; Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, all these names, you see, trend toward a common point, namely, the enfranchisement of that particular part of God's creation then in the chains of the darkness, of the blackness, of human slavery. Then came the war period, when there was no such exciting text, and for a period lecturing dropped out. After that came a galaxy of scientific lectures illustrious among whom stood the lamented Proctor, and then, intertwined with Beecher and Gough and Proctor and the readers such as Dickens, came a new element, Reilly, Bill Nye, Cable, and, bursting into marvellous and almost instantaneous efflorescence, a host of clergymen, among the last of which conspicuous stands my dear old friend DeWitt Talmage.

And how the wheels turn round!

I remember when Talmage first went to Brooklyn 20 years ago, how the æsthetic laughed at him, how they sneered at him, how they repeated the same old game of depreciation, that rather conspicuously failed when tried on his great colaborer, Beecher. Well, Talmage was uncouth, he was pronounced, he did make use of odd expressions, his gestures were awkward, his mouth is large, he did glare and roll his eyes, and his voice was like the rasping of a saw, but for all that he had the flames of genius burning in his bosom. Don't tell me that the man who for 20 consecutive years holds together the largest Protestant congregation in the country twice every Sunday, and as often otherwise during the week as he sees fit to call them together, in such a town as Brooklyn, where on the roll of its illustrious preachers stand the names of Beecher, Bethune, Constantine, Pise, Storrs, Chadwick and Hodges, has nothing in him. Flimsy structures fall with their own weight, babies shrink from strong men, dudes disappear in the stench of their own cigarettes, but public factors which last for generations must be substantial, firm, effective and universally recognized.

Such is De Witt Talmage Today.

His methods are peculiar. He writes his sermons and commits them to memory. This affords him a double advantage. Dispensing with notes or manuscripts of any kind, he presents himself to his vast audience in his entirety. From the top of his head to the sole of his foot he addresses his audience, the people. His eye catches yours, his enthusiasm encounters yours, his magnetism is responsively met. The man who reads his sermons or his address deprives his arguments, his imagery, his utterances of one-half their beauty. Talmage thus has the advantage over the reader of an apparently extemporaneous utterance. On the other hand he has the advantage over the literal extemporaneous speaker of delivering a something which has been carefully written, carefully edited, and then committed to memory. For many years, when a reporter on the New York Times, I was assigned to report Beecher's sermons, and the files will show every Monday morning from one to four columns of the great preacher's matter, furnished by my pencil. I used to take Mr. Beecher's notes. They were ordinarily the merest skeletons, heads, subheads. Now and then there would be pages of written matter, the writing being large and easily read at a distance. I don't recall in all the time an individual sermon that was fully written, and I noticed that he rarely got beyond the subdivisions of the second general head. Now you can readily see that sermons preached from a partial outworking of an idea, must necessarily be to a certain extent incomplete. This is obvious. To make the sermon symmetrical, according to the great preacher's idea, he should have used all the ideas that occurred to him when planning. It was as though an architect, having planned a superb edifice, should spend all the money at his disposal and occupy all the ground allowed by the porch and foundations, as it were, of the edifice. So Mr. Beecher in his extemporaneous arguings would find ideas crowding ideas and illustrations following illustrations to such an extent that the time at his disposal would not permit an entire rounding out of his preconception. You get my point of course. I am not criticising Mr. Beecher's sermons, nor his mode. It would be an impertinence to do so. I simply draw the contrast between literal extemporaneous effort and apparent extemporaneous effort.

But to return to the thought.

Obviously with such names as are furnished in our star course list, it would be absurd to say that lecturing, as an instructor and an entertainer, is no longer in vogue. The contrary is the fact, and now that new fields are open, that new men are coming to the front, and that the old-time desire for something besides the penny-whistle style of entertainment is desired, it would seem to me as though the lecture platform has a better opportunity for general favor than ever before. It seems to me that parents and guardians owe it to themselves, to the comfort of their old age, to the solace of their last moments, nay, to their very reputation after they have gone, to do something that will stem the tide of education trash that now floods the country.

Newspaper editors and book publishers are human, very human.

They are just as fond of money as you are, and as in the early days of the war our army was cheated, the government was plundered, and seeds of disease were sown broadcast by

Manufacturers of Shoddy Stuff,

so now, there being a demand for it, the publishers give to the world the flimsiest, trashiest stuff instead of significant literary pabulum. Some of the books published within the past two years are so filthy in their suggestion, so dirty in their phrase, so abominable in their wickedness, that it is amazing there has been no popular uprising against them. To see a publisher with a garb of respectability upon his back and this filth in his hands to be flung upon the young and budding minds of the generation is a picture to make devils laugh and angels of mercy weep and wonder. As it is in literature, so it is upon the stage. Certain publishers provide standard works, others publish dirt and noisome offence, so certain managers and authors and actors invite the public to entertainments of great pith and moment, while others seem to take pleasure in pandering to the lowest appetites of mankind. I went for a moment a day or two since into a theatre, respectable and popular. Its manager is a man of means and of intelligence. On the stage I saw a half-dozen young women, whose sole end and aim and effort seemed to be physical display and suggestive gesture. I wondered at the manager, I wondered at the author, still more did I wonder at the degradation into which these young women had put themselves, evidently seeking to go to the very bottom, if bottom there can be, to such slime and mire.

I look forward to a winter of great dramatic and lyric enjoyment.

We are to have in New York, and therefore in Boston, and the great centres, some of the noblest names known to the stage, and in their best efforts. England and Italy are sending to us their first and best, and our own native actors, each in his or her line, seem spurred by laudable ambition to show that what we have at home is quite as good as anything that can be imported. Public taste in this matter is certainly improving. The new theatres opened this season are literally temples of art. New York's theatres stand pre-eminent for beauty and convenience, and the last addition, Hammerstein's Harlem Opera House, is the most amplitudinous illustration of what money and taste and expert skill can accomplish. I am told that the new theatre in Boston, the Tremont, to be opened by our old-time favorite, Wyndham, under the management of Abbey & Schoeffel, is also a worthy new-comer in this long list of educators and entertainers. Lyrically regarded the season bids fair to be foremost among the long procession of worthy public servants. Now, if this is so, and it is, and if our magazines continue to furnish solid matter, lightened here and there by poetry, by fancy and by fiction, and they will, and if the better grade of newspapers furnish each Sunday, not alone the news of the world, but worthy contributions from special pens, as they will, why isn't it possible for us to lead the young people, as they stand before us in countless scores of thousands, to the gates of wisdom, where instruction and entertainment are felicitously combined? Why should it be necessary to have an angel with his sword aflame stand at the gate that leads to hell to drive them, perforce, from dirt, deceit, dishonor and filth? Why must newspaper conductors be everlastingly itching for prurient sensationalism? Why will publishers of books be not only ready but willing, aye anxious, to secure suggestive indecencies for the undermining of the youthful element the future fathers and mothers of the country? Isn't there something better to open to our young people than this realm of gossip? Isn't there something nobler for them to do than to imitate the example of old-timers who "spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing" about their neighbors?

You bet there is!

HOWARD.

New Boston Music.

Something brilliant and melodious is offered piano players by Oliver Ditson & Co. in R. Eilenberg's idyl, "Mill in the Forest." It is not difficult in execution, but it has a refined taste for subject and expression that calls for attentive thought; 50 cents. A popular gavotte of the same house, by Kenyon Jones is "Chautauqua's Rocking Ripples"; 40 cents. Oliver Ditson & Co.'s list of vocal music this week is of a high order. It opens with six select songs by Frederic H. Cowan, and belonging to a set called, "Album of Twelve Songs." They are: "Sweet Evenings Come and Go, Love," soprano or tenor, in F sharp major or minor, 30 cents; "A Song of Morning," soprano or tenor, in A, 40 cents; "Far Away," soprano, in F, 35 cents; "Thy Remembrance" soprano or tenor, in F, 30 cents; "In the Chimney Corner," soprano, in F, 35 cents. Few composers succeed so happily in making song-music speak so truthfully the sentiment of the words. He composes something for every voice. H. M. Van Lennep is another composer with the same direction of art. His "My Little Sweetheart," contralto or barytone in F, is also needed; 40 cents. A new English song of power is "Still in the Night," contralto or barytone in F., C. S. Schilofsky; 40 cents. Something rare may be had in a duet for tenor and barytone by Geo. B. Nevin "Ring on, Sweet Bells." It is very effective in the concert room for trained singers; 60 cents. "I Am Not Growing Old," a pathetic home song by L. B. Mitchell author of "The Old Haunts at Home," can be sung by anyone; 35 cents. "Just a Little Sunshine," by the opera composer, F. Solomon, has the sweetest refrain to accompany its other graceful part; 30 cents.

White, Smith & Co. have just ready, for pianists, a new set of waltzes by E. H. Bailey, whose works are household favorites. It is named "Strewing Flowers Waltzes," and is named happily to suggest its attractiveness. It is for two hands, and is easy and brilliant; 75 cents. In songs this house has just ready "The Husking Time of Heaven," song and chorus by R. K. Higgins. It has all the religious fervor and joyful feeling of the best camp-meeting songs, and stirs sympathy at once. It has a lithogrophic title-page; 40 cents. "Jeannette" is a beautiful song by C D Milliken. It has the form of pathos, in words and music, to make it rank with the favorites of its class; 35 cents. "Something that Nobody Knows" J. O'Halloran and U. G. Lee, is the latest topical song—the most popular kind on the stage. It hits the follies of the hour with wit expressed in taking strains; 35 cents. C. C. Stearns, a leading writer of church music, has ready, with Latin and English words and a barytone or contralto solo, a new "Veni Creator." It will rank among his best works; 40 cents.

DEATH IN CANDY BOXES.

Wholesale Murder Planned in St. John.

Sweetened Strychnine for Prominent Clergymen.

Strange Escape of Four Families—Heavy Rewards.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Oct. 4.—The city has been thrown into a wild state of excitement over the discovery of an attempt to poison at least four Protestant clergymen and their families.

On Wednesday Mrs. MacRae, wife of Rev. Dr. MacRae, pastor of St. Stephen's Presbyterian church, died suddenly. Dr. James Christie was called to attend Mrs. MacRae, but although he lives directly opposite and responded promptly he only reached her a few minutes before she expired. Coroner Berryman, after hearing of the sudden death, called in Dr. Christie, who said that Mrs. MacRae showed symptoms of poisoning. Soon afterwards he mentioned the same fact to Dr. MacLaren, Mr. MacRae's family physician.

Later in the day Alex W. MacRae called on Dr. MacLaren and gave him a box about three inches long, containing confectionery, such as choice chocolates, caramels, etc., told him his mother had eaten some of the contents of that box a short time before her death and asked him to examine it.

Young MacRae said his mother had received the box that morning by mail. Remembering what Dr. Christie had told him, Dr. MacLaren's suspicions were aroused, and he took the box to the office of W. F. Best, an analytical chemist.

A rough test confirmed the opinion of Dr. Christie. Mr. Best declared that there was enough strychnine in each piece of candy to kill a human being. The result of the analysis was made known only to the coronor, police authorities and officers of the crown. Last night Coroner Berryman and a jury viewed the body and adjourned until Monday, instructing Dr. Christie to hold an autopsy in the meantime.

Rev. Dr. MacRae is absent in the United States on his vacation, and it was desired to keep the story quiet, but the news of

The Real Cause of Death

soon spread.

Before midnight it became known that an attempt had been made to take the life of at least two other clergymen by poisoned candy.

One was Rev. J. Desoyres, rector of St. John's Episcopal church. He received a box the same morning as Mrs. MacRae. In biting in two a caramel he discovered a very bitter taste, and immediately removed it from his mouth. He first thought the candy had been sent him by some practical joker, and that quinine had been put in to make him ill. Dr. Harding, who resides across the street, took the candy to W. F. Best, who made an analysis, and Mr. Desoyres was informed there was strychnine enough in the candy to poison his whole household.

A third case brought to light last night was in the family of Rev. J. T. Deinstadt, pastor of the Exmouth Street Methodist church. A box exactly like the others was brought by the postman, and was received by Deinstadt's little daughter. She gave it to her mother, who found a most tempting-looking display of confectionery. As she opened the box she felt a strange presentiment. The little girl, childlike, pleaded hard for some of the sweets, and the mother decided to give her some of it. She took a piece out of the box and was in the act of giving it to the child, when, she says, she had a strange feeling that she was doing wrong, and put it back, much to the displeasure of the child. The mother's presentiment saved the child's life. Mr. Deinstadt, who was sitting in the same room all this time, took the box, and on examining the candy found a caramel that had an incision in it, and looking closely saw that all the

Confectionery was Saturated

with some substance.

This box was handed to Mr. Best, and it was found that the candy was even more heavily charged with strychnine than the others.

Today another case came to light, that of a retired Baptist minister, Rev. John L. Shaw. He received a package at the same time as the others.

Mr. Shaw opened his box, and as friends had promised to send the family some candy, he thought the small box was from them. At dinner the candy was on the table and he put a small piece in his mouth, but discovering the bitter taste threw the candy away. He tried to get rid of the taste by eating an apple, but could not, and then took a mouthful of granulated sugar, which had the desired effect. That there was poison in the candy never entered the pastor's mind. He thought some one was playing him a practical joke.

The pastor's 14-year-old daughter, however, ate the piece he had bitten into. She went to school in the afternoon, but had to return, complaining of a bad headache, with violent pains in the stomach. She was treated for poisoning and is out of danger.

The city is full of rumors about the strange poisoning but everybody is at sea as to the motive a person could have in desiring to take the lives of the families of four of the most respected clergymen in the city. Rev. Dr. McRae is completely broken down with grief and can ascribe no reason whatever for the act. Beyond this he has nothing to say. Messrs. Desoyres, Dienstadt and Shaw have nothing to say beyond stating that every effort should be made to find the guilty one. Mr. Desoyres cannot believe any citizen has a grudge against him.

All the confectioners in the city have examined the candy and declare that it was not made here. The boxes are similar to those used in sending wedding cake by mail.

This evening a report was in circulation that similar boxes had been received by ex-Mayor Thorne, Rev. Mr. Parsons, Rev. Mr. Stewart, A. Chipman Smith, Gilbert Murdock, and other prominent citizens, but all deny it.

Police and postal authorities are working hand in hand to get some clue, but so far all their efforts have failed.

It has been conclusively proved that all the boxes were mailed in this city, but where the candy was bought or the boxes procured is yet unknown. One year ago today just such an attempt was made to poison a number of families, but only in one case with fatal results.

Troop & Son, a leading shipping firm, has published a letter offering $100 toward a fund for obtaining the best detective ability in the United States to ferret out the perpetrator. The Common Council, at meeting this afternoon, decided to offer $1000 for the capture of the guilty parties, and tomorrow's papers will contain a proclamation, published by authority of Sir Leonard Tilley, lieutenant-governor, offering $1000 more for conviction.

POISON CANDY FIEND.

Crown Authorities Think that William McDonald is the Man.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Oct. 6.—The arrest of William McDonald on suspicion of being the person who sent poisoned candy through the mail was a surprise to the citizens here. He is a drug clerk in the well-known wholesale establishment of T. B. Barker & Sons, and is related to some of the leading citizens.

The man was taken in the store by Detective Ring and Inspector Weatherhead, and while these officials made the arrest they had not the least idea of the nature of the information on which it was made, so strictly quiet was the matter worked up by Coroner Berryman and Solicitor-General Pugsley.

It is now said that McDonald is of unsound mind. He was for a time in an asylum, but was discharged in May last as cured.

A year ago he was private secretary to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, assistant general manager of the Canadian Pacific road at Montreal, and an endeavor is now being made to connect him with the Galt, Ont., poisoned candy cases which occurred a year ago Friday last. The inquest commences tomorrow night.

In nearly all the city churches reference was made to the shocking death of Mrs. Macrae.

Something Beyond Comprehension.

[Christian Union.]

But how is it with the distance to the sun? If so much time is needed to reach the moon, it will take years to reach the sun. Yes, it will—years and years. But how many? It is a mere question of mathematics. If the sun is 92,000,000 miles from us, and our locomotive travels 75 miles an hour, it will be 1,226,666 hours on the journey, or 51,111 days of 24 hours each, or 140 years. In other words had the locomotive been known in the middle of the last century, the flight could have been begun 25 years before the battle of Bunker Hill, and the iron horse could have been "thundering down the ages" ever since, day and night, at this terrific speed. What a distance is that! Yet that is but the radius of the orbit whose circumference the earth travels every year. Where are our ideas of speed and distance? They are too feeble for mention compared with this. Then what possible significance can it have to us to say that light, moving with a velocity of 300,000 miles a second, will reach us from a certain star in 50 years, from another in 80, from another in 125? We are utterly overwhelmed, and our own figures are infinitely beyond our comprehension.

HUNTED BY A MAD HOUND.

By W. P. REED.

"The Man Eater is mad!"

I looked at the tall Texan apprehensively.

"Are you certain?" I asked.

"I know it. I had my suspicions yesterday, and now there is no doubt of it."

This was serious. The Man Eater was the largest and most ferocious bloodhound in Texas. It was hard enough to control him at any time—but mad!—I shuddered at the thought!

My week's visit at the Bolton ranch had satisfied me that my host really cared for only two things in the world—his daughters and the Man Eater.

"Where is Miss Sallie?" I inquired anxiously.

"Oh, that's all right," replied Bolton, carelessly. "Sallie took her pony and went off for a ride an hour ago, and the hound is safe enough. I took him by the collar just now, and locked him up where he won't get at anybody. But it breaks me up, old fellow—I wouldn't lose him for anything."

My interest began to weaken. Miss Sallie was safe, and the dog was locked up. What was a bloodhound to me? If the savage monster died, so much the better.

I walked off to the stable. A ride over the prairie was not to be missed on such a morning, and there would be a chance of riding back with Sallie.

But I was doomed to disappointment. My horse was lame. It did not take long to convince me that somebody had been riding him the night before.

Just then Pedro came in sight. The ugly little Mexican gave a start when he saw me and looked away.

"You yellow rascal!" I shouted, "you had my horse last night?"

"No, senor."

"You are lying!"

"No, by all the saints, senor."

"Then where were you at midnight?"

It was a random question, but it hit the mark.

"I was tending to my business," snapped Pedro.

He looked so viciously mean and so impudent that I gave him a light cut with my whip and told him to get out of my sight. He muttered something and slunk off.

There was no other animal that I cared to ride, and I made up my mind to walk.

I had left the ranch several hundred yards behind me, when I turned and looked back. Even at that distance I could plainly recognize Pedro. He was walking around a little cabin back of the kitchen, and was apparently peeping through the cracks.

"Looking at the Man Eater," I said to myself. "It is a good thing the beast is locked up."

The bracing morning air, and the level prairie stretching out before me for miles, tempted me to take a long walk. A long way off I could see a hill—the only one in all that flat country. Why not climb it and see what was on the other side? Perhaps Sallie was over there.

So I walked on with swinging strides for a couple of miles.

Suddenly I came to a dead halt.

"That sounds like the Man Eater's bark!" I exclaimed.

I listened, but heard nothing more, and proceeded on my way.

Again I heard it, and stopped a moment. It was a strangely hoarse and muffled sound, but it was unmistakable—the hound was opening on a trail.

For an instant my muscles were paralyzed—I was absolutely unable to move.

A thousand horrible thoughts rushed into my mind. If this mad bloodhound was on my track my case was hopeless. I could not get back to the ranch—there was not a tree in sight, and the hill was still miles away. What was to be done?

I summoned all my strength and made a run at the top of my speed. I kept on as long as I could, and then paused to rest and listen.

The Man Eater was coming my way, but not much faster than I could run.

I resumed my flight. Would a mad dog have his usual keen instincts about him? Would he pursue the trail or become confused and give it up?

These thoughts inspired me with a faint hope. If the dog's slow progress enabled me to reach the hill, where there was timber, I could climb a tree, or possibly he would be missed and his master would ride in pursuit.

From one point, where there was a gentle rise in the prairie, I could see in the distance a moving speck.

It was the Man Eater steadily following my trail!

My surmise turned out to be partly correct. The animal seemed to be at fault. He would stop and run back a few yards, and branch off aimlessly in every direction. But this did not last long. After a series of eccentric movements the hound would get on my track again and make a rush forward. He was gaining, and my chances of reaching the hill began to look gloomy.

For the next 15 minutes I did some good running, but when I turned to cast a backward glance I could see the dog more plainly than ever.

One thing encouraged me—he did not appear to see me, but blundered on in a clumsy, dazed sort of way.

There were no streams to cross—nothing that would throw him off the scent. I had no weapon, only a small pocketknife, and a fight with a mad dog was out of the question.

My strenth was giving out, and I felt that the end was not far off.

When I again looked back the dog was not more than 300 yards away, and the base of the hill was still a mile off.

A spasm of terror seized me, but to my surprise the great brute suddenly sat down on his haunches and howled plaintively. It was a minute or two before he found the trail again.

If his malady had dimmed his sight and confused him, there was still a chance for me, but it was a slim one.

With a tremendous effort I broke forward on my last run. This time I would reach the hill, or turn at the last moment and die making a vain effort to choke the monster.

The blood rushed to my head and I could hardly see anything as I darted on at the top of my speed.

The hound was rapidly making headway, and at last seemed to have me in view. A glance over my shoulder showed him not a hundred yards away.

Everything was in a whirl. Somebody was riding out from behind the hill and coming my way. The hat, the riding habit—I could not be mistaken—it was Sallie Bolton!

But my race was nearly run. Even with help in sight I could bear up no longer.

The girl was riding like the wind, and I could see that she had a lasso in one hand.

I knew that this Cattle Queen, as the cowboys called her, could do anything almost with a lasso, but would she get there in time?

The Man Eater came bounding on, and Sallie rode straight at him like a little thunderbolt. She whirled the lasso over and around her head, and—but it was too late—I could hear the dog panting behind me.

A wave of darkness rolled over me as I fell to the ground, just as I heard something swish through the air.

But I was up in a minute—just in time to see my rescuer give a pull that tightened the lasso about the dog's neck. A few convulsions and the beast was strangled—dead within six feet of me.

My thanks were cut short by the appearance of a light wagon driven by one of Bolton's neighbors, who offered to take me back to the ranch, an invitation not to be declined under the circumstances.

Sallie Bolton rode on ahead and when I reached the house her father was waiting to congratulate me upon my escape.

"It was Pedro's work," he said. "He unlocked the door and set the dog on your track—at least I think so. He had a key, and he has disappeared."

Undoubtedly it was Pedro. He had been trying to pay me back.

I have never seen the Boltons since my adventure with the maneater, but I am not likely to forget the little cattle queen while I live.

Stealing Gold in a Watch Factory.

[Cincinnati Times Star.]

There was once employed there a man who had a remarkably long and bushy head of hair, which he always kept well oiled. It was noticed that he had a habit of frequently running his hands through his hair, and suspicions were aroused that he was doing it with a purpose, and at last the suspicions were confirmed and the fellow accused of concealing gold in his hair. He confessed that he had done so, and said that he had carried away over $200 worth of it. It is believed that he got much more. His plan was to get some gold dust on his fingers, rub it off on his hair, the oil causing it to adhere to his hair, and then wash it out every night on reaching home. In the factories in the East a very rigid scrutiny of the actions of the men is maintained, and it is absolutely impossible there for the precious metal to be surreptitiously taken away.

In Church Circles.

One of the most troublesome questions before the Episcopal convention in session at New York is the status of the colored church members, communicants and clergy in the Southern States. Congregationalists are also agitated over the color line as it exists in Georgia. Concessions are made by the whites, but the friends of the colored people will be satisfied with nothing short of church and social recognition.

POOR POTATOES

The Single Exception to Excellent Crops.

Last Week the Closing of the Farming Season of New England

Marked by a Deficiency in Temperature About Boston.

The past week, the closing of the farming season of New England, was cooler than the seasonal average. According to the official observations the deficiency in temperature at Boston was 44°; Block Island, 42°; Portland, 54°, and Eastport, 60°. The first and only general killing frost of the season occurred on the morning of Sept. 29. The frost being two weeks later than usual but little damage resulted, crops of all kinds having been nearly secured. In some sections late garden truck was injured. The weather of last week was favorable for farm work and agricultural interests of the district generally, and farmers are well prepared for the coming of winter. The rainfall during the past seven days has been generally deficient, the exceptions being portions of Maine and New Hampshire. In parts of the latter the soil is too wet for fall ploughing. The rainfall was deficient at Boston .61-inch., Block Island .64-inch., Portland .13-inch., while at Eastport an excess of .56-inch. was reported.

Crops of all kinds in the several States have been havested and secured, and with the single exception of potatoes, turned out better than anticipated, corn especially, being heavier than for years. Grass has been excellent throughout the season, and along the Cape sections of Massachusetts, much marsh-grass remains uncut for want of barn room. In Rhode Island the only crop failure for the season is the potatoes. Connecticut reports pastures in good condition, crops all in without injury from frost. Sweet and seed corn, standing in shock in this State, continues to mould, and the loss on this account will be quite heavy in some sections.

The Official Reports

of the signal service for all other farming districts of the United States furnish the following interesting facts: The daily temperature during the past week generally ranged from 8° to 10° below the average in all districts east of the Mississippi. In the upper Missouri valley, and along the Pacific coast regions, the weather was warmer than usual, the excess in temperature ranging from 4° to 8°.

The temperature for the season from Jan. 1 to Oct. 5 was slightly below the average of previous years in the Southern States, and in the Ohio and central Mississippi valleys and in the northern portion of New York, New Hampshire and Vermont. In all other sections the season was slightly warmer, but the daily excess in temperature for the entire period amounts to only 2 or 3°. The greatest excess of the season was in Minnesota and northern Dakota.

The deficiency in rainfall during the past week is general throughout nearly the whole country, the slight excesses being in the northern portion of New England and southern coast of Texas. The precipitation for the entire season was excessive along the Atlantic coast from New York to Florida, Virginia and Maryland receiving about one-half more rain than usual. The seasonal amount was also in excess from Texas northward to the Missouri valley, southern Texas receiving about 30 per cent. more than the average amount of rain. In the Mississippi valley as far north as Wisconsin the rainfall for the season exceeded the normal by 80 per cent., and in other sections of the interior portions of the country from 60 to 70 per cent. Along the Pacific coast sections the total rain for the season was deficient 60 per cent. in the northern section, while over the southern section excesses were reported amounting from 60 to 80 per cent.

Weather Last Week

was generally favorable in the corn and winter wheat regions of the central valleys for securing the fall crops. Winter wheat in Michigan is now needing rain, and the drought in this State is reported to have materially reduced the yield of corn and potatoes. The greater portion of a good tobacco crop is housed in Kentucky and Tennessee without much damage from frost. Wheat seeding is progressing in these States attended by favorable weather, an excellent prospect. In the cotton belt the weather was favorable for cotton-picking, which is nearing completion. The crop is reported as good and coming in rapidly in North Carolina, while in South Carolina it is below the average, and where other crops are in fine condition.

In Louisiana rain is much needed to improve the condition of the late sugar cane and other crops. Throughout the Middle Atlantic States the weather has been favorable for securing crops and finishing up the farming season. Corn and buckwheat have been generally secured, and the winter wheat and rye show good growth. The potato crop shows a fair yield in New Jersey except in low lands.

The weekly crop reports and bulletin of the signal service for the current season were discontinued with the close of the past week, but a monthly bulletin will be issued at the close of each month during the winter, giving the general weather conditions which have prevailed during the month.

The season for the whole country has been much above the average, and abundant crops have been generally secured and in good condition.

THIS SOUNDS NATURAL.

Advice Regarding Bath Rooms, Which is Based Upon Custom.

[Chicago Journal.]

In my strolls today I picked up an old letter purporting to be written by a Chicago barber to his son, who is also a barber in Denver. The old man is giving his son instructions concerning the way to conduct a bathing establishment. He says: "You want to rent a dark basement somewhere, and locate your tubs in the back part of it, where sunlight has never penetrated. Be sure that there is no ventilation; and, if possible, secure a flavor of sewer gas and deceased rats. Cockroaches, spiders and mildew add greatly to the attractiveness of a bathroom.

The proper temperature for bath-rooms is 120°, summer and winter. The tubs should be long and narrow, like a coffin, as a person always lies down on his back to scrub himself. Moreover, be sure to have the right-hand side of the tub turned to the wall, as people always scrub themselves with the left hand, and might knock their elbows against the wall. The soap-dish should be over the bathers' shoulders, as most of them are contortionists and can reach it well enough; and be sure not to use floating soap, as it is great sport to find the soap in the bottom of the water.

By all means have a pendant shower bath over the tub, and see to it that it leaks a little. A good many people will patronize your bath just for the pleasure of having cold water drip on their spines while taking a warm bath. Do not have any sort of brush at hand with which a person can reach his back; it is very injurious to the nervous system to scrub the back. Never provide any place for a man to place his necktie, collar and cuffs; a person should always hold these in his hands while he bathes. Do not pay your porter anything, but compel him to earn his living by boring every visitor to have his boots blacked. It is a shameful thing for a man to take a bath; so I hope you will make it as secret and disagreeable a thing as possible."

Evil Communications, Etc.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

Husband—It is true, Maria, I sometimes go out and take a social glass with a friend. Associated as I am in business with men who drink occasionally, and having for my acquaintances and intimate friends chiefly those who are accustomed to drinking in moderation, I cannot well avoid following their example once in a while without appearing unsocial.

Wife—Gol-lee! Christopher Beeswax! Confound the luck to thunder! Saw my blamed head off if I——

Husband (in astonishment)—Are you crazy, Maria? What do you mean by such language?

Wife—I am only talking as you do, John, if you step on a tack when you get up in a morning, or run a splinter under your finger-nail in making a fire. Associated as I am, John, in close relations with a man who talks in this style I cannot well avoid following his example once in a while without appearing unsocial. Whoop! Darn it all! The baby has smeared molasses candy on this beastly door knob again—"

Husband (humbly)—I'll sign the pledge tomorrow, Maria.

Told the Truth About the Fish.

[Albany Express.]

He had been a bad, bad man all his life; even the most charitably inclined could see no good in him. And now he was dead. He had been drowned while fishing. Anon his spirit presented itself at the gates of the Golden City. "I was suddenly drowned while fishing and had no time to repent," the spirit said humbly.

"Begone!" exclaimed St. Peter sternly; "this is no place for such as you. But stay, what did you catch?"

"Nothing," came the trembling reply.

St. Peter's stern face softened; he opened the gates wide, and, raising up the sinful soul, bore it within. "You are forgiven," he spoke mildly, "for in the face of so great a temptation to lie you spoke the truth. Abide with us in peace; we have not many here who would have done the same."

JEWELLED NOVELTIES.

Timely Hints as to the Coming Holiday Fashions in Decorative Art.

["Rambles" in October Jewellers' Circular.]

The wide latitude allowed in the selection of jewelry and silverware, is a noticeable feature of the present season. Round brooches are on the top wave of popularity, and yet some of our largest manufacturers are still making bar pins. Chased silver was never in greater demand, but every progressive silversmith keeps in his stock silver of bright finish, oxidized silver, and silver decorated with pierced work.

The queen and its offspring, the Victoria chain, represent the most fashionable watch chains now in the market for ladies' wear.

The wood violet is a favorite flower in jewelry. Wood violet brooches that represent a bunch of violets so arranged as to form a nearly round pin, come in three sizes, small, medium and large.

The "chappies" are jubilant, for the collection of sticks this season is a wonderful one. They are surmounted by all sorts and kinds of knobs, to say nothing of the crooks and crutches with smoothly finished ends.

For wedding and birthday gifts are provided dainty after-dinner coffees, hand-painted dessert plates and the like, in satin-lined cases. Ice cream sets, and tete-a-tete sets, also put up in handsome cases for presentation purposes.

New and pleasing patterns are out this fall in bar pins. These pins continue to find ready sale in many localities outside of New York, being special favorites in Texas and Louisiana. New York ladies find them extremely convenient, hence their continued use, despite the many newer pins in the market.

Bracelets and bangles are in greater demand than ever, owing to present fashions in dress sleeves.

In bracelets, as in most other ornaments, there is a long list to choose from. There are solid gold curb-chain bracelets with padlocks, flower initial bracelets, solid gold bangles with chased centres, solid horseshoe bangles and gold watch bracelets.

The show cases demonstrate the fact that enameled jewelry has come to stay. It is out in new and pleasing fashions, in which floral models appear to take the lead.

Enamel brooches and scarf pins are produced which imitate to perfection the size, shape and color of nature's blooms. Nothing is wanting but the fragrance.

The present style of evening dress for men calls for studs, which are furnished in various sizes. These may be of plain gold, gem-set, or of white enamel, according to the taste of the wearer.

Silver jewelry is as fashionable as ever, and does not appear to conflict in the slightest with either the all-gold, the enamelled or the gem set.

There is always more or less demand for initial and monogram jewelry, which is out this season in rustic, floral and other patterns.

Art goods in metal continue to meet the popular taste. Conspicuous among these are the high standing parlor lamps and brass tables and stands with Mexican onyx tops.

Umbrella handles, like cane handles, show a great variety of pattern and finish.

Silver deposit on ivory, buckhorn and wood, figures in the new handles. There are numerous ball handles of silver in bright finish with chased decoration. Then there are long, somewhat slender handles, showing a combination of bright and chased finish.

The English chime clocks, as most jewelers know, are in great demand, and to meet this demand they have been made in a variety of cases, such as the mahogany with gilt decoration, and handsomely carved oak and rosewood.

Onyx clocks are very fashionable. A favorite and appropriate form is that of a massive block of oblong shape, the centre being flanked on either side with Corinthian columns. These onyx cases vary greatly in color, including white, a light mottled hue, an exquisite pink and a very rich dark brown color.

IN THE ORCHARD.

[Kate Masterson in Judge.]

'Twas in the evening early, when the katydids were calling,
That I met him in the pathway where the apple-branches lean;
And I held my head sedately, though my foolish heart was falling,
While I tried to pass so quickly, for to wait I didn't mean,
And I wished that apple-branches lower threw their shadows green.

'Twas so strange that he should be there, like the lover in the story,
In the orchard and the gloaming and that sort of thing, you know,
While the early stars a-twinkle in their softened summer glory
Seemed to shine direct upon us till my face was all aglow,
And the katydids kept chatting where the brown-topped rushes grow.

It was awfully romantic, and I tried to laugh it over—
I, a modern summer-maiden in a modest muslin gown,
He, a rattling hand at tennis, standing ankle-deep in clover,
And the autumn sky above us, soft and silent, looking down;
But my voice began to falter when I saw his sudden frown.

Could you blame me that I listened when I saw his bright face darken
At the laughter and the foolish words I said to hide a tear?
Do you think it wrong I lingered with my head bent down to hearken
To the tender words he spoke so low that only I could hear,
And the orchard boughs and shadows all about us bending near?

I'll not tell you what he told me as we waited there together,
For you'll surely guess the reason why my face was in a flame
Like the lilies by the orchard-wall in tender autumn weather,
When the sunset bends a wooer and they flush with sudden shame;
But the trees were all a-whisper with an echo of his name.

Then the katydids were silent—I suppose they stopped to listen—
And the apple-branches, laughing, told the secret to the sky,
While the orchard path before us, 'neath the early stars a-glisten,
Looked all golden as we wandered off together, he and I,
And a little bird above us broke into a lullaby.

BARNUM'S "BRICK MAN."

One of the Tricks Resorted to by the Veteran Showman.

One afternoon, a few days ago, a party of gentlemen, all of whom are interested in the theatrical profession, were congregated in front of the bar of the Adams House, and while waiting for the bartender to mix their after dinner drinks, one of them regaled his hearers with the following amusing anecdote of P. T. Barnum, which is an illustration of the shrewd tricks to which the veteran showman resorted to advertise his place:

"What I am about to tell," said the narrator, "occurred many years ago, when Barnum was running a museum in New York. One morning a man came into his office begging, and complained that he was unable to get work. Barnum offered the man $1.50 a day if he would take five common bricks and to use his own words, 'go and lay one brick on the sidewalk at the corner of Broadway and Ann street, another close by the museum, another diagonally across the way at the corner of Broadway and Vesey street, the fourth, on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's church opposite;' with the fifth brick he was to march in a military manner rapidly from brick to brick, stopping at each, picking it up and placing in its stead the one which he held in his hand. He was to keep a serious countenance and preserve a rigid silence, paying no attention whatever to questions, and at the end of every hour to enter the museum, and, after walking solemnly through every hall in the building, pass out and continue his work.

The old man said that before his new employe had been at work half an hour at least 500 people were watching his mysterious movements. At the end of the first hour the sidewalks in the vicinity were crowded with people, all anxious to solve the mystery, and whenever the man entered the museum a dozen or more persons would buy tickets and follow him, hoping to satisfy their curiosity with regard to the purpose of his movements.

This was carried on for several days, until finally the policeman on the beat, to whom Barnum had told his object, complained that the obstruction of the sidewalks had become so serious that he would have to call in his "brick man."

Constantly Making Blots

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

If Luther had lived in Chicago he would have thrown his ink bottle every day.—[Buffalo Express.

The Chicago newspapers do that for him.

GATH'S REFLECTIONS

On Men and Things in New York.

A Sad Picture of Moral Depravity and Political Dishonesty.

Literary Piracy Declared as Bad as Chattel Slavery.

New York, Oct. 5—Evil weather makes evil temper. Half of this summer we have been having Byron's dream of darkness and Noah's deluge, and the result has been an habitual sourness of visage well reflected in the ultra-moral newspapers.

America, if New York correctly depicts it, has run into a decline. No society can stand without leaders, and where are ours? The temper of printed criticism has been for several years past toward disintegration, and, therefore, neither Gov. Hill nor ex-Senator Platt, opposing political leaders, are ever spoken of with respect.

We possess no great merchant in New York. No journal here has the capacity to create a public character, though all can and do pull everybody down. Do you ever hear in these days of the Union League, once a great social power? Since it ratted from the party it was established to assist, it has been a dismal cave of Adullam. It thought to spite Mr. Blaine for beating its walking gentleman and floor walker, Mr. Arthur, and Blaine lives, but the Union League of New York merely pouts.

Can you show me a powerful club of any kind in New York? One of the most vapored of them all lately found its ballot elections stuffed like the polls on freeman's day; faction had led on to forgery.

And so will pestiferous faction, disturbance and pessimism destroy all organic growth when they become paramount.

Nothing can now be constructed in New York. If the secretary of the treasury selects a custom house site, he is accused of having an "interest" in an arcade railroad yet to be built, as if that was any interest. The world's fair is at this situation a perfectly dead cock in the pit. Nobody here is going to present it to the city and no taxpayers want the city to assume the $20,000,000 for it. It will go to Washington or Chicago, and if to Washington it ought not to be held after spring.

Why has New York failed to have this exhibition?

Because it is at the peril of any gentleman's reputation now to be eminent in anything here. Because our editors hate each other more than they serve the public ends. Because

Giving is Played Out

in a society which has reached the cold, respectable generation of rich families. Those who made the fortunes are dead, and those who have inherited them are distant, self-respecting, and no great admirers of the masses.

When Wall street absorbed a great man like Grant and ruined him, we could see the portraits of both Delilah and Samson—she beckoning him in with the shears down her bosom, and he revealing the universal passion of our time, to get riches. Glory had been all around the world and found nothing so beautiful as modern "faking."

When General Grant gave William H. Vanderbilt his check for $100,000 or more and found he had nothing to pay it with; that his fame had been a bunko boy's capital, and that he was a disgraced person, there was an end of giving on this island. No large sums have been raised for anybody since. Grant's tomb is about as big as Washington's at Mt. Vernon.

In our society is a want of balance and reciprocity painfully apparent as we mature, if mature we do, any more than the persimmon which never ripens till frostbitten. This want of balance is because there is nothing to weigh universal suffrage by.

Everybody jumps into one scale; down it goes and the majority rules. So Hugh Grant, and not A. S. Hewitt or Mr. Astor, or Cornelius Vanderbilt, is the mayor of New York.

Hugh Grant invites the sovereigns of Europe to come and attend a fair. The rich young men see no reason to give to it, as popular society never showed them any honor. Hence, I say, we are without reciprocity in our system, and John L. Sullivan will create less of a sneer when he nominates himself for Congress than Mr. Vanderbilt's nomination or Mr. Astor's by the action of a convention.

The conditions of American society at present give no man an excuse for not selling himself to be rich. The system provides no employment for elevation and honor, unless it be in the army. No president of a railroad dare go before the people for president. We drive our wealth back into its small circle, and it takes a yacht and leaves us, and then we mock it because it finds some mutuality and honor in Europe. We say it is no longer American.

Perhaps we, ourselves, the holy men, are not American.

If we were we would pay some respect to the successful in what we all compete for—money.

What is to become of us and our sons when we have satisfied the desire of riches?

What Can Riches Buy

in the United States, except defeat at the polls and plenty of familiar and impertinent paragraphs in the prints?

Instead of a pure and natural aristocracy, we have personality; instead of loyalty linking rank to rank and condition to condition, we have distrust masked in a fawning smile. All this is the penalty of setting nature and selection aside and defying the 18th century phantasms and the public swarm. We have made idols, too, and have found them clay.

Wilkie Collins died rich from writing books. Only one American ever did the same, and that was Gen. Grant. When wealth and universal suffrage, and imbecile sons, and false flatterers, and gratuitous assailants all deserted him, the man of the century found in literature his dying comforter and patron; his sword had saved his country, but only his pen saved Grant. Would the caskets of an oracle speak plainer than this, that without literature we are worse than common.

Literary piracy, a sin commensurate with that of slavery, in that it exacts work without recompense and plunders the sick and loving brain of its progeny and sells parent and offspring remorselessly to the lowest, not the highest bidder. This literary piracy may also prove that for every drop of blood shed by the lash another shall be repaid shed by the sword.

Woe to the world when it violates its angels upon the threshold where they have sought hospitality! As the mob in Sodom was smitten blind when it rushed upon the angels who came to visit and warn it, so let us look up and expect wrath when we see the hosts of the world's authors, the angels we have plundered, violated and laughed at.

All the men who once read books are now studious at the horse races: the 30,000 who pay the bookmakers at Sheepshead Bay could sustain such bookmakers as were Walter Scott and William Shakespeare.

The degraded day has come when Homer and Virgil must not betray their tastes lest they be impugned with the hissing word of "literary" and impracticable.

The Sign of the Times

is dissatisfaction with our political system. You hear it whenever two intelligent men are talking together, provided they have time to get off the topic which is Jones' pile and how much would Smith foot up if he were dead.

Who takes pride in the Daniel Websters of today? Given an equal show, and we have plenty of Websters left. Along with our decayed interest in literature has come a lethargy about statesmanship. No public man in Congress is ever distinguished now except by censure. And the censure never does any more harm that to withdraw the ambition of its object from public life and set it upon million-getting. Our forefathers paid Webster's debts, and Clay's debts: it was thought well to conserve, especially for public life, those well fitted for it, but the senators and superior congressmen must take care of themselves in these days, and to be called a thief is the natural welcome to public life.

When Mr. Grosvenor in Ohio said last week that Candidate Campbell, whom he opposed, was a good soldier and an honest man, it was shouted by both sides that he had given the campaign away; since we call all our opponents thieves.

Between two thieves the apostle of public resuscitation made his exit and one of them he forgave. The thing, indeed, is not as bad as the hypocritical termagant and sermoniacal demagogue, nor is the extraction of the public money as bad as the murder of character by genteel opinionatedness.

All animal life is predatory, from the housefly and the wolf up to William the Conqueror and the Continental Congress.

We stole the republic itself from transmitted hands upon the plea that we didn't like taxes, and afterward allowed all men to be equal except Gen. Washington, whom we put underneath as slightly meritorious and stuck up.

George Alfred Townsend.

What a Rich Little Boston Girl Said.

[Epoch.]

Heiresses are so plentiful just now that the fact that a little Miss Sears of Boston is growing up to inherit the largest fortune of any American woman passes unheeded, but an amusing story was told me recently of the child which illustrated the care taken of her disposition. She has not been allowed to know how brilliant are her prospects, but it appears that at the school she attends a young person of tender years and yearning soul expressed herself as "wishing she was as rich" as her little friend. Whereupon the mite, returning home, inquired whether she really was very rich. She was told that "some day, no doubt, she would have a large fortune." The child pondered a moment, and then, brightening visibly, exclaimed: "All right! Then couldn't I please have a penny now?"

FOREIGN NEWS.

Parnell's Advice to Sexton—England's Quiet a Guarantee for Peace—Notes from the Old World.

London, Oct. 6.—Mr. Parnell has written to Mr. Sexton asking him to act as his representative at the convention on the opening of the new tenants' defence league in Tipperary and to lay his views before the convention. He says that his health will not permit him to cross the channel.

He advises that the movement be limited to defensive action. Special regard, he said, must be paid to these points: First, the duty of protecting tenants against the landlords' conspiracy, thus ensuring to the tenants the benefits which Parliament intended; second, the assertion of the rights of freedom of speech and of public meeting; third, the vindication of the rights of tenants to the same facilities for combining and organizing that have been secured to English workmen by trades union enactments.

BISMARCK ASSURES PEACE.

England Less Like a Mad Bull, and More Like a Fat Ox Chewing Cud.

Paris, Oct. 6.—The Berlin correspondent of the Journal des Debats asserts that Prince Bismarck in receiving the president of the Woodworkers Congress said: "The foreign situation is so peaceful that you may set to work without the slightest fear. It was not always so. Not long ago England still hesitated whether to act as a mad bull or as a fat ox chewing a cud. Today her resolution is taken, and I can assure you that the maintenance of peace is certain."

FORTY-SIX KILLED.

Storm's Deadly Ruin in Italy—240 Houses Destroyed.

Rome, Oct. 6.—The Province of Cagliari has been ravaged by a terrific storm, in which 240 houses were destroyed. 16 persons killed and hundreds were injured. The town of Cagliari suffered severely.

In the island of Sardinia 100 persons were buried in the debris of buildings shattered by the storm, and 30 persons were killed.

MORE DOCK STRIKERS.

Soldiers Asked For by Chamber of Commerce to Do the Work.

Berlin, Oct. 6.—The harbor laborers at Flensburg have gone on strike. Many vessels remain unloaded, and the chamber of commerce has asked the commander of the local garrison to send soldiers to do the work of the strikers.

Foreign Notes.

A despatch from Crete says that insurgents have attacked Turkish troops, committing outrages at Canea.

It is understood that ex-Queen Nathalie of Servia intends to build a mansion in Belgrade and establish a court there.

It is estimated that the loan to be proposed in the German Reichstag during the coming session will amount to 250,000,000 marks.

A hurricane has been raging in the Black sea. A large number of Turkish vessels have been wrecked, and great loss of life is reported.

The Czar will spend only two days in Berlin. On the first day he will inspect his regiment and on the second the court will have a hunt in his honor.

At the approaching session of the Skupschina, the Servian government will introduce a bill to prohibit ex-Queen Natalie from residing in Servia.

Three persons were killed and many severely injured by a railway collision in England Friday evening. The accident was due to the blunder of a signalman.

The blockade on the East African coast ends today. The German fleet, however, will continue to prohibit the entry of munitions of war along the German coast line.

Several thousand Jews, who have been expelled from Russia and have taken temporary refuge in England, intend to go out as colonists to the Argentine Republic in South America.

The Russo-Japanese treaty of commerce, which has been submitted to the czar, alters the Japanese tariff system. Henceforth duties will be levied upon articles separately specified, instead of on gross bulk as imported.

The Russo-Japanese treaty of commerce, which has been submitted to the Czar, alters the Japanese tariff system. Henceforth duties will be levied upon articles separately specified instead of on gross bulk as imported.

E. C. Baker, representing Victoria, B. C., in the Dominion Parliament, has resigned his seat, owing to his inability to secure redress for those of his constituents whose vessels have been seized by United States cruisers in Behring sea.

A collision between a passenger and a freight train occurred on the railroad between Manchester and Stockport, Friday evening. Three persons were killed and many severely injured. The accident was due to the blunder of a signal man.

The official report shows that the revenue of the Russian empire for the first six months of 1889 was 423,000,000 roubles, against 374,000,000 roubles for the same period in 1888. The expenditures amounted to 415,000,000 roubles, against 420,000,000 in 1888.

The three months' sentence of Charles Conybeare, member of Parliament, confined at Londonderry, expired Friday. As he was undergoing the formalities prior to discharge he broke a prison rule and was again placed in a cell. At 3.30 p. m. he was finally discharged.

The Paris Liberte asserts that representatives of the Argentine Republic, Chili, Bolivia, Colombia and Honduras attended a monster meeting in Barcelona, and subscribed to the resolutions in favor of an Hispano-American union, opposed to American protectionists.

Two thousand tramway and omnibus employes of London held a meeting 2 o'clock Saturday morning and formed a union to obtain shorter hours and the redress of a number of grievances. A manifesto appealing for adherents was issued. Lord Rosebery presided.

The London Standard's correspondent at Belgrade says that, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, he knows that the young King of Servia was only prevented by main force from going to meet his mother, and that there was a scandalous scene in the palace while Natalie was passing.

The North German Gazette regards the Pan-American congress as a means for attracting the attention of the whole western hemisphere to the imposing preponderance of the industrial enterprises and commerce of the United States, with a view to the proposed international exhibition of 1892.

The Rotterdam strike has ended. At a meeting of 1500 dockmen the modified terms were accepted, namely; Five pence an hour on week days 7½d. an hour on Sundays, and a minimum of four hours' work per day. All the strikers resumed work this morning. They intend to form a union.

It has been discovered that the recent fire in the Temple of Heaven at Shanghai was of incendiary origin. Several persons have been arrested for complicity in the crime. The authorities have learned that the object of the incendiary was to create the idea that the fire was an omen to warn the people against the introduction of railways in China.

The German government has placed to the credit of the navy department the sum of 32,000,000 marks, to be expended on new men-of-war. Of this amount, 14,000,000 marks is on account of vessels now in course of construction. The remaining 18,000,000 marks forms the first appropriation toward the building of two new ironclads, three cruiser corvettes, one cruiser and three despatch boats.

The Conductor's Punch.

[New York Star.]

"I saw in yesterday's Star," said ex-Conductor Hyatt of the Erie railroad, "an interview on the subject of railroad tickets. Now, your informant should have added a little about conductors' punches and the consolidation of roads. Each division conductor has a separate cut of ticket punch. One of them may punch a star in your ticket and another an 'X,' so that each conductor's work can be traced. You will also notice that no two conductors punch in the same place. That is because each punch spot on the ticket signifies a different point on the road to which that ticket is cancelled. These punch spots are known only to the conductors, and many a dishonest passenger has been caught in this way while attempting to work a ticket a second time. When the conductor forgets or omits to punch the ticket, fully cancelling it, the receiver to whom he turns it in punches it with his private punch, and his 'R' shows its complete cancellation and who has cancelled it.

JURY IN CRONIN CASE.

Prospect that Panel Will be Completed Soon.

Woodruff, the Confession-Maker, Secures a Writ of Habeas Corpus.

Criminating Evidence Discovered Against Beggs.

Chicago, Oct. 4.—The trial of the five men accused of murdering Dr. Cronin has entered upon its sixth week, and if the work accomplished in that time is any indication, the 12 jurymen will have a steady but unenviable winter's job.

Including the present panel now undergoing examination 789 veniremen have been summoned to appear in Judge McConnel's court and answer multitudinous questions bearing upon their fitness to serve as jurors in the celebrated case. Of this number four have been accepted and sworn in as the first panel to try the case, with eight more are yet unknown.

The lawyers for the defence have exhausted 87 of their challenges, leaving them 13, all of which belong to John F. Beggs, senior guardian of Camp 20. The State has 39 of their peremptories yet to use.

There is a probability that the second panel of four jurymen will be sworn in tomorrow or early next week, as three of them are already in sight. As both sides have only 52 peremptory challenges unused it is calculated that another week or two will see the beginning of the evidence.

A formidable display of 175 witnesses will be presented to the jury by the State, and the defence promises to have a large number also.

Frank Woodruff, the professional confession maker, who was granted a separate trial, has secured a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that his trial has been twice postponed by the State. The arguments will be held tomorrow, and the defence of the State is that Woodruff is held as a material witness.

Recent developments go to show that Beggs and Kunz have cut loose from their fellow prisoners, and Coughlin, O'Sullivan and Burke will pull together, as the fate of one is involved in that of the others.

The latest evidence obtained by the State is some criminating correspondence which passed between Edward Spellman of Peoria, the district Clan-na-Gael officer, and Senior Guardian Beggs, relative to the calling and personnel of the notorious trial committee which sat in mock judgment on the murdered man. These letters show that Beggs was afraid to call the trial committee on his own responsibility, and wanted Spellman to order him to do it; that Spellman ordered him to do so, and that Beggs had a guilty knowledge of what the committee intended to do.

The course pursued by Beggs and his attorney has excited a strong suspicion that he will disclose the history of the entire plot to save himself when he sees the strength of the evidence against him.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

The Boneless Codfish Cutters Busy—The Fall School of Herring Appears—Quotations.

Gloucester, Oct. 4.—The past week has been marked with great activity in the boneless fish trade, and the cutters have been working day and night in order to fill orders. The pleasant weather has been taken advantage of for curing and all available flaking has been taxed to the utmost. The outfitters are beginning to move their stock of codfish and good prices are realized. This branch of the fishery is in very healthy condition, and if the mackerel season had been fairly successful the town would have had a very prosperous year. As it is the business outlook is encouraging.

A school of spawn herring of very good quality appeared off the Cape this week and the traps and net fishermen have made good catches. Today the fish are reported to be moving to the westward. They have sold from $1.50 to $2.00 ℔ bbl, as they came from the water; new salt herring, $2.25.

There is no news of moment from the mackerel fleet from any locality. The season will be at an end in three weeks. Last fare sales of shore $27 ℔ bbl, out of pickle.

Prices of codfish are firm. Sales of Bank fares from the vessel $3 ℔ qtl for large and $2 for small. Halibut have been in light supply and good prices have been paid for fares.

Last fare sales 12½c ℔ lb for white and 8¼c for gray.

The arrivals and receipts for the week have been 11 from Georges with 117,000 lbs of codfish and 2300 lbs halibut, 9 from the Grand Banks with 1,275,000 lbs of codfish, 5 from the banks with 72,000 lbs of halibut, 6 from Barnstable bay with 178 bbls mackerel, 3 from the eastern shore with 55 bbls. Other receipts, 1135 bbls fresh herring, 390 bbls salt herring, 70 bbls porgie slivers. Total receipts of codfish, 1,392,000 lbs; total receipts of halibut, 74,300 lbs; total receipts of mackerel, 233 bbls.

Large cured new Georges codfish are quoted at $5 ℔ qtl; small do, $4; large Bank $4.12½; small, $3.50; large hand line Bank, $4.50; old Bank, $3.50; new dry Bank, $4.75@5 for large, and $4.37 for medium; Nova Scotia do, $4.50; large shore, $4.75; small do, $3.50.

Cured haddock, $2.75 ℔ qtl; cusk, $2.75 @3; hake, $2.12½; heavy salted pollock, $2.12½; English cured do, $2.

Boneless codfish, 5@9c ℔ lb; boneless haddock, cusk and hake, 4@5c ℔ lb

Labrador herring, $7 ℔ bbl; medium split, $6; Nova Scotia do, $7; Newfoundland do, $5; Eastport, $4; split shore, $4.75. Nova Scotia salmon, $23 ℔ bbl; Newfoundland do, $22; California do, $15. Swordfish, $9; shad, $12; trout, $15; alewives, $5; pickled codfish, $6; pickled haddock, $5; halibut heads, $3.50; tongues, $8; sounds, $12; tongues and sounds, $10; clam bait, $7; slivers, $6; halibut fins, $12.

Smoked salmon, 13c ℔ lb; smoked halibut, 8¼@9c ℔ lb; smoked haddock, 6c ℔ lb. Smoked medium herring, 16c ℔ box; bloaters, 75c; No. 1, 12c; lengthwise, 12c; tucks, 13c. Canned salmon, $1.90 ℔ doz; trout, $1.50; lobsters, $1.75; clams, $1.25; fresh halibut, $1.25.

Medicine oil is quoted at 60c ℔ gal; cod oil, 27@30c; blackfish oil 55c; menhaden oil, 23c; livers, 30c ℔ bucket.

Fish skins, $20@$30 ℔ ton; fish scrap, $6 ℔ ton; dry, do. $16; liver scrap, $4.

CORAL REEFS.

The Beautiful Scene That Greets the Eye of a Diver.

Coral presents the most beautiful sight which can possibly reach the eye of the submarine diver when he is beneath the surface. In almost every instance coral reefs are surrounded by clear sparkling water and this serves to make the effect still more beautiful. Take for instance the Silver reef in the West Indies, it is 50 miles in extent and is of solid coral. This grows from the bottom like great trees, the trunks of which are often four or five feet in diameter, and the boughs, branches and twigs correspond exactly in formation to those of a large tree.

In the clear water, however, it is all of a dazzling whiteness, around and through the branches of which tiny fish of different gaudy colors disport themselves, contrasting beautifully against the snowy whiteness of the reef. Together with this, there are hundreds of different varieties of marine fruits, flowers and vegetables, which with the others go to make a sight well worth the discomfort of a descent into the briny depths.

A Book Agent's Great Scheme.

[Lowell Sunday Critic.]

Said a book agent recently; "I was a book fiend 10 years or more before the idea dawned upon me, and now I make more in a week than I ever did before in a month. I take out religious books only, and never one that costs less than $5 or $6. On striking a town I get from the directory a list of the pastors—not for the purpose of working them, for I don't go nigh them. Then I write down the addresses of the trustees, in case the directory happens to give them; but if it does not, I make a round of the janitors to get from them the names of the richest men in the congregation. I spend time enough in this preliminary labor to get a route comprehensively laid out.

"Next I tell to one and another the same story—that his minister is dying for the book, but can't afford to buy it. The wives and daughters of the church pillars are easier to capture than the brethren. It's the biggest thing in the whole history of book canvassing; and the beauty of it is that the trick seldom gets exposed. When the pastor receives the book he's tickled, and I'm tickled, and the donor is tickled, and it's all right."

The Renewal of College Labor.

[Puck.]

Professor of geology—Gentlemen, at the close of the spring term I asked you to report to me individually any object of extraordinary interest you might meet in your respective outings. Mr. Corbett, you may begin.

Corbett, '91—Please, sir, mine had yellow hair, blue eyes and a tailor-made suit.

STORIES ABOUT MUSICIANS.

Haydn Ate a Dinner for Five—Paesiello's Best Music Was Written in Bed.

[Frank H. Stauffer in the Epoch.]

Haydn liked to dine alone, and he was such a great eater that he was sometimes called the "greedy musician." It was his custom to order dinner for five persons at his favorite hotel, and at the appointed hour to devour the whole banquet.

"Serve dinner," he ordered on one occasion, to a new waiter, who was not aware of the musician's way of sustaining himself.

"The dinner is ready," returned the waiter, "but, sir, the company is not come."

"De gompany!" Haydn retorted contemptuously. "Pooh! de gompany! I am de gompany!"

The dinner for five was forthwith put before "de gompany," and not an eatable scrap of it found its way back to the kitchen.

Beethoven, when thinking over one of his sonatas, would walk for hours with a companion without uttering a single word. At other times he would sit and play for hours at his piano, and was very much incensed if any one happened to overhear him. But his strangest habit was to walk about his room in a reverie, pouring pitchers of cold water over his hands alternately till the floor was completely drenched, and people came running up stairs to learn the cause of the deluge.

The country people who knew him were careful not to disturb him when the mood of composition was upon him. Once a troop of charcoal-burners met him in a path, and they all stepped to one side, though laden with bushels of charcoal, to let him pass, for fear of disturbing his meditations.

Meyerbeer found his imagination most lively during a thunder storm, and the reverberations are heard in his music.

Halevy liked to sit by his fire and listen to the singing of his kettle.

Auber received most of his ideas while on horseback, and his music is light and rapid.

Sacchini worked surrounded by his pet cats.

Paesiello composed his best music while lying in bed.

Sarti found that his imagination had free vent in a dark room.

Adolphe Adam got his ideas while buried under an eider-down quilt.

Gluck composed best out of doors in a meadow, with his piano and a bottle of champagne.

Paganini had his eccentricities. He was surly when the glow of composition was upon him, and worked with his coat and vest off, the slipper of his right foot kicked aside, and his left suspender dangling down his back. This pleasing anecdote is told of him: One day, when at Florence, he jumped into a cab and gave orders to be driven to the theatre. The distance was not great, but he was late, and an enthusiastic audience was waiting to hear him perform the famous prayer of "Moise" on a single string.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked of the driver.

"For you," said the man, who had recognized the great violinist, "the fare is 10 francs."

"What! Ten francs? You are surely jesting."

"I am speaking seriously. You charge as much for a seat at your concert."

Paganini was silent for an instant; then, with a complacent glance at the rather too witty driver, he said:

"I will pay you 10 francs when you drive me upon one wheel."

He then tendered two francs, which amount was accepted.

LABOR NOTES.

During the past month charters have been granted to ten new unions of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

Let those who decry the strike so severely put themselves in the starving oppressed workingmen's place. Would they strike or not?

The Alliance and Wheel of Missouri have consolidated, forming a body to be known as the Farmers and Laborers' Union, with a total membership of over 100,000.

Four hundred miners employed at Morris Ridge Colliery at Mount Carmel, Pa., struck to compel the operators to observe the semi-monthly pay law and reduce the price of powder.

One hundred and fifty freight handlers employed in the New York Central freight-house in Buffalo, N. Y., went on strike because the company would not pay extra for work on Sunday.

A telegram from Brockway, Penn., says that the strike in the mines of the Punxsutawney section has been settled. The demands made by the men were granted. It is thought this will have the effect of settling the strike on the Erie road.

An eight-hour city ordinance is now before the City Council in Erie, Penn., and is provoking general public discussion. If nothing more, the introduction of such measures in every city will have a salutary effect in stirring up public thought on this live issue.

The carpenters and furniture workers of Copenhagen, Denmark, were victorious in their recent strike. They obtained an increase of wages from 15 to 16 crowns a week (1 crown equal to 26.8 cents), and for work paid by the hour from 25 to 30 oeres an hour.

An important meeting of labor leaders is booked for St. Louis early in December. The National Alliance will assemble at that time, and it is expected that T. V. Powderly, of the K. of L., Chief Arthur of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Chief Sargent and other heads of national organizations will be present with a view to formulating some plan of action whereby needed legislation may be secured—regardless of party affiliations.

There is an element of the pathetic in the recent accounts from the West about the auctioning off of tramps by the authorities of the law. Unfortunate it is, indeed, that in a great and glorious country—in a free land—poverty should be held as a crime, the penalty for which is being sold into slavery. When we remember that it is only since millionaires became plentiful that tramps became numerous, it opens up the serious question as to whether the two classes do not constitute the extremes of modern society—the robbers and the robbed.—[Union Printer.

Success has attended the Printers' Laborers' strike in London. Conducted as it has been by a few workmen, and without any funds to speak of, yet no fewer than several dozen of the principal London printing firms have been compelled to grant the advance, from 13s. and 14s. to 20s. per week and many more employers have been forced to grant advances to 18s. and 19s. a week. A strong union, however, has been formed among the men, which will be able to compel other houses to grant the standard wage which the men demand. The strike in spite of its success so far has in reality only just begun for the men express their determination to persevere until their union embraces the whole trade. Fifteen hundred applications have been received by the union committee from men wishing to join, so that remarkable success seems pretty certain for this agitation.

The plasterers and bricklayers worked under the eight-hour rule in New York city in 1872. In fact, all the organized workmen in the building trades worked for a part of that year eight hours a day. The carpenters struck in May, and, after a two-weeks' fight, succeeded in obtaining eight hours' work and full pay. The painters, who had gone out on strike before the carpenters, were also successful. Plasterers received as high as $5 a day for eight hours' work, and in some cases $1 an hour. Comparatively few employers held out against the eight-hour work day, although a desultory warefare was kept up by a few contractors in the upper part of the city. Later in the same year, when building operations became less brisk, the employers notified the workmen that they could not afford to concede the eight-hour rule any longer and offered to compromise on nine hours. The workmen refused this proposition, and the fight was renewed, the result being in favor of the bosses. There was one exception—the brown-stone setters and cutters—who even up to the present day work only eight hours a day.

The 25th annual convention of the International Cigarmakers' Union, which is one of the most powerful labor organizations in the country, was opened in New York last week. There are 20,000 members on its rolls, and 200 delegates at the convention. These delegates come from all parts of the United States and from the Provinces of Canada. The President of the union is Adolph Strasser, whose headquarters are at Buffalo, N. Y., and who has held the office for many years at an annual salary of $1200, and who is sure to be re-elected by this year's convention. The constitution, which is revised every two years, will be brought under revision, and some of the branches are desirous of a declaration in favor of the nationalization of industry. The finances of the International Union are in good condition, and the report of last January showed that there was then a balance of $239,190 in the treasury. The union furnishes its members with sick benefits, death benefits and strike benefits, and it has also a travelling benefit fund from which small loans can be procured by members in search of work. The annual expenditure for these various purposes is large, but the treasury is carefully and satisfactorily guarded. No strike can be entered into by any local union until it has been approved by the proper authorities. There have recently been attempts in several localities to start a movement for a general advance of wages in the trade, but it is not probable that the convention will act upon this question.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

IN LEADING MARKETS.

Quotations of Staple Products in New York, St. Louis and Chicago.

New York, Oct. 5.—Cotton dull, unchanged; sales, 187 bales; uplands, ordinary, 8c; good ordinary, 9⅜c; low middling, 10 5-16c; middling, 10¾c; gulf, ordinary, 8¼c; good ordinary, 9⅝c; low middling, 10 9-16c; middling, 11c. Flour very dull, unchanged; receipts, 20,913 pkgs; exports, 11,655 bbls, 10,648 sacks; sales, 16,076 bbls; low extras, $2.65@3; city mills, $4.30@4.50; city mill patents, $4.90@$6; winter wheat, low grades, $2.60@3; fair to fancy, $3 10@4.65; patents, $4.25@5.20; Minnesota clear, $3.25@4.15; straights, $3.85@5; do. patents, $4.35@5.50; do. rye mixtures, $3.25@4; superfine, $2.10@2.80; fine, $1.80@2.60; Southern flour dull; rye flour steady; buckwheat flour, $2.25@2.65. Corn meal quiet. Wheat, receipts, 127,000 bush; exports, 50,000 bush; market quiet trifle higher; No. 2 red, 85¾@86¼c elevator; 86@86¾c afloat; 86½@87¼c f. o. b.; No. 3 red, 82½c; steamer No. 2 red, 82½c; steamer No. 3 red, 76½c; No. 4 red, 74c. Rye quiet; State, 55@57c; Western, 48@52c. Barley quiet; Canada, 65@70c; Western, 55@65c; six-rowed State, 65c; barley malt quiet; two-rowed State, 72@73c; six-rowed do, 75@82½c; Canada, 75@90c. Corn, receipts, 104,000 bush; exports, 26,700 bush; sales, 154,000 moderately active, steady; No. 2, 2,393⅛@39½c elevator, 40⅛@40½c afloat; No. 2 white, 39¼@40⅛c. Oats, receipts, 105,000 bush; exports, 2000 bush; sales, 141,000 bush, fairly active, steady; No. 3, 25¼@25½c; do white, 27¾@28c; No. 2, 26⅛@26¼c; do white, 28¾c; No. 1, 28c; do white, 35c; mixed Western, 24@28c; white do, 27@35c; white State, 27@35c. Coffee, Rio, steady; fair cargoes, 19½c; sales, 3000 bags. Sugar raw, easy, dull; refined steady, fair demand; C, 6@6⅛c; extra C, 6¼@6½c; white extra C, 6⅜@6⅝c; yellow, 6@6⅛c; off A, 7@7 3-16c; mould A, 7⅝c; standard A, 7⅜c; confectioners A, 7⅜c; cut loaf 8c; crushed, 8c; powdered, 8c; granulated, 7⅝c; cubes, 7⅝c. Molasses, foreign, nominal; New Orleans quiet; open kettle, good to fancy, 28@46c. Rice strong, quiet; domestic, 4¼@6½c. Japan, 4⅝@5¼c. Petroleum steady; united, 98⅞c. Tallow strong; city ($2 for pkgs), 4⅞c; country (pkgs free), 4 9-16@4 15-16c as to quality. Rosin strong, quiet; steamed, common to good $1.10. Potatoes easy, quiet; prime $1.65@2.25; sweets, $1.40@2.25. Turpentine quiet, firm, 48½@49c. Pork quiet, firm; mess, $12.50@12.75; extra prime, $10.25@10.50. Beef firmer; extra mess, $7; plate, $7.50@8; beef hams weak, quoted $13.50@14; tierced beef quiet; city extra mess, $12.75@14. Cut meats steady; pickled bellies, 7c; do shoulders, 4⅜@4½c; do hams, 9¾@10¼c; middles steady; short clear 5.75c. Lard easy; dull. Western steam, 6.57½c bid. No sales; city steam 6.20c. Refined quiet; continent 6.50@6.95c; S. A. 7.25c. Butter steady; moderate demand; State dairy 15@25; Elgins 26@26½. Western dairy 9@14; do, creamery 12@25½; do, factory 7½@13; State and Penn creamery 25½@26½. Cheese dull, easy; State, 8½@10¾c; fancy, 10½@10¾c; Western, 9@10c; skims 2@8½c. Freights to Liverpool steady. Cotton, 8 5-16@⅜d. Grain, 5@5¼d. Pig iron steady; Scotch, $20@23.25; American, $15@17.50. Copper easy; lake, October, 10.75c. Lead steady; domestic, 3.92½c. Tin firm; straits, 20.50c; plates firm, quiet. Spelter neglected; domestic 5.10c.

Chicago, Oct. 5.—Flour steady and unchanged. Wheat firmer; No. 2 spring, 81@81¼c; No. 2 red, 91@91¼c. Corn firmer; No. 2, 30⅝c. Oats weaker and lower; No. 2, 19¼@19⅜c. No. 2 rye, 41½c. No. 2 barley, 63@64c. Hog products dull; mess pork, 10.50@10.75c. Lard, 6.22½@6.25c; short rib sides, 5.05@5.10; dry salted shoulders, 4.12½@4.25c; short clear sides, 5.25@5.37½c. Whiskey, $1.02. Receipts—Flour, 18,000 bbls; wheat, 58,000 bush; corn, 209,000 bush; oats, 203,000 bush; rye, 7000 bush, barley, 113,000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 25,000 bbls; wheat, 63,000 bush; corn, 244,000 bush; oats, 111,000 bush; rye, 162,000 bush; barley, 74,000 bush.

St. Louis, Oct. 5.—Flour quiet and unchanged. Wheat, ⅜c over yesterday; No. 2 red, 78⅝c. Corn weak and lower; No. 2 mixed, 29c. Oats dull; No. 2, 18½c. Rye stronger; No. 2, 39c. Barley fairly active; Wisconsin, 63c; Minnesota, 60c; Iowa, 40c. Whiskey, $1.02. Provisions steady, quiet, and quotations unchanged. Receipts—Flour, 5000 bbls; wheat, 45,000 bush; corn, 64,000 bush; oats, 40,000 bush; rye 4000 bush; barley, 17,000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 9000 bbls; wheat, 40,000 bush; corn, 36,000 bush; oats, 11,000 bush; rye, 5000 bush; barley, 3000 bush.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

Boston, Monday, Oct. 7.

BUTTER.—The market for butter has not been so active as last week, although prices on choice stock have again advanced.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, 25@26c ℔ lb; do, Western, extra, 24@25c; do, extra 1st, 20@23c; do, 1st, 16@18c; Franklin Co., Mass., extra creamery, box, 25@26; do, Dairy, extra, 22@23; Vermont Dairy, extra, 22@23; do, N. Y., extra, 22@..; N. Y. & Vt., extra 1st, 18@20c; do do 1st, 15@17c; Western dairy, extra 1st, 13@14; do, 1st, 11@12; Western imitation creamery, extra, 14@15; do, ladle-packed, extra 1st, 12@13; do, 1st, 10@11. Trunk butter, ¼ lb or ½ lb prints, extra, 22@23; extra 1st, 19@21c ℔ lb.

Oleomargarine—No. Four: 10, 13c ℔ lb; 20, 12½c; 30, 12½c; 50, 12½c. Fort Washington: 10, 14c ℔ lb; 20, 14c; 30, 13½c; 50, 13½c.

CHEESE.—The market for cheese shows an improvement in price, but the trade does not respond freely. The market is therefore quiet.

We quote: New Cheese—New York extra, 11@ ℔ lb; do 1st, 9½@10½c; do, 2ds, 6@8c; Vermont extra, 11@..c; do, 1st, 9½@12½c; do, 2ds, 6@8c; part skims, 4@7c; Skims, 2@3c; Ohio extra, 10@10½c; Ohio 1sts, 8½@9½c.

Liverpool quotation, new, white, 51s.

EGGS—The market on eggs is in better condition and prices have advanced.

We quote: Near-by and Cape, ..@..c ℔ dozen; Eastern extra, 23@24c; do, firsts, 20@22c; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, 23@24; New York 1sts., 21@22c; Michigan, extra, ..@23c; Western, firsts, 21@21½c; Canadian firsts, 21@22c ℔ doz.

BEANS.—There is little change to note in this market.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $2.15@2.25 ℔ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, $2.15@2.20 ℔ bush; do, screened, $1.95@2.15; do 2ds, $1.60@1.80; Medium choice, hand-picked, $2.20@2.25; do, screened, $1.85@2.15; Yellow Eyes, extra, $....@2.50; do, 2ds, $2.00@2.25; Red Kidneys, $2.75@3.00.

DOMESTIC FRUITS.—The market for fruits has been very good, and there is a plentiful supply of most everything.

We quote: Apples, cooking, $2.50@3.00 ℔ bbl.; Eating apples, $2.50@3.50; Evaporated apple, 6½@7c; do, fair to good, 6½@7; do, fancy, 7@8; sundried, sliced and quartered, 4@5.

Grapes—Concord, ℔ basket, 30@35c; Delaware, 5-lb basket, 30@35c; Niagara, 5-lb basket, 30@35c; Brighton, 10-lb basket, 55@60c.

Pears, ℔ bush, $1.40@4.50.

Quinces, $1.50@2.00 ℔ bushel; do, ℔ barrel, $4.00@5.00.

Cranberries, ℔ barrel, $7.50@8.50.

VEGETABLES.—The market is liberally supplied with potatoes and the market is lower. Truck continues quiet and nominal.

We quote: Potatoes—Native, $2.00@2.15.

Sweet potatoes—East Shore, $1.75@2.00; Jersey, bulk, $2.00@2.25; Double heads, $2.50.

String beans—Green, 75@$1.00; Lettuce ℔ doz., 35@35; Sweet corn, ℔ box, 75@$1.00; Cabbage, ℔ head, 4@6c. Onions, native, ℔ bbl., $2.50. Radish, ℔ doz, 20@30c. Tomatoes, native, ℔ bush., 50@..; Cucumbers, ℔ bush, 75c@1.00. Squash, Marrow, 75c@1.00. Shell beans, ℔ bush., $1.50. Turnips—Russia, ℔ bbl, $1.25@1.50.

HAY AND STRAW.—The receipts of hay have increased the past week, and choice grades continue firm at full prices. Rye straw is steady.

We quote: Fancy, $17.00@18.00; Choice, $..@..; do, fair to good, 15.00@16.00 Fine, $12.00@15.00; Swale, $9.00@9.50; Poor to ordinary, $11.00@14.00. Rye straw, $15.50@16.00; do do Machine, $10.00@11.00. Oat straw, $7.00@8.00 ton.

Groceries.

COFFEE.—The market for Rio coffee has been steady the past few days, but during the week has dropped several points.

We quote: Java Pad'gs, pale, 22@....c; do do, medium brown, 22½@..c; do do fancy brown, ..@23½c; do Timor, 21½c; do Palembang, 20c; do Malang, 20c; do Ankola, 24@25c; do Holland bags, 21@21½c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 25c; Mocha, 25c; Rios, prime, 18@19c; do fair, 18½@18½c; do ordinary, 17@17½; Maracaibo, 19¼@20; Laguayra, ..@19; Costa Rica, 20@21; Jamaica, 19½@21; Guatemala, 19½@21¼; Mexican, 19@20½; Hayti, uncleaned, 16½@17; do, cleaned, 18; Manila, 17.

FRUITS AND NUTS.—There has been no notable change in this market.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.50@2.85; Muscatel, new, $1.80; Sultana, 10@15. Currants, 6@9. Citron, Leghorn, 20@22. Dates—Persian, new, 5@6½; do, skins, ..@..; do, frail, ..@..; do, fard, new, 7@9. Figs, layers, 8@20; do, keg, 5@7. Prunes, French, case, 6@12; do, Turk, new, ..@4½; do, 3¼@3½. Lemons, Sicily, $7.00@8.50. Oranges—Sicily, $....@....; Rodi, $7.00; Palermo, $.... Bananas—Baracoa, yellow, $1.00@1.15; do Red, 75@85c; Port Limon, $1.50@1.75; Jamaica, No. 1, $1.50; 8 hands, $1.10; No. 2, 75. Peanuts, hand-picked, 7½@8; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 13@15; Walnuts, 10@12; Castinas, 6@10; Pecans, 7@12c.

SUGAR.—The market for refined sugar is fairly active and steady.

We quote: Powdered, 8¼c; Pulverized, 8½c; Granulated, 7⅝@7¾c; Confectioners' A, 7⅜c; Standard A, 7¼c; Extra C, 7@7¼c; C, 6⅝@6⅞c; Yellow, 6¼@6½c.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR.—The market is strong. Stocks are very light all over the country. Following are the wholesale prices.

Fine Flour, $2.50@2.75; Superfine, $2.75@3.25; Common extras, $3.20@3.90; Choice extras, $4.25@4.75; Minnesota bakers, $4.00@4.25; Michigans, $4.50@4.75; patents, $5.25@....; Michigan roller, $4.35@4.50; New York roller, $4.35@4.50; Ohio and Indiana, $....@....; do, do, strait, $4.50@4.60; do, do, patent, $5.00@5.25; St Louis and Ill, clear, $4.40@4.50; do, do, straight, $4.50@4.60; do, do, patent, $4.40@4.50; Spring wheat patents, $5.15@5.35 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: Yellow, 45½c ℔ bush; High Mixed, 45½c; Steamer yellow, 44¾@45c; Steamer mixed, 43¾@44c; ordinary, 42½@43 ℔ bush.

OATS—Fancy, clipped, 34@35c ℔ bush; No 1 white, 34c ℔ bush; No 2, do, 30½@31c; No 3, do, 39½; No 1 mixed, ..c; No. 2 mixed, 39c; rejected white, 28½c ℔ bush.

Fish.

FISH—The market on mackerel has been very firm the past week. The Codfish situation is firm, but prices are unchanged.

Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, $38.00; No 1, do do, $35.00; No 1, shore, $30.00; No. 1 Bay, $27.00; No. 2, large, $..@..; No. 2, medium, $..@..

New Mackerel—No. 3, plain, large, $18.00@18.50; No. 3, medium, $18.00@18.50; No. 2, large, $23.00@24.00; No. 2, medium, 21.00@22.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $4.75@5.00; do, do, medium, $4.00@4.25; do. N. S. Shore, $6.00@6.50; Pickled Bank, $4.25@4.50; Georges, $5.00@5.25; Shore, $4.75@5.00; Hake, $2.25@2.50; Haddock, $3.00; Pollock, pickled, $2.50@2.75; do, slack salted, $3.25@3.50. Boneless Hake, 4@4½c ℔ lb; Boneless Haddock, 4½@4¾c; boneless Cod, 5@7.

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packer, 9@9½; New England steers, green, 5@5½; do, do, cow, 4c; do, do, bulls, 3@3½; Salted steers, 7@8; do, cows, 5¼@5½; bulls, 5. Calfskins—deacons, 20@30c; 5@7 lbs, 50@55; 7@9 lbs, 55@60c; 9@12 lbs, 65@70c; Tex flint rough, 9@10; Texas, dry-salted, 8@8½; Texas kips, 9@..; Buenos Ayres, 15¾@16; Rio Grande, ..@14; Montevideo, 15¾@16; Calcutta slaught., cow hides, 10; do, dead green, ..@8½; do, buffalo, 5@5½; Sierra Leone, 12; Bissao & Gambia, 10½@12; Zanzibar hides, 9½@10; Tamative, 9½@9¾.

SEEDS.—The market remains quiet and quotations are unchanged.

We quote: Clover, West, 7¼@8c ℔ lb; do, North, 9½@10; do, white, 13@17; do, Alsike, 11@15; do, Lucerne, 16@18; Red Top, West, ℔ sack, $2.25@2.60; do, Jersey, $2.50@2.75; R. I., bent, $1.70@1.85; Hungarian, 65@75c; Gold Millet, 80@$1.15; common Millet, 65@80c; Orchard, ℔ bush $1.25@1.50; Blue Grass, $1.10@1.25 ℔ bush; Timothy, West, $1.65@1.80 ℔ bush; do, North, $1.75@1.90 ℔ bush; American flaxseed, $2.25@2.50.

SALT—Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; B. & W'th'ns, $1.35@1.50; Liverpool, c. f., 85c@$1.00; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½@..; Trapani, bond, $2.00; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—The quotations for starch are: Potato starch, 3⅞@4c; Corn, 2⅛c; Wheat, 4⅞@5¾c; dextrine, ..@..c.

TOBACCO.—The market is steady and prices are unchanged.

We quote: Havana wrappers, $3.50@5.00; do, fine fillers, 95c@$1.25; do, good fillers, 85c@$1.00; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Kentucky lugs, 2½@4c; do, leaf, 7½@12½c; Havana s'd wr's, 35@60; do, 2ds, 20@30; do, binders, 8@12; do, seed fill, 5@8; Conn and Mass fill, 5@8; do, binders, 10@15; do, 2ds, 15@19; do, fair wrappers, 20@25; do, fine wrappers, 22@34; Penn wrappers, 20@40; do, fillers, 10@20.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 4½@4¾; Country, 4@4½; Bone, 3¾@4; house grease, 4@..; grease, tanners, 5⅛@2⅜; do, chip, 2⅛@2⅝; do, naphtha, 1⅛@2⅛; do, hard, 4⅛@6⅛.

WOOL—The receipts of wool the past week were 3614 bales domestic and 2251 bales foreign, against 3011 bales domestic and 444 bales foreign last week, and 8875 bales domestic and 1095 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1888.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, Oct. 4, 1889:

Western cattle, 2480; Eastern cattle, 300; Northern cattle, 631. Total, 3411.

Western sheep and lambs, 2860; Northern sheep and lambs, 7755; Eastern sheep and lambs, 4398. Total, 15,013.

Swine, 23,324. Veals, 1350. Horses, 340.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, live weight, for Northern and Eastern cattle ranged from $2.00 to $4.00.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight ranged from $4.00@6.00.

Prices of Western cattle per 100 lbs. live weight ranged from $3.50 to $5.00.

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

	Cents ℔ lb.		Each.
Brighton hides	6¼@..	Sheepskins	25c@$....
Brighton tall'w	4 @..	Lambskins	25c@$....
Country hides	5 @..	Dairyskins	15@35c
Country tall'w	3 @..	Woolskins	50@75c
Calfskins	5 @6		

Latest Quotations.......3 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.

	Oct. 7 Bid.	Oct. 7 Asked.	Oct. 5 Bid.	Oct. 5 Asked.
Anniston City	65½	66½	65½	66½
Aspinwall	8	—	8	8¼
Boothbay	.25	—	.25	—
Boston	6½	—	6½	—
Boston W Power	5½	5¾	5⅝	5 9-16
Boylston	2	—	2¼	2½
Brookline	4¼	4⅝	4¼	4⅝
Campobello	1¼	2	—	2
Cutler	—	2	—	2
East Boston	3	3⅜	—	3½
Frenchm'n's Bay	6	6¼	—	7
Lamoine	.50	.55	.50	.55
Lenox	4½	4¾	4½	4¾
Maverick	2	—	2	—
Newport	2	—	2	—
Payson	—	1	.50	—
Penobscot Bay	—	1½	1	1½
San Diego	25	25¾	25½	27
Sullivan Harbor	1¼	1½	1¼	1½
Swampscott	—	3	3	—
Topeka	3	3¼	3	3¼
West End	24⅜	24½	24½	—
West End rights	1.20	1.25	1.25	1.40
Winter Harbor	.40	.45	.40	.45
Winthrop	—	1⅝	—	1⅝
Wollaston	.50	—	.50	—

RAILROAD STOCKS.

	Oct. 7 Bid.	Oct. 7 Asked.	Oct. 5 Bid.	Oct. 5 Asked.
Atch, Top & S F	28¾	28⅞	30¼	30⅜
Atlantic & Pac	4¼	4⅞	—	5½
Boston & Alb	—	217	—	217
Boston & Lowell	165	167	166½	167
Boston & Maine	212	213	212½	215
Boston & Prov	—	257	—	257
Boston, R B & L	—	—	—	151
Cal Southern	—	—	14	15
Central Mass	12	—	11½	—
Central Mass pf.	22	24	22½	—
Cheshire, pref	—	—	—	106
Chi, Bur & Nor	41	—	41	—
Chi, Bur & Q	108½	108¾	109⅜	109⅝
Chi & W Mich	—	—	—	26¾
Cin, San & Clev	—	—	—	23
Clev & Canton	—	6	—	—
Clev & Can pref	25	—	—	—
Det, L & No pref	—	50	50	—
Eastern	105¼	106	105¾	—
Eastern pref	—	131	—	131
Fitchburg pref	69	70	68½	70
Flint & P Marq	—	27	—	27
Flint & P M pref	—	93	92½	93
K C, F S & Gulf	133	—	—	—
K C, F S & Mem	—	76	—	—
K C, M & Bir	50	—	50	—
Louisv & Ev	—	25	—	25
Louisv & Ev prf	35	—	—	—
Maine Central	—	—	124½	—
Mexican Cen	14¼	14½	15	15¼
N Y & N Eng	47¼	47½	48	48¼
N Y & N E pref	—	119	—	—
Norwich & Wor	178	—	—	—
Northern	152½	—	152½	—
Old Colony	175	177	—	177
Oregon S Line	54	55½	54	55
Port, Saco & P	—	—	125	—
Pt, Gt Falls & C	—	—	95	—
Rutland	4½	—	4½	—
Rutland pref	45	—	45	—
Summit Branch	6	—	—	—
Union Pacific	63¾	64	64	64⅜
West End pref	85	85¼	—	—
Wisconsin Cen	26¼	26½	26½	26¾
Wis Cen pref	—	—	60	65
Worc, N & Roch	—	—	122	—

MINING STOCKS.

	Oct. 7 Bid.	Oct. 7 Asked.	Oct. 5 Bid.	Oct. 5 Asked.
Allouez	.60	.65	.60	.65
Atlantic	7½	8	7¾	—
Bonanza	.50	.60	.50	—
Boston & Mont.	33⅛	33¼	33¼	33⅜
Calumet & Hec.	211	—	213	216
Catalpa	—	.15	—	.15
Dunkin	.80	.85	.80	.85
Franklin	8½	—	8½	9
Huron	—	.75	.25	.75
Kearsarge	4	5	—	5
Napa	3⅞	—	3⅞	—
National	.75	—	.75	—
Osceola	9½	10	9	10
Pewabic	2½	3¼	2½	3¼
Quincy	49½	—	49	50
Santa Fe	.40	.45	.40	.45
Tamarack	103	105	103	105

BONDS.

	Oct. 7 Bid.	Oct. 7 Asked.	Oct. 5 Bid.	Oct. 5 Asked.
Mexican Cen 4s	66	66¼	—	66¾
Mexic'n Cen inc	—	19	—	19
Mex C 1st inc 3s	29	30½	—	—
Atch & T Con 5s	66⅝	—	67	—
Atch & T Tr 6s	—	90	—	90
Chi, K & W 5s.	65	—	64	65
Chi, K & W inc	—	—	10	14
Wis Cen 1sts	95	95½	95½	95¾
Wis Central inc	53	54	53	—
Cal South inc	—	—	35	40

TELEPHONE STOCKS.

	Oct. 7 Bid.	Oct. 7 Asked.	Oct. 5 Bid.	Oct. 5 Asked.
American Bell.	195	195½	196	197
Am Bell rights.	22¼	22⅜	—	—
Erie	36¾	—	37	—
Mexican	.65	.80	.75	—
New England	50½	52	50½	52
Tropical	.20	.25	.20	.25

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Oct. 7 Bid.	Oct. 7 Asked.	Oct. 5 Bid.	Oct. 5 Asked.
Eastman Car H	2¼	—	2¼	—
Lamson Store S	58	—	58¼	58¼
Sioux City S Yd	105	105¼	105	105¼
Pullm'n Pal Car	186	187	186½	188

UNLISTED STOCKS.

	Oct. 7 Bid.	Oct. 7 Asked.	Oct. 5 Bid.	Oct. 5 Asked.
Am Cotton Oil	39¼	39¾	41½	41¾
Am Pneu Tool	5⅝	5¾	5⅜	5⅝
Bay State Gas	30	32	—	—
Burton Stk Car	2½	—	2½	—
Burton S C pref	7½	—	7½	—
Edison Ph Doll.	7	8	7½	8
Fort Wayne El.	14¾	15	14⅝	14¾
Illinois Steel	92½	93½	—	—
Mt Desert & E S	—	1	1	1⅜
Nat Lead Trust	22½	23	22¾	23
Sug Refineries	82⅜	82⅝	84½	85
Th-Hous Elec*.	89	90½	—	99
Th-Hous El pref	27	27⅝	—	—
Th-Welding	210	—	210	—
Westinghouse E	46	48	—	43
Winnisimet	25	—	25	—

*Ex-dividend.

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BLIND WONDERS.

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One Blind Man Who Played Cricket—Many Who Played the Violin.

Blind Poets, Musicians, Astronomers, Scientists, Inventors and Cranks.

[John W. Wright in St. Louis Republic.]

Henry, the author of the "Poetic Life of Wallace," was born blind. He early exhibited wonderful imaginative faculties which were turned to good account in the production of the book mentioned.

Hermann Torrentins, a blind Swiss, born in 1520, became one of the principals of the University at Berne, the author of a poetical dictionary of rare merit, besides works on history and botany.

In 1685, Nicholas Sanderson was a well-known character of Yorkshire, Eng. He was not born blind, but became so through sickness at the age of 3 years, and upon arriving at the age of discrimination could not remember of ever being able to see. As unlikely as it may seem, he actually became learned in two of the most difficult branches, astronomy and mathematics, and three years before his death finished an exhaustive treatise on algebra.

Francois Huber, the Swiss naturalist, lost his sight at an early age, became an eminent entomologist and wrote on bees, ants and other insects. His son, Pierre, and a servant named Burnens aided him in making many valuable original observations on the habits of these creatures. Although the servant and son rendered invaluable aid, it was admitted by both that the elder Huber was the master mind in the preparation of their many books and papers on entomology, zoology and meteorology. Many believe that Huber would have become as eminent in his special branches as either Humboldt or Cuvier could he have had the use of his eyes.

John Milton, the great English writer of prose and verse, best known as the author of "Paradise Lost," was totally blind during the last years of his life. Properly he may not belong in this list, having had 46 years of daylight in which to complete his studies before impenetrable and perpetual night shrouded him in its inky gloom. I have only mentioned him in this connection in order to open the way for a broad assertions, viz.: That two of the greatest poets known to history, Milton and Homer, were both blind.

John Metcalf, a most wonderful production of the last century, was born at Knaresborough, Yorkshire, Eng., in 1717. At the age of 4 years a hard attack of the measles struck him totally blind—so blind that the brightest rays of the sun gave him no perception of light. Yet he did not give up in despair. A calamity had overtaken him which would have benumbed the faculties of a less courageous man forever. Not so with John Metcalf. It seemed only to brighten his remaining senses. At first he learned music, and, at the age of 12 was the most expert violinist in all England. When he arrived at man's estate he was owner of a house, a small farm and a horse and carriage. At the age of 23 he was a well-known carrier, engaged in the occupation of carrying persons through the crowded streets to and from places of amusement. Besides his street work he was frequently engaged to carry travellers to York, a distance of 16 miles. In this hazardous work he was as trusty as any man with two eyes, and got into few difficulties from which he could not easily extricate himself. He became a great hunter, and followed the hounds with as much pleasure and as surely as the most keen-eyed hunter. He had his own horse, and could tell the baying of his own hounds among hundreds. At the age of 40 he began the study of surveying and bridge building. This not for idle pastime, but for profit. At one time he was the official surveyor of Yorkshire. Even to this day there are dozens of monuments to John Metcalf in his native shire in the shape of elegant roadbeds and splendid bridges. At Huddersfield one of the finest and most substantial bridges is known to have been constructed by him. What he could have accomplished with organs of sight unimpaired we can only conjecture.

A namesake of our great American temperance lecturer, John Gough, also an Englishman by birth, became quite celebrated as a botanist and writer on subjects pertaining to natural philosophy. He was totally blind from the age of 3 years, the sense of vision being so deadened that he could not perceive the glare of sunlight upon the snow on the brightest winter days. Disabled by this appalling affliction, he studied botany, his wife, brothers and sisters doing his reading, and collected and arranged, by the sense of touch alone, and without the least aid from any living human being, one of the largest and most valuable collections of dried herbs and grasses at that time (1780) known in Britain.

That wonderful invention, the string alphabet for the blind, was invented by a man who never saw his queer-looking machine, the face of his mother, or the "glad sunlight" of which he so feelingly wrote. David Macbeth was blind from birth, yet a perfect genius in a dozen different ways. He was an accomplished musician, a perfect prodigy in mathematics and an inventor of no mean order of merit. Besides his string alphabet he was the inventor of one of the earliest known revolving-barrel churns, of a clamp to be used by bookbinders in stitching leaves together and of a self-oiling attachment for wagons and carriages. He could take his watch to pieces and put it together almost as quickly as the man who made it could have done. It was without a crystal, and by gently touching the hands with the tips of his fingers he could tell within one second of the time of day or night.

He was an expert at the national game of cricket and was reckoned as being one of the most valuable men in some parts of the game but useless in others.

When he died he had been engaged for years on the perfection of a fire-escape, which has since with some slight changes and additions, made a London firm independent.

Alexander Rodenback, the Belgian politician, and for a long time member of the Belgian Lower House, was totally blind. Besides being noted as a political economist, Rodenback was the author of several works on deaf muteism, blindness and kindred subjects.

Rev. W. H. Milburn, known throughout the civilized world as "the blind preacher," and who is actively in the field at the present time is one of the most remarkable men of the age. He was born in Philadelphia in 1823. He totally lost the sight of one eye when quite young; the other becoming badly impaired from sympathy, so much so that it soon darkened forever.

With spirit undaunted he studied, and was ordained as a minister at the age of 20, and, it is claimed, travelled over 200,000 miles filling appointments in the Southern States. Within the last 30 years he has preached in nearly every State in the Union and some European countries. He has been chaplain in the House of Representatives at Washington, besides filling many other important positions. As a writer he is known as the author of "Ten Years of a Preacher's Life," "Rifle, Axe and Saddle-bags," and "Pioneer Preachers and People of the Mississippi Valley."

Vidal, the blind sculptor, is one of the wonders of the French capital. He has been blind since his 21st year. We can quite easily understand how a blind farmer would cultivate the ground with the plough, spade and hoe. How he would feel around the tender plants and gently loosen the dirt from their roots, or how the blind Birmingham, Ala., miner tells, with the sense of touch alone, the direction and to what depth to drill his holes before putting in a blast; but the work of Vidal stands out in bold relief, unique wonderful and incomparable. To be a sculptor it is generally supposed that one must have the "mechanic's eye" and the artist's taste and perspicuity. The latter faculties Vidal has to an exceptional degree—even more acute, he believes, than if the former were not lost to him forever. By slowly passing his hands over an object he notes its external proportions, and imitates them in clay in a manner which strikes the beholder dumb with surprise. A dog, horse, human face or anything alive or dead, he models with as much ease as any of the dozens of Parisian sculptors who still retain the faculty of sight.

From 1855 to 1875 Vidal received more medals than any other exhibitor of works in the Paris art exhibitions. Many of his works, made in the solitude of his perpetual midnight, are now on the shelves at the great exposition, where the blind wonder contends in friendly rivalry with his less unfortunate brother artists. He never complains, is always genial and festive when among his friends, who always speak of and to him as though he could see, and well may they do so, for he is one of the best art critics in all Paris.

Henry Fawcett, the blind English postmaster-general, who died in 1884, was a greater man by half after the unfortunate accident which deprived him of sight, than he ever was before. He was born in 1833 and lost his eyes in 1858, at the age of 25, from the effect of a gunshot wound. At that time he was a poor law student. Within less than 10 years, through constant association with John Stuart Mill, he became only second to that great author as a writer on political economy. In 1865, eight years after his misfortune, he was elected to the House of Commons from Brighton, and soon became one of the leaders of that body. His writings, mostly on political and economic subjects, would fill a large library case by themselves. His career as postmaster-general, dating from the time of his election in 1878 until the time of his death in 1884, was marked by many radical and important changes in the English postal system, not a few of which have been incorporated into the postal service of this country.

Mr. Herreshoff, the blind president of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company of Bristol, R. I., seems as much out of his element in his present capacity as either the blind sculptor or the blind postmaster-general. Aside from Edison the government has recognized him as being one of the greatest inventors of the times. Many of the torpedo boats and steam launches now used by this and all the civilized governments on the globe are the inventions of this sightless genius. His steam launches have made the highest speed with but few exceptions, and his torpedo boats are ranked among the most efficient in use. He works on his models in the quiet of the night shut up in the darkness of his room, but this is all the same to Herreshoff—the brightest mid-day would be to him as black as the darkest midnight.

OUR LITTLE REBEL.

The Last Desperate Charge was Made at Twilight, and His Life Died Out with the Setting Sun.

[Detroit Free Press.]

When the Confederates came swarming across the Crew's farm to reach us on Malvern Hill, we knew that they were coming to death and defeat. We had been driven back from the Chickahominy step by step and day by day, fighting fierce battles at every rallying point, but this was the end. Malvern Hill, crowned with troops, and bristling with cannon, was impregnable. I was posted on the point looking towards the Crew's house in the dry bed of a creek. It was a capital riflepit, and we were packed in there so thick that we scarcely had elbow room. As the legions in gray attacked, our rapid fire assisted by the batteries above us, was enough to demoralize the lines without the infantry, higher up, firing a gun.

Magruder must have been insane that afternoon to send his men to their death across that open as he did. We could see them come out of the forest in splendid formation, and as they got the order to advance their step was like clockwork. There was a meadow, with hardly a stump in it, stretching away before us for half a mile, and the Confederates hadn't the slightest cover. Being so low down, we could see under the smoke and it was enough to make your flesh creep to see the havoc worked by our shell before the lines got within musket range. The man on my left laid down his musket and prayed God that the rebels would go back, and thus put an end to the horrible work. Then, when they pushed on and got within range, there was a flame all along our mile front—flame after flame—and not a rebel got within stone's throw.

The last charge, made just at twilight, was the most desperate of all. The lines started with a yell, and charged on the run, and though hundreds went down other hundreds kept on. We shattered and scorched and withered them with our musketry fire, and I finally heard them sound "retreat." We sprang up, gave them a last volley and then dashed forward a few rods with the bayonet. Out of the smoke and darkness suddenly appeared a figure on my front. There was a blaze, and the man on my right went down, shot in the shoulder. There was a whiz-z-z! and the butt of a musket just cleared my head and knocked the man on my left flat to the earth. I had my musket at a charge when a voice called out:

"Hold on, I surrender!"

I went forward and took hold of him, and who or what do you suppose he was? A boy not yet 15 years old, and as pale-faced and gentle-spoken as a girl. More than that, he was wounded in the side, in the leg and in the head. We had them driven back to stay, and our boys were cheering and yelling, and I took the boy on my back and carried him beyond the creek and into our lines. He must have been suffering painfully with his wounds, but he never uttered a groan. I heaped two or three blankets together and made him a bed, but I could get no one to do for him. There were dead and wounded men almost without number around us, and that last desperate charge had hardly been driven back before McClellan issued his orders to fall back to the river under cover of gunboats. As my brigade was nearest to the rebels, we were the last to move, and it was long after midnight before we got the word.

Meanwhile I had inspected the boy's wounds, and soothed him as best I could. It was plain that he was fatally hit, and when he realized this he said:

"I—I don't care for myself, but mother—poor old mother! And sister Mary—and little Jim—it will break their hearts."

By and by he fell into a sort of stupor that lasted for a quarter of an hour. Then he roused himself and exclaimed:

"It was a glorious charge! We knew that we were going to death, but never a man hung back—never a man lost the step! Were they driven back?"

"Yes."

"But we reached your lines?"

"Yes, a few."

"And I was one?"

"Yes, poor boy. Never a one came nearer than you."

"That's grand! They said I would be afraid but I wasn't. I didn't feel it when I was hit. We were on the double-quick. I was cheering. Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Half an hour later he was dead. There were three of us bending over him when he suddenly sat up waved his arm and sought to cheer again, but the blood choked him and he fell back dead.

Twenty long years after, one day in a Georgia farmhouse, I found his mother, old and bent and gray, and little Jim now grown to manhood and sister Mary, now a woman, wife and mother. They knew he fell at Malvern Hill, but he had been buried among the unknown, and how he died they knew not.

SEWING ON BUTTONS.

How that Interesting Operation is Performed by a Man.

[New York Mail.]

Did you ever see a man in the solitude and privacy of his study attempt to sew a button on by himself? It is in all details, one of the most interesting performances in the world.

First, he hunts for the button. Generally, to secure it, he robs Peter to pay Paul, and cuts one from some other garment. This may be much larger or smaller than the size he is wearing. He hunts for a needle. Probably he goes out and buys a paper of needles. He always chooses the largest, having an impression that large needles will sew stronger than small ones.

As to the thread he gets the coarsest he can find, and this he doubles. He takes the big needle in one hand and his coarse black thread in the other, he bites off the thread to the desired length, then he tries to twist it to a fine point. Generally in this he succeeds in making two and sometimes three fine points out of one end. Of course he can't get all of these points through the needle's eye at once.

He tries hard to make the needle and thread to get on friendly terms with each other. Sometimes the needle kicks, and sometimes the thread. Sometimes he really imagines he has threaded his needle. It is an ocular delusion; the thread has missed the needle's eye by half an inch. It is harder work than sawing wood.

At last the needle is threaded. Now he tries to sew the button on without taking off his trousers. This proves a failure. He twists himself into an uncomfortable position and so would sew. But he cannot sew so. He runs the needle in his finger and makes an inaudible exclamation. Again the needle slips into the fleshy part of the hand, which induces a very audible dash from the operator. The recording angel knows what is going on inside of him and debits him with every item. He sews hard.

He has forgotten all about the necessity for a thimble. He jams his thumb down on the needle's head and it punctures his thumb or runs under the nail. By and by he sews the button eye full of thread. His big needle does not pass through any more. He must stop. He ends by winding the thread as many times as it will go under the button, and perhaps he leaves off with two or three inches of thread sticking outside.

A woman can, through many outward indications, tell when a man has been trying to sew on a button. He doesn't know the shibboleth of needle and thread and it catches somewhere every time. At last the button is sewed on, and he is proud of his work.

Easy to Please.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Any fried oysters?" he asked of the keeper of an eating stall on the market.

"Well, no; not exactly fried oysters," she answered.

"What is it?"

"Cold corned beef."

"Oh, that's near enough; and you may slice me off some. I expect it's all in the name, any way."

Hard to Believe.

[Liverpool Post.]

"Pa," said a lad to his father, "I have often read of people poor but honest; why don't they sometimes say, 'rich but honest?'"

"Tut, tut, my son; nobody would believe them," answered the father.

May Come Yet.

[Harper's Bazar.]

"Marriages are made in heaven," quoth Miss Antique.

"Then there is some chance for you yet," was the cruel response of her younger sister

ZEKEL'S BRINDLE COW.

She Gets Constable Abe Fendle Into Trouble.

Difficulties of Enforcing the Statute "in Such Cases Provided."

The Old Settler Tells Just Why Abe Decided to Resign His Office.

[Ed Mott in New York Sun.]

"I hear th't Abe Fendle has resigned ez constable o' the Lost Crow Barren deestric', 'Squire," remarked the Old Settler, with a show of unusual interest in the subject.

"He has, hay," said the 'Squire. "Wall, 'tain't noways likely th't the ship o' State is gointer be shuck up much or be slammed and banged agin the rocks to any alarmin' degree, is it, 'cause Abram hain't a gointer constable no more? Is th' any danger o' the Constitution bein' splintered, Major? Is the commonwealth shakin' from centre to ci'cumfer'nce?"

"Well, mebbe not," replied the Old Settler. "The ship o' State an' the Constitution proberly is sailin' plumb an' holdin' stiddy, but f'm all th't I hear Lost Crow Barren is in the agitatinest state o' mind over Abe's quittin' ez constable th't any deestric ever were. Nobody didn't hev no idee th't Abe were gointer quit, an' it dropped down on the deestric' like a ton o' lead. They don't talk 'bout nothin' else. The dominie's approaching donation, an' sign o' b'ar, even, has had to take a back seat. Do ye know 'Zek'el Glazer o' Lost Crow Barren, 'Squire?"

"I've heerd th't he were a man ez had made his mark over thar," said the squire.

"So he has, b'gosh!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "He's made his mark over thar, and it's mostly made on notes an' due bills. Wull, 'Zeke'l is mixed up in this constable business—him and Gabe Owens an' a brindle cow. If I were Abe Fendle I'd hev it out o' somebody's hide 'fore I got through with it or I'd know the reason fer why. Abe were runnin' fer constable 10 or 15 year 'fore he got elected. Every town meetin' he put hisself in the han's of his friends jist ez reg'lar ez town meetin' kim 'round, but the han's of his friends didn't never seem to git a clutch on Abram strong enough to lift him up an' set him in the splint-bottom cheer at the constable's office. So las' spring Abe he stuck himself in the han's of his friends some more, an' tol' em, b'gosht'lmighty, th't if they didn't snatch him an' tumble him inter bein' constable that time, he'd jist quit an' lay down, an' mebby pass down in sorrer to an ontimely an' disy'pinted grave. He tol' 'em th't he 'spected 'em to rally like one man an' show t'other side th't some things k'd be did ez well ez others, if not more so. Wull, they rallied, an' that night w'en Mrs. Abram Fendle went to bed she were a constable's wife, an' no mistake, fer Abram were 'lected. Some folks said he wouldn't ha' been 'lected if the man th't were runnin' agin him hadn't a up an' died with appleplexy 'fore the 'lection were over, so th't wan't no one to vote fur but Abram; but mebby that were a campaign lie. Abram were lifted clean up and chucked into bein' constable o' Lost Crow Barren, and I s'pose he an' his family growd more'n a foot apiece. Him an' his rallyin' friends had a rejicin', an' Billy Crunly made a speech an' tol' Abe, b'gosh, to go ahead, to be just an' fear net, pledged but to truth, to liberty, an law. No favor sways ye, says Billy, an' no fear kin awe an' hew to line, says he, let the chips fall where they may. Abram said he would, or else he wouldn't deserve to hev the right to run his feller citizens to the county jail, an' to levy on their goods and chattels whenever the statutes in such cases made an' pervided called him to his duty b'gosh, an' he hoped they wouldn't fergit it. Abram were quite a stumper, an' he made a speech that folks said'd mebbe land him in the sheriff's office, or mebbe in the Legislatur'. An' now he's knocked over the hull business an' quit constablin,' an th' hain' no tellin' w'at the end'll be, fer Abram is cut up wuss'n a hog at a killin'.

"'Zek'l Glazer got mixed in this constable business sumpin' 'bout as follers: He had a neighbor, an' this here neighbor were achin' to build a smokehouse, but w'en he looked the matter over he found th't he didn't hev no lumber. He had a brindle cow, but no lumber, an' ez he couldn't think o' no way th't he k'd work his brindle cow up into the shape o' a smokehouse, he done the nex' best thing an' give up the idea o' buildin' one, ez money were a leetle tight jist then in the deestric', anyhow. Long 'bout that time 'Zek'l Glazer's wife were negotiatin' fer a blue mereener dress th't she'd got her eyes on at Jugson's store at the Barren. All th't she hed to do to get the dress were to pervide Jugson with butter till the dress were settled for. Th' wan't but one thing in the way o' her doin' that, an' that were the triflin' obstacle of havin' no cow. If she'd ha' had a cow right then an' thar, th' hain't no doubt but Abe Fendle 'd be constable o' Lost Crow Barren yit, an' the c'munity thar an' tharabouts wouldn't be all broke up. But she didn't hev nothing nigher to a cow th'n a few hundred feet o' hemlock boards th't 'Zek'el had got hold on through a dicker o' some kind, an' Mrs. 'Zek'el wa'n't fur enough up in butter makin' to churn butter out o' that board pile, no more th'n the neighbor k'd throw a smokehouse together with no more mater'al than his brindle cow. But 'Zek'el know'd how to do both on 'em. He went to the neighbor.

"'See here,' says he, 'you want a smokehouse, an' we want butter,' says he. 'Consekently,' says he, 'how'll ye swop cow for hemlock?'

"The neighbor were willin' fer a dicker, of course, but the hemlock wan't worth more'n $5, an' the cow were held stiff at $15, an' so he said he wanted $10 to boot. That wan't nothin' in the way of closin' the dicker, fer 'twouldn't ha' made no difference to 'Zek'el how much boot were asted, ez he paid it with his note, an' he wa'n't in the habit o' reco'nizin' anything bindin' 'bout his notes arter he'd give 'em. So the trade were made. Mrs. 'Zek'el got her dress an' the neighbor got his smoke house, an' 'Zek'el had a brindle cow. 'T'wa'nt a great w'ile 'fore the note kim due.

"'Zek'el,' says the neighbor, 'I got my smokehouse, an' now I want the money on this here note,' says he so's I kin buy some pork to put in the smokehouse.'

"'Zek'el he told the neighbor th't it wa'n't the time o' year he were payin' notes jist then, an' the upshot o' the business were th't the note were sued an' execution isshied for the full figger and costs. This dockyment were put in Abram Fendle's hands.

"'I want the money on that note,' said the neighbor that held it, 'if ye hef to git it outen 'Zeke Glazer's skin!' says he and he were mad. Abe had made a good many trips to 'Zek'el's on sim'lar 'casions an' he know'd th't th' wan't much left on the prem'ses to even up many more claims. The brindle cow were still on hand but she'd had to put up with ruther thin fodder, an' Abram kinder had his doubts 'bout her fetchin' $10 an' costs. But he levied on her, an' sot a date w'en he would sell her, 'cordin' to law. Three days 'fore the day of sale the neighbor th't held the judgment agin 'Zek'el kim a-tearin' to Abram Fendle all in a sweat.

"'Jeewhizz!' he hollered. 'Zeke's brindle has got away an' can't be found high or low! You got to find her, Abram', he hollered, 'or I'll hold ye to make good for her! That brindle cow's in your jurisprudence,' he hollered, 'an' unless ye hev her 'rested in time fer the sale, I'll slap the hull business onter you!'

"Abe he tore 'round his bailiwick for a couple o' days, lookin' fer that brindle cow, but th' wa'n't hide nor hair of her to be skeert up. Then he begun to wish he hadn't put hisself in the hands of his friends and to wish, b'gosh, th't 'twere some un else 'stid o' him th't were bein' just an' fearin' not, and pledged but to truth, to liberty an' law, an' hewin' to the line ez constable o' Lost Crow Barren, an' lettin' the chips fall whar they mowt. To'rds evenin' on the third day o' the hunt for 'Zek'el's stray brindle Abram were goin' a hossback through the Barren, an' had give up, an' were almost a weepin' an' wailin' an' gnashin' his teeth ez he mourned over the hollerness o' p'litical honors, w'en all of a sudden he heerd a noise o' sumpin' browsin' in the brush. He squinted through an' kim nigh tumblin of fen his hoss, keplunk, fer thar he see the brindle feedin' ez cool an' impydent ez if she hadn't turned the bailiwick upside down for three days. Abram drove the cow to his own premises an' locked her up. She were on hand fer the sale nex' day, an ev'rybody noticed how slick an' fat she were. She were sold fer the full amount of the judgment an' costs, and the world didn't look dark and dreary no more to Constable Fendle, but loomed up ez a place wuth a man's w'ile fer to hew to the line in ez constable o' Lost Crow Barren, with prospects, mebbe, o' lettin' the chips fall whar they mowt ez shurff, or mebbe o' being just an' fearin' not ez member o' the Legislatur'.

"Three or four days after the sale Gabe Owen dropped around to see Abe Fendle. Gabe lived on the place nigh whar Abe had found the cow.

"'Did you sell a brindle cow, t'other day, Abram?' said Gabe.

"Abram said he did.

"'Who bought it?' said Gabe.

"Abram told him that Peter Jump had bought the cow. Gabe Owen went away an' bimeby kim back to Abe's ag'in.

"'Wall, Abram,' he said, 'you sold my cow t'other day!'

"Course Abram wouldn't b'lieve that, but things begun to look holler ag'in. He tol' Gabe that the cow was the property o' 'Zek'el Glazer, and it had been took up reg'lar an' 'cording to the statue so made an' pervided. Gabe he said the cow mowt ha' been took up reg'lar, but she were his cow, an' ez the man th't bought her wouldn't give her up Gabe said he'd see w'at the statute in some other case made an' pervided would do 'bout it, an' he sued the man fer the cow. Somebody livin' over beyent McAvery's woods heerd 'bout this trouble with a brindle cow, an' he kim to Abram an' tol' him th't the dead body of a lean brindle cow were layin' on the edge of a laurel swamp out thar, an' th't mebbe she mowt be a good witness in the case. Abram went out thar, an' the minute he see the frame o' that dead cow he know'd th' wa'nt no doubt but wa't 't were the frame o' 'Zek'el Glazer's ol' brindle. He went back an' tole' Pete Jump that the cow he bought were Gabe Owens' sure, an' then Pete give it up. But then he nat'rally wanted his money back th't h'd paid fer the cow. In bein' just an' fearin' not, Abram had distrib'ted that money 'cordin' to the statue made an' pervided, an' he said, b'gosh, th't he didn't see how he ke'd pay it back to Pete Jump. But th' wa'n't no gettin' out of it, fer Peter perposed to hew ter the line a leetle himself, without keerin' a continental wher' the chips tumbled, an' Abram had to settle. He thort, then, th't the world were lookin' 'bout ez dark an' dreary ez it could, an' th't the hollerness o' p'litical honors couldn't git any bigger, but he was wrong. W'ile he were flounderin' in the hollerness, who sh'd drap in to see him but 'Zek'el Glazer.

"'I s'pose ye know, Abram, 'he said, 'th't I know'd all the time ye were sellin' th't brindle cow th't it wa'n't mine.'

"Abe said he didn't know nothin' o' the kind.

"'An' I s'pose ye know,' said 'Zek'el, 'th't I were ready to bid th't cow in an' keep her if she had been mine, but seein' th't she wa'n't mine I didn't bid, knowin' I'd git in the same trouble that Pete Jump did.'

"Abe said this was news to him, an' the hollerness o' things kep' gittin' bigger an' deeper.

"'An' I s'pose ye know,' said 'Zek'el,' th't my cow were your pris'ner w'en she get away an' died in the swamp,' said he, an' th't consekently bein' dead I couldn't bid her in.'

"'W'at in the name o' the Grizzly King be ye gittin' at?' said Abram.

"'Jist agittin' at this here,' said 'Zek'el, 'an' that is th't unless ye pay me for that air cow, I'll sue ye fer it, an' I'll make ye everlastin'ly whistle!' said he.

"Then Abram thort the bottom had dropped out of ev'rything, sartin; but w'en Gabe Owen, feelin' mad fer the trouble he had been put to, swore out a war'nt fer Abram, chargin' him with stealin' his cow, an' bound him over to court, Abe jist give notice th't if th' were any one th't wanted to put theirself in the hands o' their friends to be h'sted inter the office o' constable o' Lost Crow Barren, they k'd do it then an' thar, ez he had got all the bein' just an' fearin' not an' the hewin' to the line thet he wanted, an' would drop out an' go home an' tell his folks th't he had found the pole star of his ambition to be a hole in the ground b'goshty'lmighty, bigger th'n a ten-acre lot."

PEOPLE WHO SUGGEST.

We All Despise Them Cordially, Don't We, Though?—Here are Their Little Peculiarities.

[C. N. Hood in Puck.]

Do you know I cordially despise those people who are always happening along just as you are accomplishing some little task in your own ingenious way, and suggesting a much easier and better method than the one which you are utilizing. I don't know of any class of people that exasperates me more.

It would make some difference if the suggestions were of value, or if the suggesters knew what they were talking about, or had ever had any experience in the matters, which they never have in 11 cases out of 10. They simply have a mania for suggesting.

You are shovelling snow from the sidewalk. One of them will happen along, watch you a moment with a superior air of wisdom, and suggest that if you would change hands with the shovel every other time, it would be a much easier as well as a more rapid method. You have tried that way and found it a nuisance; but you haven't the heart to say so—at least I haven't—and so you shovel in that manner until the suggester, with a feeling that he is being fondly blessed for his thoughtfulness, is out of sight. Then you go on in the old way. I have noticed, by the way, that these suggesters seldom practise upon their own sidewalks in any manner.

Then, you are busy writing at your desk, as though your life depended on your reeling out four feet of copy in four consecutive minutes, and the fiendish suggester, thoughtful only of your comfort and health, watches you a few minutes and suggests that if your light were a little higher or a little lower, or about so much more to one side or the other, or shaded a little differently, it would be a great improvement. What can you do but change it, and cringe for fear that he will think of something else to suggest?

You are driving a nail. You mangle your thumb with a poorly directed blow of the hammer, and while you are hopping around with your thumb in your mouth, and trying to crowd down the bad words which come welling swiftly up for utterance, the suggester suggests that if you had grasped the nail in such and such a manner, the hammer would have had no chance to accomplish its fiendish work. It is so comforting at such a time, and it goes so far toward assuaging the pain!

You are just attempting a difficult shot at billiards, have figured out the most practicable one, when, just when you are nerving yourself for the effort, the suggester starts forward anxiously exclaiming, "Why, that isn't your best shot! You'd much better play on the dark red ball first, very thin, with the 'English' on the left side, come to the cushion about this point, and carrom on the white ball."

Of course there is nothing for you to do but try it. And don't you almost always miss under such circumstances? I do.

No matter what you are doing or how you are doing it, the suggester always happens around, watches you a minute or two and volunteers his new and improved but unwelcome method.

I hate a suggester, on general principles. Some of them mean well enough, but the most of them are meddlers and fault-finders pure and simple. Is it not so? Am I not right? Oh my brothers! Oh my sisters!

How Stars Are Photographed.

[New York Star.]

The method of photographing stars is interesting. When the photographer places in the focus of the telescope a highly sensitive photographic plate the vibrations of the rays of light throw themselves assiduously on the plate and steadily apply to the task of shaking asunder the molecules of silver salts in the gelatine film. Just as the waves of ocean by incessantly beating against a shore will gradually wear away the mightiest cliffs of the toughest rock, so the innumerable millions of waves of light persistently impigning upon a single point of the plate will at length effect the necessary recomposition, and so engrave the image of the star. It will be obvious that this process will be the more complete the longer the exposure is permitted, and thus we see one of the reasons why photography forms such an admirable method of depicting the stars. We can give exposures of many minutes or of one, two, three or four hours, and all the time the effect is being gradually accumulated. Hence it is that a star which is altogether too feeble to produce an impression upon the most acute eye, fortified by a telescope of the utmost power may yet be competent when a sufficient exposure has been allowed to leave its record on the plate. Thus it is that photographs of the heavens disclose to us the existence of stars which could never have been detected except for this cumulative method of observation that photography is competent to give. No telescope is required, as the photographic apparatus takes the exact impression.

Pleased and Grateful.

[Town Topics.]

Mr. Albert Ross, the gentleman of legal and literary bent upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of giving to the world that argument, in narrative form, entitled "Thou Shalt Not," is the father, not only of books, but of children. One of these little ones, a miss of almost as much originality as her sire, was being catechised the other day by the author of her existence. With a degree of sapience such as one might expect from such a man, Mr. Ross asked his daughter whether she was favorably or unfavorably impressed by things mundane, and whether, on the whole, she was glad she had been brought into the world.

"Yes, papa," she replied: "I am glad," and then recollecting something of her training in politeness, she added: "And I am very much obliged to you for the invitation."

Peculiar Collateral.

[Texas Siftings.]

Impecunious party—Can't you lend me $5? I'll pay you back in a few days.

Friend—If I lend you the money, what security have I that you will pay me back?

"I'll give you my sacred word of honor as a gentleman and a pair of dove-colored pants, almost as good as new, which cost me $11."

Wanted by His Mother.

[Judge.]

Tommy—Come out'n' play, Johnny.

Johnny—Can't.

Tommy—Whatyer gotter stay home fer?

Johnny—The stove-lid is broke and ma wants me to sit on the stove and keep the smoke in.

WHIST AS SHE IS PLAYED.

"Iris" Deftly Pictures a Quiet Evening at Home.

Lilian and Arthur Use Sarcasm and Papa Disobeys the Rules.

Whether Science or Luck Win the Game the Reader Must Decide.

["Iris" in San Francisco Argonaut.]

(Scene—The small sitting room. A polished floor glimmering between rugs, bookshelves with calf-bound "favorites," which no one ever thinks of reading. A sofa with two pillows, on which Lilian's fair hand has depicted some strange, preadamite forms of vegetation of future value as illustrating the first savage stages of decorative art. Round a green baize table sit the family playing whist. Mamma, a benign, stout gentle lady, with eyebrows perpetually lifted in a state of mild and plaintive deprecation and glasses well down on the tip of her nose, plays with papa, at whom she gazes with timorous appeal. Papa, rotund, flushed, gray-haired, tilts his chair back on its hind legs, or else hitches it close to the table. The opponents of papa and mamma are Lilian and Arthur. Lilian, in a green and buff tea-gown, looks bored, and, holding her cards high up under her eyes, sorts them with an appearance of resigned languor. Arthur shuffles the pack with a skill and despatch which prove him to be no novice.)

Arthur (dealing out four cards, face up)—Papa's deal. Now, Lily, buckle on your armor—we're going to wipe up the floor with them this time.

Mamma (folding her hands on the edge of the table, and smiling absently at the falling cards)—I don't remember who won last time.

Papa (dealing)—No, dear; you never were known to remember anything in your life—whose card is that?

Lilian—Count the cards, Arthur. Is it a misdeal?

Papa (confidently)—We beat you last time, and we're going to beat you this time. You can't play whist without some science.

Arthur—The better the cards you hold the more science you have. Just wait and see—Lily and I have the luck with us.

Papa (loftily)—Oh, the cards are a small matter; it's the way you play them.

Lilian—I see. It's "Heaven sends good meat, but the devil sends cooks," over again. It's your lead, Arthur. Go on.

Arthur—What are trumps? Spades. Let's see! (Examines his cards, then looks triumphantly at his partner.) I told you we'd lay them out this time. Your name's mud, mamma. (Leads a heart.)

(There is a pause. Mamma, with her eyebrows well up and an expression of absorbed preoccupation on her face, sorts her cards. They all look expectantly at her, but she continues, placidly oblivious of their glances. Papa, tilting back his chair and running his fingers his hair, watches her with the air of pride which one exhibits when viewing a remarkable and novel possession. Mamma, at this moment, drops a card into her lap, and, looking up with furtive fear, sees three pairs of eyes fixedly staring at her.)

Mamma (politely, with innocent inquiry)—Are you waiting for me?

Papa (bowing and with a gracious gesture)—Well, there was some such idea in our minds.

Mamma (contrite and flurried)—Oh, I beg your pardon (returning to the arrangement of her cards and speaking low in a preoccupied, inward voice). It takes such a long time to sort them. If I could go into the next room and spread them out on the sofa it would be such a convenience. What did Arthur play—hearts? (looking over her glasses) hearts! (meditatively.)

Papa (in a cheerfully encouraging tone)—Second in hand, low.

(Mamma throws a heart on the trick, which papa takes with the queen.)

Papa (letting his chair come down on its front legs and speaking with incisive emphasis)—Now, mamma, it's a bad plan to return your enemy's lead, but that play of yours indicated so clearly to me how the cards lie that I'll set aside rules and trust to my own instinct. (Plays a low heart. To Arthur) It's always a good plan to disregard rules. Be independent. Don't play by the book, play by your own instinct.

Arthur (dazzled by this sudden widening of his horizon)—Suppose you haven't any instinct?

Papa (conclusively)—Then don't play whist. (Encouragingly, as one speaks to timid children) Go on, mamma, dear.

(Mamma, who, during his harangue, has fixed on him a glance of concentration which would have done credit to Galileo when evolving the revolutions of the spheres grows suddenly nervous. She looks over her spectacles at the table, then at her hand, draws out a card, pauses, considering doubtfully, and finally throws down the knave. Then looks across at papa with a resigned glance, expectant of, yet determined to bear meekly the wrath to come.)

Papa (in an awed, low voice laying down his cards and looking upward at the ceiling)—Holy St. Bridget! (Then returning to earth and speaking plaintively)—You see the way your mother ruins my game. Playing with a good partner, you base your play on his. Every card he plays should indicate to you the state of his hand. But you can't count on the mother, there's no knowing how she will break out. Take the visiting-cards out of your mother's reach, Arthur, or she'll be playing them.

Lilian (to her mother, comfortingly)—Never mind, dearest there's always an element of excitement about your kind of playing; with Arthur's, there's nothing but a certainty that it's going to be as bad as possible.

Arthur (gathering up the trick)—All the same I notice that he scoops the tricks.

Mamma (who has been meditating, with her head on one side, like a thoughtful bird)—Now what did I do then that was wrong?

Papa (with gallantry)—Nothing, my dear, nothing! Your play would have given the keenest rapture to Pole and Cavendish. But suppose, just for form's sake, that you go on.

Mamma (starting again)—My turn? It always seems my turn! Let me see. A club. What are trumps?

Papa (in sudden agony)—It's the first time round.

Mamma—Oh, yes, so it is. Well (deliberating), clubs, and I'm second in hand. I think—I'll—play—this (slowly depositing a card)

(They all lean forward in suspense to see what it is, then sink back, with great sighs of relief, on recognizing a modest four.)

Lilian (who has taken the trick)—Gather up the spoils, Arthurr I return your lead.

Arthur (gloomily, throwing the ten on the table)—It wasn't much of an inspiration.

Lilian (glaring at Arthur, with sudden fury)—Isn't that your lead?

Arthur (frightened, and feeling guiltily conscious of a stronger suit in spades)—Don't kill me, break my legs!

Papa (wickedly triumphant)—Spare the boy. Even Don Ferdinando can do no more than he can do

(A silence. Mamma, in a brown study, looks at the ceiling. Then)

Papa	(in three	It's your play, mamma.
Lilian	different	It's your play, dearest.
Arthur	keys.)	It's your play, petty.

Mamma—My play again? Oh—hearts! Has hearts been led before (looking round with vague inquiry)?

Papa (with the vivacity of desperation)—Now, mamma, look here—Arthur third in hand plays the ten. The ten, you see. Do for pity's sake (in a tone of exasperated entreaty) try and take something.

Lilian (sarcastic)—That means you're to get that trick if it takes every card in your hand.

(Mamma, spurred by this, throws down the ace.)

Papa—Why in heaven's name did you play such a big one?

Arthur—That's the way to take a trick, take it with a flourish.

Mamma (with the cold resignation of one who knows herself blameless)—It was the only one I had.

Papa—Well, why didn't you play that the last time?

Mamma—I only just found it. It was hidden between two diamonds.

(After long debate with herself, mamma leads a diamond).

Lilian (suddenly concentrated) — Diamonds?—diamonds? Hasn't somebody led that before, or was it in the last game? There are a lot of red things out. Oh, yes, of course, that's hearts. Yes—yes—now I remember.

(She takes the trick and leads diamonds again).

Papa (second in hand, now debates. He holds his head and counts, looking at the ceiling with his eyes screwed up. He consults his hand and meditates. He turns over the last trick and spreads it out, muttering ominously to himself. The others watch these dark proceedings with melancholy forebodings. They fear the results of the concentration of the mind instructed in the labyrinths of whist when thus visibly working for their destruction. Finally papa, hitching his chair closer to the table, throws down a card, looks round with a glance of triumphant challenge and says with the air of one who dares to put it to the touch)—I play the king, second in hand.

Mamma (on the alert, with her glasses on the tip of her nose, so that she has to hold her head up to look through them)—A diamond! (Having studied the table that way she looks over them and says) Diamonds! (Then she looks suddenly up at papa, her glance instinct with comprehension and what seems to his excited fancy devilish menace.)

Papa (a prey to horrible fears)—Now, mamma, take care! For heaven's sake, take care! Look now. Here's the way the cards lie—the three is Lilian's—you see I'm putting it in front of her—the king is mine and the eight Arthur's. (Carefully placing each card before its owner) There—now you see! That's my king, you remember.

Mamma (with offended pride)—Of course I see. There is no need to explain all that. (Studies her hand, pulls a card half out and pushes it back with a dark shake of her head. Looks imploringly at papa, who watches her in sick suspense. Draws out a card, slowly, reluctantly, fans it back and forth for a moment uneasily deliberating, then despairingly drops it on the trick. The six of trumps!)

(Papa throws down his cards, falls back, and, running his fingers through his hair, invokes several of the heathen deities who appear to be roosting in the chandelier.)

Arthur (who has not understood what his mother was expected to play)—Was that an example of instinct?

Mamma (patiently)—I suppose it was wrong?

Papa—No, dear, it was great, majestic, sublime! It might have been inspired by a close study of theosophy or a long residence in the Concord school of philosophy! Go on go on!

(The game is concluded, giving Arthur and Lilian two points.)

Mamma (squeezing a hand of each of her opponents)—You played beautifully.

Arthur—You did the best you could for us, petty. Which should you say you got it by, Lily, science or luck?

Lilian (pushing back her chair and sauntering away with a bored air)—Consideration for my partner forbids me to respond.

GOT THERE.

Love's Young Dream May Become Marriage's Old Nightmare Sometime, But These Two Don't Think So Now.

["Z. D." in Time.]

Miss Susie Tansy—Do you know what time it is, Hank Stoner?

Hank Stoner—No; nor I don't care.

"Oh, you don't? Well, it's time all good little boys were at home and in bed."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, I do, smarty; and you'd better be going."

"I'll go when I git ready."

"Sass-box."

"Say, Susie."

"Say it yourself, while your mouth's open."

"Pshaw, now, Suse; I'm in earnest."

"Well, what am I doing?"

"You know what; you know I been going with you a long time, Suse."

"Pugh! what if you have? Guess I never asked you to go with me, and—11 o'clock! you going to stay here all night?"

"Pshaw, Sue! you're tickled enough to have me stay, and you know it!"

"A-a-a-w, Hank Stoner! As though I care whether you go or stay—Pugh!"

"Oh, I guess I ain't such a fool as I look. But say, Susie?"

"Well, say it, then, you ninny! My land o' rest, I ain't hinderin' you."

"You are, too."

"Tee, hee, hee, hee!"

"Honest Injun now, Suse; I'm in dead earnest. I aint been your shadder six months for nothin'."

"My shadder! La, Hank!"

"You know I aint."

"How should I know? I aint a witch."

"You act like one."

"You're polite, I must say!"

"I meant it as a compliment."

"Smart compliment."

"I think the world and all of you, Susie."

"La, Hank!"

"I aint foolin'."

"Tee, hee, hee, hee!"

"Did you ever happen to think that you and me was old and big enough to get married?"

"P-o-o-h, Hank!"

"We air. I aint thought of much else of late."

"You redickerlus thing!"

"Well, I aint. You like me purty well, don't you?"

"I'd be smart to say so if I did."

"Well, you might when we're going to git married."

"Who said we were going to git married? It takes two to make a bargain, Mr. Smarty."

"But you will, won't you, Susie?"

"I'll think about it."

"Pshaw, Susie; why can't you say 'yes' right out?"

"Oh, you're too anxious, and—let go my hand!"

"I shan't."

"You mean thing! I've a notion to—the idea of your putting your arm around my waist like that and—now, you dare to kiss me again! What if pa or ma should come in?"

"Pooh! They're in bed where they'd ought to be!"

"Nice way to talk about my pa and ma. It's a good thing for you they are in bed!"

"Yes, I think so myself. I'd rather have 'em there than here."

"Tee, hee, hee! you mean thing!"

"Come, now, Susie, say yes. I love you like all-possessed!"

"Aw, Hank! Take your mouth away from my cheek—g'way!"

"Say, 'yes' first."

"Well—if I must—yes."

"Hooray!"

"Shut up! Good heavens! You want to raise the dead?"

"I'm so happy, Suse!"

"Well, don't go crazy if you are—goose!"

Progressive Theology.

[Washington Post.]

A certain evangelist in western Virginia organized a Sunday school, and by dint of diplomacy obtained a goodly following of youngsters into whose uncombed heads and pliant hearts he instilled the rudiments of religion. Neither did he spare the corrective rod in case his charges failed to come to taw with his catechism.

One Sunday a new arrival was discovered over in the boys' corner. He was called down before the teacher and cross-examined with a view to learning his religious acquirements.

"How many gods are there?" asked the teacher.

The boy thought a moment and ventured the assertion that there were two.

"Wrong!" said the teacher.

"Three!"

"Oh! you must know better than that! Try again. How many gods are there."

"Four!" whimpered the boy.

"Wrong again!" shouted the instructor. "I will give you one more chance. If you don't answer right this time I'll tan you. Now, for the last time, how many gods are there?"

"Five!" wailed the unhappy tow-head.

Smack! The teacher gave him a thorough dressing down and sent him from the room in disgrace. A belated scholar found him sitting by the roadside howling at the top of his voice.

"What's the matter, Jack?"

"Teacher licked me."

"What for?"

"'Cause I didn't know how many gods there were."

"Huh? that's easy enough."

"D' you know?"

"Course."

"How many are there?"

"One, you stupid."

"One, eh! Well, you just go in there with your little one god and you'll catch it. I 'lowed there was five, and he nigh killed me."

A Bright Boy.

[Merchant Traveler.]

Farmer Slikens has a son who, while being reasonably expert at following the plough has not neglected the more graceful arts that cluster round a pack of cards. The other evening the farmer went to the door and called:

"Joshua! oh, Joshua!"

"Wait a minute, pap," came the response from the barn.

"Wait a minnit? Well, I guess not. I hain't spent all these years raisin' you to be waitin' on you when I call you."

A shock-headed youth emerged, and as he came towards the house the old gentleman said:

"Now, sir, I want you to tell me why you didn't come right off when I called you."

"Well you see them fellers from the city is back in the barn, and they've each got about 75 cents left out of $10. We said we'd play one more jack pot, and I thought—"

"Go right back, son, and take your time."

An Unlucky Number.

[Terre Haute Express.]

"There, darling, the last one," said he, as he started down the steps.

He had nearly reached the gate when she called him back.

"I've just been counting up," she said "and that last kiss we took was the thirteenth, and that is an awfully unlucky number, you know."

When he finally got away the score was 37.

At a Rough Estimate.

[Puck.]

First passenger (standing in car)—I'm going to make that man move up and give me half of his seat.

Second passenger—Go slow, that's old Specie. Do you know what that man is worth?

First passenger—If pork is eight cents a pound, live weight, I should think he ought to be worth $16 easy enough.

CATCH PROBLEMS.

Useless Trash That is Taught in the Public Schools.

Quotations from the 'Rithmetic That Give Us Painful Memories.

Puzzles That We All Tackled, but Very Few of Us Could Solve.

[R. J. Burdette.]

While the family was gathered quietly around the parlor table, Rollo, who was smearing stains on his face and marks on his slate, broke out into a petulant exclamation that welded itself upon a sob before he could swallow it.

"Rollo," said his father, patiently, as he reached for a paper cutter made of olive wood from the Mount of Olives, and made ready to whack Rollo over the conk (sometimes called head) with it, "what are you sniffling about?"

Rollo said he "couldn't do these old sums."

"Then," asked his Uncle George, "what will you do when you come to the new ones?"

But Rollo explained that he had used the term "old" as a reproachful and insulting epithet, after the manner of schoolboys, who call everything they don't like "old."

"Bring your slate and arithmetic to me," said Rollo's father, relenting, as he saw that Rollo was clear out of reach of the paper cutter from the Holy Land, "and I will show you how simple the examples are, and I trust you will be able to perceive how silly it is for a great boy like you to cry over a few little sums that would be considered simple and easy in the primary department of the kindergarten."

Rollo, whose head was level on practical matters, respectfully made a detour of the room, in order, as he politely explained, not to pass in front of any one, nor, as he added in a mental reservation well understood by his father, expose his spinal column within firing range of the olive branch paper cutter which his Uncle George, who was a Free Unexpected Mason, had brought home from the pious Masonic pilgrimage to that Sacred Land some years ago.

Rollo's father took the slate and arithmetic and began to look over the examples in order to find a hard one.

"How were you on fractions when you went to school, George?" he asked his brother, presently, after he had found what Rollo had secretly hoped he would light on, a regular writhing anaconda in complex fractions that had thrown the teacher that afternoon, and compelled him to remember (what no one else did) that he had once promised the boys before school "took up" last year, that one of these days this year he would let them out an hour earlier, and this was the day. Rollo's father was soon gnawing his underlip nervously, and trying so hard to look pleasant and unconcerned that Rollo's mother had to turn the lamp a little higher.

"Who, me?" asked Uncle George.

"Yes, you," said Rollo's father, with a heavy accent on the "you," as he broke a pencil and told Rollo if he didn't keep his slate pencils pointed better he'd take him out of school and bind him to a blacksmith.

"Oh! I was called the lightning calculator when I went to Hinman's," said Uncle George, "and fractions were fun for me. Pick me out a stunner and I'll give you a formula for doing it."

"There," said Rollo's father, handing Rollo the slate. "That's right; there's nothing hard about that. Do the others the same way; I'll leave my work on the slate to guide you."

"But your answer isn't like the one in the book," said Rollo, comparing them. "Yours is 98,437 13-2 and the answer in the book is 7¼."

Uncle George looked hard at the Eagle he was reading and smothered a groan of anguish, while Rollo's father said:

"Well, the book is wrong, then; don't you suppose I know as much about figures when I've been in business 20 years as that donkey who made an arithmetic up out of his head and can't tell a firkin of butter from a side of sole leather?"

Rollo said, "Yes, but the teacher made them bring the answers out like the ones in the book." "Well, give it to me, then," said his father, impatiently, and Rollo, who had been in town once before on circus day, handed the book and slate to his mother, who forwarded them to their destination.

Mr. Holliday scratched away busily for a few minutes. "They don't work by the same rules they did when I went to school," he said, presently. Nobody said anything, but Rollo got under the table to look for a pencil and uncle George was seen to tremble, perhaps with fear or emotion. "There's no sense in such a sum, anyhow," said Mr. Holliday. And he figured away like a baseball scorer. "The man that made such an arithmetic ought to be kicked to death by a mule," he muttered. "And I'd like to do it, too," he added, after a while. "There's no sense in it. No wonder children don't learn anything these days, when a lot of imbeciles compile the school books. There," at length he said triumphantly, 64,222½—is that it?"

"No, sir," said Rollo, timidly, "not exactly."

"Then," howled his father, "what made you say so? What is the answer?"

Rollo said again, "7¼."

"Yah-h-h!" snarled the father. "Throw that fool-book in the fire, and tomorrow I'll bind you out to a shoemaker, if that's all you learn at school. Hand that book to your Uncle George; see if he can make any sense out of a thing that never had any sense in it."

Then Uncle George took the book; in a little while he had the slate covered with figures, punctuating his work with satisfactory grunts and remarks calculated to cast oil upon any troubled waters that might be making spring tides in that vicinity. "H'm; easy enough. Nothing the matter with that. Can't see what fault your father finds with this book, Rollo;" "—and 2 is a 40; 2-3 of 9 5-8—h'm—1-8 of 9 is 2 1-2—5 times 2 1-2 is 10 1-4, less 1-3 of 3-4—8 from 5 you can't—h'm; that's all right; h'm, here you are. Rollo—7 years, 862 days, 48 hours, 8 minutes and 360 seconds—that's it; you want to reduce the fractions in the answer to whole numbers," he exclaimed kindly, to Rollo's father, who looked skeptical.

"But," Rollo said, "the answer in the book is 7¼, Uncle George; there is nothing about time in the example.

Uncle George took the book again, and, noticing a kindlier light gleaming upon Mr. Holliday's face, merely said:

"I have made some mistake in addition, I suppose," and presently added, "It's none of my business, Rollo, and I am not expected to interfere in the methods of domestic government in this family, but if one of my father's sons had spoken to a brother of his in the tone and language with which you just this moment addressed me, he would have been whipped before leaving that room so soundly that he never again would have committed such a breach of common courtesy."

Rollo looked toward the table, but nothing was visible there out of the ordinary line of family spectacles except a heightening tint on Rollo's mother's cheeks which, and a not at all unmotherly expression in her eyes, would have laid the ghost of Uncle George's late lamented father so cold—presuming it was then haunting the parlor—that it couldn't have gotten back to its grave before midsummer. Rollo's father was bending down low over the eagle, for which he had traded the arithmetic, making a suffocated sound, like a man trying to stay under water longer than he could.

By and by Uncle George broke out:

"Well I should say so! No wonder you thought this fellow was a fool! Why, he hasn't the sense he was born with! Look here; he says: 'A broker buys D., L. & W. stock for 46 cents and sells it at 72, how much does he make?' Why, the lunatic; he couldn't get a smell of D., L. & W. axle-grease for that money. Why, this man ought to be run out of the country. A sweet broker he'd make. Listen here: 'I bought 75 tons of Lehigh coal at $1.25 per ton and sold it——. Well, I hope he'll have to freeze until he can buy Lehigh coal for $1.25. Then he says, 'If I pay $1.97 for a bushel of wheat and sell it at $2.65 per bushel—. Why this robber has no more conscience than old Hutch; if he ever gets a grip on the wheat market he'll starve the universe. Here, take this book away; no wonder he doesn't get his answers right; he just guesses at them, like he does at his prices."

And poor little Rollo took his book, and, after an hour of toil and perspiration, and tears, and weariness of the flesh and spirit, wrought out the example. But he was cheered by the thought that some older and better sluggers than himself had been knocked out in that same ring."

An Odd Kissing Game.

[Washington Post.]

"I found a peculiar custom up at Shepherdstown, W. Va., where I spent my vacation," said a gentleman yesterday, "which was a novelty. The people have what they call 'soups.' A 'soup' is a sort of outdoor picnic. Each person invited brings a dressed chicken. The host provides the vegetables. The chickens and vegetables are put into huge kettles, holding 10 to 20 gallons, and cooked over open fires for several hours until the combination is reduced almost to a jelly. Pepper and other seasoning are introduced. The young folks stir the soup with long-handled iron spoons, walking around the kettle as they stir. When a girl's spoon clicks against the spoon of a young man he is bound to catch and kiss her. As you can imagine, there are a good many lively scrimmages around the kettle. When the soup is done it is ladled out into plates and eaten, and is delicious. The custom is an old one and I was unable to find its origin. A company of Stonewall Jackson's command was recruited around Shepherdstown and it still keeps up the organization. It has a reunion every year and celebrates the occasion with a grand 'soup.' A 'soup' of that company to be properly gotten up should be made of stolen chickens, but the veterans have had to give up foraging since the war and now make a compromise with necessity by going around in squads and robbing each other's hen roosts by a prearranged understanding."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Grief That Woman Never Knows.

[Washington Capital.]

The mind with sudden grief is fraught,
The red life-currents freeze;
Alas! the trousers newly bought
Are bagging at the knees.

Song.

[Mark Andre Raffalovich.]

Give me a little that I may
Believe that much is mine;
Give me a moment of each day,
Or write to me a line.

A bird that sips a drop of dew
Looks up and sees the sky,
And after anything of you,
Oh, dearest, so do I.

The Passing of the Express.

NIGHT AT A COUNTRY RAILROAD STATION.

[Alfred Trumble in Pittsburg Bulletin.]

Out of the blackness a globe of fire;
Out of the silence a clank and roar;
Out of the restfulness, dead before,
A mad rush, monstrous in strength and ire;
A spangle of sparks on night's dark dress;
A tempest of cinders, whirlwind tos't;
An echo dying—in distance lost;
Thus comes and passes the Night Express!

September.

[H. C. Bunner.]

The summer's gone—how did it go?
And where has gone the dogwood's show?
The air is sharp upon the hill;
And with a tinkle sharp and chill
The icy little brooklets flow.
What is it in the season though
Brings back the days of old, and so
Sets memory recalling still
The summer's gone?

Why are my days so dark? for lo!
The maples with fresh glory glow,
Fair shimmering mists the valleys fill,
The keen air sets the blood athrill.
Ah! now that *you* are gone, I know
The summer's gone.

The Word of Words.

[Aristine Anderson in Detroit Free Press.]

Old, old the tale, with pleading looks and sighs,
For she had heard it from uncounted swains,
Her heart untouched, undimmed her merry eyes,
With lilting jest for their impassioned strains,

Until he came—this man with careful choice
Of words so few she marveled at their power.
Whence came the wondrous music in his voice,
So quiet, that could hold her hour by hour?

He said: "I love you;" and each threadbare word
Thrilled her with sweet unrest. He said no more;
But watched her radiant eyes until she heard
Her own voice, breathing thoughts unknown before:

"This flowery alphabet I knew so well,
Whose odors waft fond lovers' prayers above;
But only now my heart has learned to spell
This word of words—oh, love—my love—I love."

"Love's Labor Lost."

[Mamie Short in Chicago Herald.]

Her brilliant hair gleamed goldenly
Against an ebon screen,
She waved a fan of ruby plumes,
She wore a robe of green.

On fingers slim the opals flashed
In rainbow hues and white,
On dimpled cheeks a witching smile,
In eyes a tender light.

Her foot, like fairy's cast in bronze,
On velvet cushion lay,
At ease on broidered, bright divan,
A queen she seemed that day.

A fall of light from tinted globe
Betrayed the vision fair,
A rose jar's spicy potpourri
Made heavy all the air.

And what my thoughts on entering
This bower beauty filled,
What words rushed madly to my lips
And then were trembling stilled.

"Effect—artistic, dainty, sweet;
Arrangement—really very neat,
But bait and trap, though fair to see,
Are set in vain to capture me."

Among the Poppies.

[Lulah Ragsdale in the Times-Democrat.]

Lo, yonder, how scarlet the poppy fields sway!
Ranks upon ranks of the sensuous things,
Each full to the throat, hot and panting, today,
With the exquisite poison that soothes while it stings.

Lo, you, how they open their restless red lips!
Swaying and sighing to me through the sun,
While the breath of each langorous bosom outslips
Till my soul is asleep and my heart is undone.

And what if I sink in that hot, scarlet blur?
And what if I eat of that bloom—will I yield?
Ah, lie not too near my lips!—lie not too near!
There is danger today in the red poppy field.

Lo, yonder a face where the poppies burn higher!
Ah, me! not a poppy face, e'en though it sway,
Lang'rous and passionate, lips all afire,
And hair all ablaze with the gold of the day.

Leonie, half hid in the blooms where she lies,
Full to the throat of her deadly, sweet power,
Is drawing me near with the smile of her eyes,
And the red of her mouth where it shines like a flower.

And what if her breath end the strife and the stir?
And what if I taste of her lips—will I yield?
Ah, lie not too near my lips!—lie not too near!
There is danger today in the red poppy field!

Horace II., 7.

[Chicago News.]

Pompey, what fortune gives you back
To the friends and the gods who love you—
Once more you stand in your native land,
With your native sky above you!
Ah, side by side, in years agone,
We've faced tempestuous weather,
And often quaffed
The genial draft
From an amphora together!

When honor at Phillippi fell
A prey to brutal passion,
I regret to say that my feet ran away
In swift iambic fashion;
You were no poet—soldier born,
You staid, nor did you wince then—
Mercury came
To my help, which same
Has frequently saved me since then.

But now you're back, let's celebrate
In the good old way and classic—
Come, let us lard our skins with nard
And bedew our souls with Massic!
With fillets of green parsley leaves
Our foreheads shall be done up,
And with song shall we
Protract our spree
Until the morrow's sun-up!

On Appledore.

[Willis Boyd Allen in October St. Nicholas.]

A flutter of white
On Appledore's shoulder;
The prettiest sight;
A flutter of white.
One by one they alight
On the dark jutting boulder;
A flutter of white
On Appledore's shoulder.

Six girls in a flock
Where the white sea is breaking,
Against the gray rock.
Six girls in a flock—
Their gay voices mock
The din it is making;
Six girls in a flock
Where the white sea is breaking.

Each flutters and clings
To the torn granite edges—
The merriest things!
Each flutters and clings.
Have they feathers and wings,
As they perch on the ledges?
Each flutters and clings
To the torn granite edges.

Mattie, Edith and Grace,
May, Gretchen and Mary,
With bonniest face
And daintiest grace
Each rest in her place.
Not with sea-bird or fairy
Each boulder is laden,
But a true-hearted maiden—
Mattie, Edith and Grace,
May, Gretchen and Mary.



A WAIF OF THE PLAINS.

The Pathetic Tale of a Western Emigrant Train.

[Copyright 1889 by the Author.]

PART II.



WITH the setting of the sun an ominous silence fell. He could hear the low breathing of Susy, and even fancied he could hear the beating of his own heart in that oppressive hush of all nature. For the day's march had always been accompanied by the monotonous creaking of wheels and axles, and even the quiet of the night encampment had been always more or less broken by the movement of unquiet sleepers on the wagon beds, or the breathing of the cattle. But here there was neither sound nor motion. Susy's prattle, and even the sound of his own voice would have broken the benumbing spell, but it was part of his growing self-denial now that he refrained from waking her even by a whisper. She would awaken soon enough to thirst and hunger, perhaps, and then what was he to do?

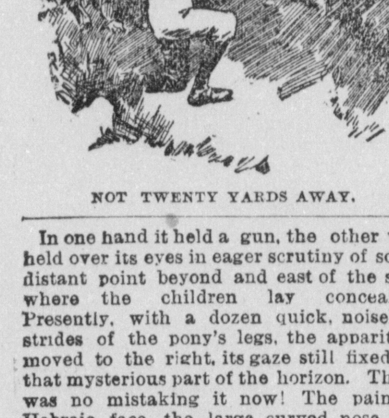
If that looked for help would only come now, while she still slept. For it was part of his boyish fancy that if he could deliver her asleep, and undemonstrative of fear and suffering, he would be less blameful, and she less mindful of her trouble. If it did not come—but he would not think of that yet! If she was thirsty meantime—well, it might rain, and there was always the dew which they used to brush off the morning grass; he would take off his shirt and catch it in that, like a shipwrecked mariner. It would be funny and make her laugh. For himself, he would not laugh; he felt he was getting very old and grown up in this loneliness.

It was getting darker—they should be looking into the wagons now. A new doubt began to assail him. Ought he not, now that he was rested, make the most of the remaining moments of daylight, and before the glow faded from the west, when he would no longer have any bearings to guide him? But there was always the risk of waking her—to what? The fear of being confronted again with her fear, and of being unable to pacify her, at last decided him to remain. But he crept softly through the grass, and in the dust of the track traced the four points of the compass, as he would still determine them by the sunset light, with a large printed W to indicate the west.

This boyish contrivance particularly pleased him. If he had only a pole, a stick, or even a twig, on which to tie his handkerchief and erect it above the clump of mesquite as a signal to the searchers in case he should be overcome by fatigue or sleep—he would have been happy. But the plain was barren of brush or timber; he did not dream that this omission and the very unobtrusiveness of his hiding place would be his salvation from a greater danger.

With the coming darkness the wind arose and swept the plain with a long drawn sigh. This increased to a murmur, till presently the whole expanse—before sank in awful silence—seemed to awake with vague complaints, incessant sounds and low moanings. At times he thought he heard the halloaing of distant voices, at times it seemed as a whisper in his own ear. In the silence that followed each blast he fancied he could detect the creaking of the wagon, the dull thud of the oxen's hoofs, or broken fragments of speech, blown and scattered even as he strained his ears to listen to the next gust. This tension of the ear began to confuse his brain, as his eyes had been previously dazzled by the sunlight, and a strange torpor began to steal over his faculties. Once or twice his head dropped.

He awoke with a start. A moving figure had suddenly uplifted itself between him and the horizon! It was not 20 yards away, so clearly outlined against the still luminous sky that it seemed even nearer. A human figure, but so dishevelled, so fantastic and yet so mean and puerile in its extravagance that it seemed the outcome of a childish dream. It was a mounted figure, but so ludicrously disproportionate to the pony it bestrode, whose slim legs were stiffly buried in the dust in a breathless halt, that it might have been a straggler from some vulgar wandering circus. A tall hat, crownless and brimless, a castaway of civilization surmounted by a turkey's feather, was on its head; over its shoulders hung a dirty tattered blanket that scarcely covered the two painted legs which seemed clothed in soiled yellow hose.



NOT TWENTY YARDS AWAY.

In one hand it held a gun, the other was held over its eyes in eager scrutiny of some distant point beyond and east of the spot where the children lay concealed. Presently, with a dozen quick, noiseless strides of the pony's legs, the apparition moved to the right, its gaze still fixed on that mysterious part of the horizon. There was no mistaking it now! The painted Hebraic face, the large curved nose, the bony cheek, the broad mouth, the shadowed eyes, the straight, long, matted locks! It was an Indian. Not the picturesque creature of Clarence's imagination, but still an Indian. The boy was uneasy, suspicious, antagonistic, but not afraid. He looked at the heavy animal face with the superiority of intelligence, at the half naked figure with the conscious supremacy of dress, at the lower individuality with the contempt of a higher race. Yet a momeat after, when the figure wheeled and disappeared towards the undulating west, a strange chill crept over him. Yet he did not know that in this puerile phantom and painted pigmy the awful majesty of death had passed him by!

"Mamma!"

It was Susy's voice, struggling into consciousness. Perhaps she had been instinctively conscious of the boy's sudden fears.

"Hush!"

He had just turned to the objective point of the Indian's gaze. There was something! A dark line was moving along with the gathering darkness. For a moment he hardly dared to voice his thought even to himself. It was a following train overtaking them from the rear! And from the rapidity of its movements, a train with horses, hurrying forward to evening camp. He had never dreamt of help from that quarter. And this was what the Indian's keener eye had been watching, and why he had so precipitately fled.

The strange train was now coming up at a round trot. It was evidently well appointed, with five or six large wagons and several outriders. In half an hour it would be here. Yet he restrained from waking Susy, who had fallen asleep again; his old superstition of securing her safety first being still uppermost. He took off his jacket to cover her shoulders, and rearranged her nest. Then he glanced again at the coming train. But for some unaccountable reason it had changed its direction, and instead of following the track that should have brought it to his side, it had turned off to the left! In 10 minutes it would pass abreast of him a mile and a half away! If he woke Susy now he knew she would be helpless in her terror and he could not carry her half that distance. He might rush to the train himself and return with help, but he would never leave her alone—in the darkness. Never! If she woke she would die of fright perhaps, or wander blindly and aimlessly away. No! The train would pass, and with it that hope of rescue. Something was in his throat, but he gulped it down and was quiet again, albeit he shivered in the night wind.

The train was nearly abreast of him now. He ran out of the tall grass, waving his straw hat above his head in the faint hope of attracting attention. But he did not go far, for he found to his alarm that when he turned back again the clump of mesquite was scarcely distinguishable from the rest of the plain. This settled all question of his going. Even if he reached the train and returned with some one how would he ever find her again in this desolate expanse?

He watched the train slowly pass, still mechanically, almost hopelessly, waving his hat as he ran up and down before the mesquite as if he were waving a last farewell to his departing hope. Suddenly it appeared to him that three of the outriders who were preceding the first wagon had changed their shape. They were no longer sharp, oblong, black blocks against the horizon, but had become at first blurred and indistinct, then taller and narrower, until at last they stood out like exclamation points against the sky. He continued to wave his hat, they continued to grow taller and narrower. He understood it now—the three transformed blocks were the outriders coming towards him.

This is what he had seen:

▬ ▬ ▬
▬ ▬ ▬

This is what he saw now;

! ! !

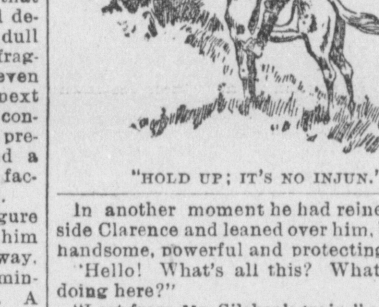
He ran back to Susy to see if she still slept, for his foolish desire to have her saved unconsciously was stronger than ever now that safety seemed so near. She was still sleeping, although she had moved slighly. He ran to the front again.

The outriders had apparently halted. What were they doing? Why wouldn't they come on?

Suddenly a blinding flash of light seemed to burst from one of them. Away over his head something whistled like a rushing bird, and sped off invisible. They had fired a gun; they were signalling to him—Clarence—like a grown-up man. He would have given his life at that moment to have had a gun. But he could only wave his hat frantically.

One of the figures here bore away and impetuously darted forward again. He was coming nearer, powerful, gigantic, formidable as he loomed through the darkness. All at once he threw up his arm with a wild gesture to the others; and his voice, manly, frank, and assuring, came ringing before him.

"Hold up! Good God! It's no Injin—it's a child!"



"HOLD UP; IT'S NO INJUN."

In another moment he had reined up beside Clarence and leaned over him, bearded, handsome, powerful and protecting.

"Hello! What's all this? What are you doing here?"

"Lost from Mr. Silsbee's train," said Clarence, pointing to the now darkening west.

"Lost how long?"

"About three hours. I thought they'd come back for us," said Clarence apologetically to this big kindly man.

"And you kalkilated to wait here for 'em?"

"Yes, yes—I did—till I saw you."

"Then why in thunder didn't you light out straight for us, instead of hanging round here and drawing us out?"

The boy hung his head. He knew his reasons were unchanged, but all at once they seemed very foolish and unmanly to speak out.

"Only that we were on the keen jump for Injins," continued the stranger, "we wouldn't have seen you at all, and might hev shot you when we did. What possessed you to stay here?"

The boy was still silent. "Kla'uns," said a faint, sleepy, syrup voice from the mesquite, "take me." The rifle shot had awaked Susy.

The stranger turned quickly towards the sound. Clarence started and recalled himself. "There," he said bitterly, "you've done it now, you've wakened her. That's why I stayed. I couldn't carry her over there to you. I couldn't let her walk for she'd be frightened. I wouldn't wake her up, for she'd be frightened, and I mightn't find her again. There!" He had made up his mind to be abused, but he was reckless now that he was safe.

The men glanced at each other. "Then," said the spokesman quietly, "you didn't strike out for us on account of your sister?"

"She ain't my sister," said Clarence quickly. "She's a little girl. She's Mrs. Silsbee's little girl. We were in the wagon and got down. It's my fault. I helped her down."

The three men reined their horses closely round him, leaning forward from their saddles, with their hands on their knees and their heads on one side. "Then," said the spokesman gravely, "you just reckoned to stay here, old man, and take your chances with her, rather than run the risk of frightening or leaving her—though it was your one chance of life!"

"Yes," said the boy, scornful of this feeble grown-up repetition.

"Come here."

The boy came doggedly forward. The man pushed back the well-worn straw hat from Clarence's forehead, and looked into his lowering face. With his hand still on the boy's head he turned him round to the others, and said quietly:

"Something of a pup, eh?"

"You bet," they responded.

The voice was not unkindly, although the speaker had thrown his lower jaw forward as to pronounce the word "pup" with a humorous suggestion of a mastiff. Before Clarence could make up his mind whether the epithet was insulting or not the man put out his stirruped foot, and with a gesture of invitation, said, "Jump up."

"But Susy," said Clarence, drawing back.

"Look; she's making up to Phil already."

Clarence looked. Susy had crawled out of the mosquito, and with her sun-bonnet hanging down her back, her curls tossed around her face, still flushed with sleep, and Clarence's jacket over her shoulders, was gazing up with grave satisfaction in the laughing eyes of one of the men who was with outstretched hands bending over her. Could he believe his senses? The terror-stricken, wilful, unmanageable Susy, whom he would have translated unconsciously to safety without this terrible ordeal of being awakened to the loss of her home and parents at any sacrifice to himself—this ingenuous infant was absolutely throwing herself, with every appearance of forgetfulness, into the arms of the first newcomer! Yet his perception of this fact was accompanied by no sense of ingratitude. For her sake he felt relieved, and, with a boyish smile of satisfaction and encouragement, vaulted into the saddle before the stranger.

BRET HARTE.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"ONE OF THE BOYS."

How Will Mallory Overcame Many Prejudices.

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THE school recess was hardly finished, and the boys were yet panting from their last runs, when a knock summoned the teacher to the door. In a moment he called Will Mallory to him as he stood there.

"Mallory, your father has been hurt at the mill. You are to go home at once, but you are to stop for the doctor as you go. This man is from the mill."

As Will Mallory followed the man down the stairs, fairly leaping as he went, and as they ran down Linden street together, the man explained that in stepping backwards at the sawmill Mr. Mallory had tripped; he had thrown out his hand involuntarily to catch his balance, and had cut his arm badly on one of the circular saws.

"One of them little ones that trims the laths at the ends, you know."

But Will was not very curious as to which saw had been guilty. Once at the end of Linden street he ran through his uncle's garden, he swung himself by his arms to the top of a 10-foot board fence which bounded that garden, and then dropped on the other side. Then he crossed the Amos pasture at a 4.20 pace, took the picket behind Dr. Morton's garden with a flying leap, and so came to the doctor's office door. Celina, the black woman, saw him as he passed the kitchen window, and the door opened almost as soon as he could have wished.

"Doctor in?"

"No, he is jest gone—gone to Elder Perkins, and then to the cross roads—you is jest too late."

But, before these words were well spoken, the boy was gone. From the doctor's gate he took up on the sidewalk, the steady pace which had been well trained in Hare and Hounds. At the first corner he saw the chaise not 200 yards before him. Then with a spurt, to which the doctor's calico horse was by no means equal, he overhauled the team in a very few seconds—and still had wind enough to tell his story when he had stopped the doctor. The doctor bade him spring into the carriage, which he did with a certain doubt, being quite certain that he should make the time better alone. But, to do the old calico justice, he also rose to the emergency—and in a very few minutes, they were at the door of Will Mallory's house.

His mother was standing there, pale, but able to speak cheerfully to him. In a moment more—with his hand roughly bound—but bleeding so that his clothes were covered with blood, Mr. Mallory appeared in the carriage which had been found for him at the mill. He was holding his arm up and resting it on the perpendicular stay of the wagon top. But Will could see that with every stroke of his heart a fresh gout of blood was forced out from the rough bandage.

Everybody was in time. "If the thing must happen," said Dr. Horton to his wife at dinner, "it happened as well as it could. That sensible Jane Mallory had her head on her shoulders. In five minutes' notice she had her basins and her bandages, and her water and ice all ready. Jove! I did not ask for a thing that was not there. Will, he was as cool as if he had been in the army, and had seen a thousand men bleeding to death. He held his father's arm while I was stitching and twining, never said a word, and yet he saw the whole, and he could do that thing tomorrow as well as I can. Mallory was quiet—made no fuss—well you would know Mallory would not; he's got to be laid up for a month before he can do much with that hand.

"Peas—yes, but no beets."

Then after a pause: "But, Martha, if I had been there 10 minutes later there would have been no Mallory now."

CHAPTER II.

I have told this incident in the earlier life of Will Mallory because a good deal depended on it. He stayed at home that day almost of course. The next day his mother told him that it would be better for him not to go to school, but to be ready for errands to the mill and elsewhere, and to be on hand when Dr. Morton came.

The next day Mr. Mallory was so far free from pain and fever that he began to think of his business, and their Will, who had prepared himself for this moment, said:

"Father, if you send down to the office for Mr. Goosequill you will only disturb things there. See if I cannot write the letters you want to write. I do not write fast, but you know I spell well, and can make a decent-looking letter." The plan was a good plan and Mr. Mallory knew it was a good plan. He liked to have Will about; he said it was like having two bodies, as he had once heard a minister say we might have in heaven. And then Mr. Mallory would look on Will with a certain loving approval, and say, "Only one of the bodies can take a flying high leap a good deal more quickly than the other, which is a convenience sometimes."

When Will went to school to bring home his books, a business which has a certain sacred aspect in a large school, the boys received the announcement that he was to stay at home for the rest of the term with general disapproval. But Will explained that that as long as they chose he would be captain of the football team, and play with the nine: and though his half holidays and whole holidays would not be as regular as theirs, he hoped to co-operate still in most of the enterprises they all had on hand for the public good, and their own entertainment, and this promise he well maintained.

So there began for the boy six happy and eventful months. He was his father's companion and friend. The arm got well, and was only a little stiff. But even after it was well enough for Mr. Mallory to write Will did not go back to school. His father had learned too well what was the pleasure of having such a companion at his side. He took Will with him on his rides up the valley to see the lumber men. He took him with him when he went to caucuses and to the town meeting. As they rode together he explained to Will his plans about the business—he told him why he did this and that, why he bought the Stubbs logs and refused to buy Nathan Wilmarth's. And the boy had like confidence in his father. He asked his advice whether their school had better play against the academy boys—when the academy boys had behaved so badly in October, and made his father come round and give his opinions on some new bats which Chenowith had at his shop from a factory unknown. The father and son were companions, and God meant they should be.

As for book-learning, the boy's father made him take an hour in the morning and an hour before tea for regular reading. Then there was something to read at hand always when he was sitting in the office, and he was not permitted to loaf or to waste time. His father gave him the Chautauqua Latin course, in which you read in English what boys read in Latin who are fitting for college, and what they read of Latin after they enter college. It is not generally known that all the Latin books which the average college graduate has read do not amount to as much as two of the longer novels of Dickens. While Will's schoolmates were hammering on the Latin of Virgil's Æneid, he was reading selected parts of it in English verse.

In his English training he had his own types, and his work as a printer. He seemed to have more leisure for these than he had had before. It was not really so, but he made his type setting "pay in," as he said, with his other work. His father let him print the billheads and note paper for the firm, and finally their shorter circulars and "flyers." Will tried to pursuade him to advance him $15 that he might buy "Hoe and Rake" grand double action, reversed movement, circular delivery Parland's Printing Press. But Mr. Mallory said "No. Whatever else you learn from me, you shall not learn debt. We will pay for jobs on the nail, and you may charge us what is fair. But you must have the money before you spend it." And Will did. He had as much to do as he could. The printing was good, the circulars were neat and not showy. He delivered his "jobs" when he said he would. And so, before Christmas he had $17. He was able to buy the new "Hoe and Rake" with a discount for cash, from a job printer in the village, who was always behind hand.

It was in setting his own type, in reading his own proof, and in printing accurate circulars, that Will learned the correct use of his own language.

CHAPTER III.

"If that Will Mallory was my boy he would not be going so much to them steeplechases and foot-ball matches and ball clubs." This was the remark of old Mr. Williston, a well-preserved army contractor, who lived in a large house with six Ionic pillars, a little beyond the Mallory's as you drive out of town on the Plainfield road.

Similar suggestions were made to Mrs. Mallory at the sewing society and by one and another visitor. The "mild police" of the neighborhood was, indeed, taken with a good deal of surprise at Will's long absence from school. It cut across the general habit of society, and society, therefore, condemned it in its mild way. That to this rebellion against its unwritten law, Will should add, with his father's consent, regular attendance at the practice games and match games, surprised the "mild police," and it expressed itself accordingly. It did not do much about it. It is not always the habit of a police, mild or otherwise, to do much; but it kept up a great deal of thinking and talking.

But one October night Will and his brothers had an opportunity to put the boot on the other leg; and for the rest of the autumn the "mild police" had nothing to say unfavorable to athletic exercises.

Little Jacob Mallory was sent to bed, unwillingly enough, about 8.30 o'clock. His mother was reading "The Black Arrow" aloud to the older boys. It was a moonlight night, and before Jacob went to bed he stood looking out of the south window of his room. In a moment, with a certain impetuosity which belonged to the family, he dashed through the passage and down stairs to the sitting-room, and broke up "The Black Arrow" with the cry: "There are two men on the piazza of old Williston's house! I can see them from my window!"

"It is the black burglars," cried Will, and at the instant he and John and his two older brothers dashed out at the front door. These brothers had, fortunately, come over from Elmerville, where they were at work, to spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday at home. "You two take the turnpike," said Will, "and David and I will run on this side. You can head them if they try the back way." So he led across his father's garden, cleared the hedge with that running jump which we have seen before, and advanced boldly towards old Williston's piazza. But Williston's lawn was a wide one, and, before he had crossed a greater part of it, he had the mortification of seeing that the two men had caught the alarm. They slid down the posts of the piazza, and, without regard to Mr. Williston's roses took the shortest cut for the country road.

Will screamed to his two brothers, whom he had sent to the rear of the house, and who might not see the manœuvre of the flying enemy. By changing his own track across the lawn he gained on the two men, who were, however, a good hundred yards in the advance. His older brother followed him, not so well trained as he, and indeed not so well dressed for running; but he made a good second.

The two men who were escaping fumbled a little at Mr. Williston's garden wall; but fear gave them speed, and they stumbled over it somehow. They lost a part of their distance from Will as he cut off a corner of the lawn. He cleared the wall easier than they, and then had them for a square, stern chase on the country road. Harry, behind him, made good speed, and now he could hear the shouts of his other brothers as they regained the distance they had lost, and crossed the lawn last of all.

The country road is perfectly level, and as it happened the moon lay so as to shine on both sides, unshadowed by the hedges or trees in the gardens. Will saw in a minute that he was gaining. He knew that he could run at that rate for half an hour, and he did not think from their appearance that the two fugitives could. The man in the rear paused a moment, and dropped his coat. But Will did not stop for that, and bade Harry pass it.

At the moment he passed it himself, the man stopped, turned, and aimed a pistol crying, "I will fire." Will wasted no words the man fired and turned again. He now put his revolver on his shoulder, and fired without aim. It was the worst thing he could have done. He emptied his barrels uselessly, and roused the neighborhood, for every one was awake so early on that lovely October evening. So was it that when he and his partner turned for shelter into the Maunders place, where in the close shrubbery they could have dodged almost any pursuit, they met Hannibal, the stout coachman, who, with a view to cheap glory, had seized Mr. Maunders' revolver from the gun-room when he heard the shots and gone out under the porte-cochere. The leading fugitive turned dismayed, and the man with the empty revolver stood still. Will paused not an instant. Resolute and silent he came on the poor fellow like 100-pound cannon shot flung him from his feet, and fell with him to the ground. At the same instant Hannibal stepped boldly down.

"Here's de pistol, Master Will. Keerful now! He's loaded."

With the pistol Will was master of the situation. The cries of his brothers and their fast falling steps came nearer and nearer. "Lie where you are," cried the resolute boy, "and stretch out both hands," and to the other, "Hold up both your hands and stand still or I'll fire." They were both novices at their business. Both were wholly "blown" with running. A legion of Maunder's women were on the piazza sounding watchmen's rattles and ringing police alarms. In a minute more the other Mallory boys joined Harry, who was already on the ground.

There was no tying the hands of the prisoners, though clotheslines were produced by Hannibal for that purpose. The triumphant boys bade them still hold up their hands, and in this manner they marched them Hannibal and Mr. Lewis Jones joining the procession, to the basement of the signal tower of the railroad. Here they were locked in till two policemen could be brought from a station a mile away. The next day they were tried and sentenced to three years each in the house of correction.

So it was that the neighbors ceased to find fault with the boys' athletic exercise.

CHAPTER IV.

Will was not in the Sunday school. He liked to practice with the choir, for his voice had not yet changed, and Mr. Rudolph flattered him a little, and told him that he liked to have him sing in the alto part. Now the choir met for practice in the half hour before service, when the Sunday school was still in the vestry. So Will had begged off from the Sunday school and sang with the choir.

As he went into church one day, a little early, he found three small boys hanging round on the steps. "What's up?" said Will. One of them looked cross, one looked sheepish, and the third only said, "Teacher's mad and turned us out. Zif, I wanted to stay in," and he pretended to laugh at such an absurdity. Will took no notice, but went up into the choir gallery and did his best in

"Rise crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise."

But before the rehearsal was over he excused himself, went down stairs, and after a little found the three banished boys in the graveyard spelling out the letters on an old Campernoon's tomb. "Silas," said Will, "did not you say you wanted to learn how to print?" "Yes," said Silas, eagerly. "Will you show me?" "That's what I've come for," said Will. "I have got a large job for this week, and if you will come round at tea time, eat some crackers on the way, so we need not stop for tea, you shall help me." And then turning easily to the other two boys he said, "And you can come, too, if you like."

Now each of these three boys had a sort of currish idea that he really wanted their imbecile help in his printing. In fact, all the time, Will had been singing "Rise crowned with light," and "A charge to keep I have," he had been thinking that these three boys were going to the dogs as fast as they could go, and he was wondering what he could do to save them.

To the three little outlaws, it was a great compliment to be invited anywhere by the captain of the boys' foot ball team, and they were gladly on hand on Monday evening. They made a hard evening of it for Will, but he had not expected an easy one. His work with his types advanced very little, but he got a hold on the three boys he never lost. Wednesday afternoon he took them trout fishing with him; Friday he spent the evening with them skinning a mink which John Brottens had trapped and had given to one of them. And, when he proposed to them to come round and practice singing at his father's the next Sunday morning, they assented, precisely as they would have done had he proposed to them to go into water with him on Saturday afternoon.

"Yes," he said to his mother, "I do not like to give up the choir practice. But if I do not sacrifice something there is no good. Sometime I will have them in the choir."

Sure enough, before long, the three outcasts from the Sunday school were the three best behaved boys in Mr. Rudolph's choir, and for the pieces they had had a chance to have, three of his best soprano singers. And when in the spring there was a reorganization of the Sunday schools and the sessions were put at the end of service, when Will was appointed assistant librarian, he made Nathan Clarke, one of the black trio, his first runner, and Miss Donnegan was glad to take the other two into her class, without asking why they had been expelled from Miss Davis's.

All this had to be told, because it accounts for a certain devotion which Silas Turgot had for Will ever afterwards, resembling indeed the devotion which man Friday had for Robinson Crusoe.

To say the truth, the graveyard where Will had found Silas was a sort of desert island for the boy; and had he known it certain savages were pursuing him there, who meant no good for him, when Will in the part of Robinson Crusoe came to the rescue.

CHAPTER V.

It had always been dimly understood that Will Mallory was to go to school again when the spring term came. "Ten weeks in spring," his father said; "that is what I had, and I do not want you to get out of touch with the other boys. You are no better than they are, if you are no worse," he said fondly and proudly—fondly, for he and Will were like two brothers now.

So Will appeared at school one day with those books which had been carried away after his father's accident.

The teacher hardly knew what to do. He had to take Will, the Constitution of the United States provided for that. But where to put him? He was an inch or two taller than the boys he had been classed with before—yet he had never "analyzed" a line of Milton and had no idea where Cape Bryan-Martin was. Still it would be ridiculous to put such a big fellow in with the little boys who were yet to learn about Cape Bryan-Martin. Why! he was too big for their desks and chairs! So Will was put with the Bryan-Martin boys, was charged to study extra and make up certain implied "conditions;" and their leaders, on the other hand, were charged in private not to make fun of his ignorance because it was not his fault that he was behind. Much did the teacher know about the business! There was no danger that any boy in that school would make fun of Will Mallory.

And to Will the whole thing came with a new zest, which he had forgotten. He found that he listened to the teacher's explanations, which used to seem such a bore. He brought to the matter a certain business-like interest, which surprised the other boys. But he very soon made them fall in with him, as a popular boy, a leader to Will. He was not afraid of the teacher, who came to be very fond of this ignorant but intelligent fellow, who had never heard of Cape Bryan-Martin, but asked such intelligent questions. Ten weeks of stiff work of this sort told with all the boys, and when the term was over the master presented the class to the committee as the largest class, and that most interested in its work, which he had had for years.

Will's father went to the Legislature that winter, and this meant for Will no daily companion. But he had many irons in the fire, and he did not mean to let them cool. His mother was persuadable, and she agreed that, while he kept "out of mischief," he need not go to school. This was his joke. For the boy had quite too much that was of use on his hands to have any time for mere skylarking or tomfoolery.

What Will did was to go to see the publisher of the Argus. He made a bargain with him to come at 6 every evening and set type till 10, when, except on ordinary occasions, the Argus went to press. And Will would not make the bargain till the foreman agreed that Silas Turgot might come at 6 and stay till 8; that Will should correct his proof for him, and that the boy should be paid for what he did. This was the kingdom of heaven for the boy, and Will kept him to his other duties by threatening to take him away if he failed. Few men in the office could set type faster than Will. He promised his mother that while this engagement lasted he would sleep an hour every afternoon. And so it proved that when Will's father came home "for good" in June Will had $150 in bank as the upshot of his winter's type sticking.

CHAPTER VI.

And so the little story may be brought to an end. For a story should end and should begin like the frieze of a Greek temple, where at one end you see the head of a horse, and at the other end see the tail of another: but where you know nothing of the bodies of these two horses. This little Silas could and would do anything which Will Mallory bade him do. And it ended oddly enough, after two years, in Will's taking him with him when he went to college at Cambridge. For the little boy delighted in his singing. He still had that clear soprano voice, and he had a tenderness and sympathy which compelled him to sing with the spirit.

Will had laid up $300 by his printing and was to enter as a special student at Harvard. Little Silas "took on so," as his mother said, at the idea of parting that she recollected that she had a cousin in Cambridge and, with Will's full approval, sent the little fellow down to spend the winter with her, that he need not be a mile away from his best friend. And his mother knew and Will knew, that he could have better training in music at Cambridge than he could have in New Iberia.

Will did not shrink from the companionship. There was no reason why he should. Twice a day the little fellow ran in to see him, and twice a day Will cheered him up, and coached and advised him. He was able to put the boy among the sopranos in the college choir, which means in a capital school for his voice, so he saw and heard him every morning in chapel; and, as Silas went to school, Will would walk along with him and they would be boys together again. This lasted for a year; and when the little fellow soprano gave out, as such voices will, he found still that he had the friends whom he had earned on Sundays and on week days, and those friends were Will's as well as his.

For Will, he had always meant to fight his own way through college. He made an agreement very soon in a printing office to come and set type of Latin copy from 3 o'clock to 7 every afternoon. A part of this time he had Silas with him, as he used to do in old days at the Argus office. Silas had to carry the proofs to Dr. Bentley, who has the edition of this new edition of Terence. When Will went round one day, to make sure that he understood the notes on a different passage, and it proved that he had understood the arrangement of type in a German critic better than the doctor had. Mrs. Bentley and George Bentley took to Will, and he went there often.

The society of an academy or college town is always simple; that is to say, the best people find each other out, and come together. Will Mallory was popular with the "fellows," because he was good-natured, obliging and simple, partly because he was not afraid in foot ball and, though he did not pretend to be much of a base ball man, could take his place as a substitute. With the older people in the college he was a favorite for the same reasons. He "confessed ignorance" when he was ignorant, he listened well, he bore a hand when he was asked to. He would sing if Mrs. Bentley asked him to sing, he would play tennis if any one failed to appear, he did not insist always on having his own way. His two years, and Silas' as well, passed only too quickly.

Then, by what we call an accident, they came to an end before he had really finished the course he had planned.

Silas was reading one of Mr. Stevenson's stories one evening when Com. Stetson called. Com. Stetson had invented a new arrangement for an electric signal on board ship, and he had come to consult Mr. Marrer, Silas' uncle, about the details. For Mr. Marrer was an electrician. As always, Silas paid much more attention to what other people were saying than to his own business. So he heard the commodore say that he wanted the new "call" finished, if possible, within a month, for that he had been ordered to the East Indian station, and that they should all sail before the 10th of July. Silas could not help thinking how nice it would be to go with him, to have a chance at bread-fruit and onagras, and lobsters, guava and other luxuries of "Swiss Family Robinson." But he said nothing. Will had made him understand that he must hold his tongue—"that the dumb man's orders still increase."

Even when the commodore went on to say, "I am going to see Mr. Bolles, the secretary, to see who he can give me for an amanuensis or private clerk," Silas bit his tongue and said nothing. "You see," said this nice, hearty sailor, "I want a young fellow with his eyes open, who has a smack at language, who can write a better hand than I and make a better sketch than I, and a gentleman he must be, too, who can keep secrets and keep out of quarrels with the midshipmen and the ship's officers." Even then, Silas, in agony with biting his tongue, said nothing.

But as soon as the commodore had gone, when Mr. Marrer came back from the door, Silas cried, with all his pent-up eagerness, "Why cannot Will Mallory go with him?" and his uncle said, "He is just the right person! Why did I never think of him? But it is not too late, Silas." And he sat down and wrote a note to Com. Stetson and even put on a special delivery stamp to please Silas. And Silas took it to the post office.

And Will Mallory had the appointment as secretary to the admiralty, for the next week the commodore was promoted. And before they sailed he had persuaded the admiral that it would be convenient to have a hand-press on board, and a little type with which to triplicate manuscripts and to issue general orders. And he persuaded the admiral to rate Silas as a "landsman" on board, giving him the duty of printer to the squadron.

And they all sailed together. The last I heard of them they were lowering a boat at the opening of Falcon bay, on Mr. Swiss Family's island. The longitude is 185° west and the latitude 7° north. When they come home I will tell you more.

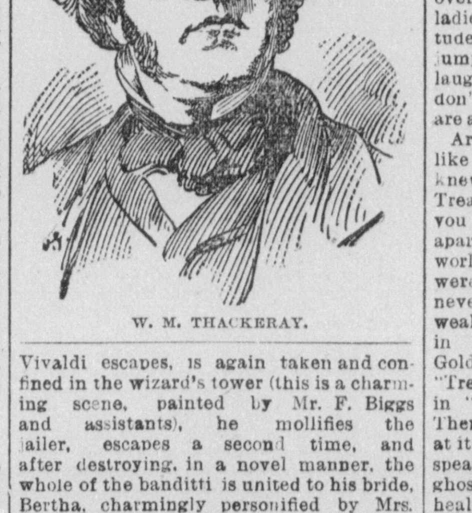
EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

"EXTRACTS FROM CRUMPTON JOURNAL,"

Accompanying a Number of Thackeray's Unpublished Drawings.

Yesterday a melodrama from the pen of the worthy manager was produced at the theatre. We went at 5 to secure a good place, but were sorry to find (although the house was a respectable one) that we had no need of coming so early. The plot of the piece is as follows:

Vivaldi, charmingly played by the manager, Mr. Blatherington, is taken prisoner by Ferocio, Mr. Fogle Biggs, and in a ferocious manner did he perform his part.



W. M. THACKERAY.

Vivaldi escapes, is again taken and confined in the wizard's tower (this is a charming scene, painted by Mr. F. Biggs and assistants), he mollifies the jailer, escapes a second time, and after destroying, in a novel manner, the whole of the banditti is united to his bride, Bertha, charmingly personified by Mrs. Dilke Flinders. We are glad to see her husband, an old favorite of ours by the way, again on our boards. We trust that the peccadilloes reported of Mrs. D. F. are not so serious as to cause any final separation between two of the most delightful performers on our stage. Mr Blatherington introduced "On to the Battle Field," in the prison scene, aptly enough; but we must confess our old friend Swag's song in D flat was d—— flat.

By the by, we have heard it reported that Blatherington has lost twelve shillings by the season—we hope not.

From the Crumpton Independent miscellany:

Our very absurd contemporary has been exhausting the epithets of charming, delightful, upon an unfortunate melodrama brought out at our theatre, and never repeated.

There was, we confess, some good scenery and acting in it. Biggs was clever, very, as he always is; but, really, Mr. Blatherington should give up lovers' parts—he is too old and too fat, and when he acts with Mrs. Dilke Flinders is "like a pearl on an Ethiop's ear" to use the words of the eternal bard. But how can we sufficiently praise her—the lovely, the gentle and the impassioned Flinders? Why in poetry, to be sure; so here goes:

I saw thee, and my feelings gushed
In one tumultuous tide,
My eye was dim, my ear was hushed
To everything beside.

I thought my heart was withered,
But from out its mould'ring cinders
A mighty flame there gathered
For thee, my love, my Flinders.

I gaze on thee, I gaze on thee
At morn and eventide;
I mark thee, as with twinkling feet
Along the stage you stride.

All night I pace before thy gate,
And linger at thy windows,
For I am very desolate,
For want of thee, my Flinders!

A second extract from the Weekly Journal:

"Off with his head. So much for Buckingham."—[Hamlet.] A very few of our readers may be aware that there exists in the town a very small weekly publication whose only attributes are vulgar profligacy and insignificant impertinence. The witty journal alluded to contained last week a critique on the new melodrama and some impertinent observations on ourselves. These we pass by in contempt, but of the former we would make mention. Mrs. Blatherington's acting, they say, is so bad, when it is put in comparison with the brighter talents of Mrs. Flinders that it is like—what? Why, gentle reader, a pearl in an Ethiop's ear! Now, which is the pearl and which is the ear? Mrs. B. seems to be the pearl and Mrs. F. the ear. Poor ear, thou art cruelly boxed indeed! There are some verses in which the author's ear (ears again!) is hushed! Mrs. F. strides across the stage, and her name is made to rhyme with Winders!!! A winder used at school to be a violent blow on the ribs which suspended the breath. We heartily wish it inflicted on the Independent.

W. M. THACKERAY.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Read, and Find the "Open Sesame" to Knowledge.

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MEN who write what boys and girls are expected to read seem often to forget that they have been boys themselves. If they remembered that perhaps they would write differently. But their memories are short. As I have been asked to try this difficult adventure, to try to indite something about books which young people shall not find unreadable, may I begin by saying that I do remember being a boy very vividly indeed.

I own I cannot see a foot ball, but I want to have a drop kick at it, thereby probably dislocating our elderly ankle; nor can I behold a wicket pitched, but "my fingers itch," as the Highlander said, with only too much truth, to bowl an over on that wicket. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone. There is no more work on the ball now than on a pillow, not so much, if it be an embroidered one, and any intelligent youth of 14 could hit me all over the place. However, my heart is in the right place, and as it is so about games, and fishing, and every form of diversion, so I hope it is about books. I still like the books which you probably like, and I hope you may like the books which I have to recommend.

But it is ill work recommending books and will generally set people against those which we enjoy if we say "you ought to read them." There is no "ought" in the matter—read them or let them alone—it is your own affair. You may be fond of coffee, or raspberry tarts, but you don't tell me that I ought to consume these luxuries. The doctor says one must not; but his position is different. I do not pretend to be a literary doctor, and to say that you must take my bookish prescriptions, and must abstain from books you like if I disapprove of them.

Indeed, it is not necessary that everybody should read anything at all. One man or boy may be fond of books, another may prefer carpentering, sledging, bicycling, playing the fiddle, stuffing dead squirrels, blowing bird's eggs, botanizing, hunting, running away to sea, playing base ball or what you please. Probably the majority of people are not bookish, and it is not absolutely an immoral thing to prefer to reading some other way of passing one's time. For my own part I don't remember the days when other people did not call me a bookworm, with an air of pity and contempt. They did not know, for I kept it to myself, unless it showed on my early brow that I thought them stupid overgrown louts, when they said "always reading! what a book-worm that boy is." It was not their business, if one read half a dozen books at a time, whereas they did not worry through so many in the course of a year. And it is not my affair if you do not like reading; if stories give you no pleasure, and if you wonder what poetry means. "It takes all sorts to make a world," and why should we quarrel with each other for having different tastes?

A person who dislikes reading misses a great deal of pleasure. He does not make dozens of new friends in books, delightful friends, excellent sportsmen like "Leather-stocking," the "Path-finder," in Cooper, or like my truthful old chum, Allen Quatermain, a most veracious man, or amusing boys like Tommy Traddles in 'David Copperfield," or Berry and Biggs, and Cuff and Dobbin, who fought the tremendous battles described by Mr. Thackeray. A boy or man who dislikes reading never falls in love with Di Vernon and Beatrix Esmond, ladies far more beautiful and charming than any you are ever likely to meet on earth; he does not go through a score of adventures with wild beasts, cannibles, Spanish dons, French cuirassiers, red Indians, such as you may pass into and out of without a scratch, if you study Lever, Cooper and Charles Kingsley, and the Icelandic sagas, and Capt. Marryat, and "Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn," and "Treasure Island." The person who hates books is not made to laugh till he cries over Pip's adventures in "Great Expectations"; over Mr. Pickwick's experiences at the ladies' boarding school; over Tom Bultitude in "Vice Versa"; over the celebrated jumping frog; friends and fun and fighting, laughter and tears (if you like a good cry—I don't), music, and magic, and poetry; these are all in books.

Are you fond of reading? Then you are like the man in the "Arabian Nights," who knew the charm that made the Cave of Treasures unbar its gates. "Open sesame!" you say, like him, and the iron gates fly apart, and in you walk into the enchanted world. There are all the battles that ever were fought still going on—plenty that never were fought at all. There is all the wealth of fairyland; all that Dantes gained in "Monte Cristo," and Poe in "The Gold Bug," and Jim Hawkins in "Treasure Island," and Allan Quatermain in "The Mines of Solomon the King." There are the Greeks and Trojans hard at it still for the beauty of Helen, how the spears whiz! There is Sintram with his ghostly companions, there is King Arthur healing of his grievous wound beneath the apple trees of Avalon in the setting sun, Odysseus is leaping on the threshold and showering the arrows down the hall; Gunnar is thrusting away with the mysterious spear that sang before the battle; Mr. Pickwick is asleep in the pound; Athos, Porthos and Aramis are trying to save King Charles; Claverhouse is leading the charge down the pass, see, he lifts his arm and waves on his men and the silver bullet finds the crevice in the armor!

The whole world that has lived, and a million dear people who never lived, are all there within the enchanted cave, and if you only like reading, then you have the magic password, and you can go in whenever you please, and forget your troubles—if you have troubles to forget—with fat Falstaff and the fairy Queen Titania. Think what a pleasing gift this is, when you are obliged to live in grimy towns, where there are no rivers, few trees, no fishing, nothing but crowded streets, hard pavements, drink, tobacco, chimney, smoke, factories, while everything is away that one naturally loves and ought to love and live for. If I did not like reading, and had to dwell in a town, it would be better for me to be buried:

By some field path where cricketers might pass
Along its mazes,
And o'er my head the green short English grass,
The English daisies.

However, though reading has these pleasures, and many another pleasure, and many advantages of teaching, of consoling, of strengthening, there is no wickedness, nor harm, nor anything contemptible in not caring for reading. You are born to like it or to dislike it. There is nothing to be proud of, though there is much to be thankful for, if you are fond of books. There is nothing to be proud of in not being fond of them either, though you will find many persons who show this kind of self-complacency. The officer who, when asked if he had seen Punch that week, "thanked his stars he was not a bookworm," was not a very sagacious officer. On the other hand, the bravest and most skilful soldiers are often extremely attached to books, and would be "bookworms" if they had time to spare from their profession.

One does not wish any boy or girl to be a book-worm and nothing else, to sit poring over novels when the trout are rising, the balls are flying, or when the hot weather insists that you shall go and swim in the stream or the sea. Out and out bookworms of this kind may be uncommonly clever fellows, and may even come to great distinction as scholars, or in science, but they grow without ever having been young. Everybody knows that there is a time for all things, a time for books, and a time for bats, and time for poetry and for fishing poles. The happy man is he who has a liking for all things that are good and can take them all in their turn. We may read much, and if I had my time over again I would not study so hard as I did at college; when I was at school I had nothing to reproach myself with on this score!

Well, if you have got as far as this you are clearly a fellow who can stand reading, not one of those who dislike the very sight of printed paper. What, then, ought you to read? I don't know that there is much "ought" in the matter, as long as you do not read wicked books—that is, books which you are perfectly aware that you ought not to read. There is in the heart a kind of monitor which tells you with perfect and even disagreeable distinctness that this or that book is not one for you; but if you insist on a rule, never read a book which you would feel inclined to smuggle out of the way when your mother comes into the room.

There was a time when mothers and parents and guardians did not read much themselves, and objected to almost every volume a boy could take up. Novels were wrong, poetry was wrong, plays were dreadfully wrong, and those were hard times for boys and girls. But this is altered, and most people know the difference between a good book and a bad one quite distinctly. To be sure you may turn a good one into a bad one by reading it at the wrong time; for example, if you pull out a draw in your desk, put the "Scalp Hunters" in; place Virgil before you on the table, pretend to be busy with that, and push in the draw when your father, schoolmaster, tutor, or whoever is responsible for you enters the room. This is ingenious, and I may even have seen it practiced, but is it not acting a lie? It is far from being correct or gentlemanly conduct, anyhow.

So, having easily settled what books you ought not to read, let us come to an understanding about those which, on the whole, you had better read. As long as a book is innocent and does not give you bad ideas, or put mischief into your head, I really think it is better you should read anything than that you should not read at all. Clearly we do not begin with Shakespeare, or Emerson, or even Sir Walter Scott; we begin with "Who killed Cock Robin?" With Puss in Boots, and the Yellow Dwarf. Very good they were; I can read them now with excitement, though long quite familiar with the plots and characters. But you have exhausted the fairy tales, and what you are to read from 8 years old, let us say to 16! After that, or even before, if you really care for books you will read all you come across that are worth reading, with some which are not.

What should you read; well, what you like! The great thing is to get the habit of reading, and this you will not acquire by trying to read what you don't like. Then is excellence all a matter of private taste, of liking or disliking? Scarcely that; there are many books which all people who care most for books have admired most and found best, for 50 or 100 or 2000 or even 3000 years. Now, it seems reasonable to suppose that works which pleased most the people who most enjoys books during very many centuries and while languages, tales and religions have passed away must be the best books. This would be plain if one was speaking of other matters. If after all that has been tried and invented, the cleverest generals still thought bows and arrows the best weapons of war, we may be pretty sure they would be the best.

Now the books which have stood trial of time and change we call classics, Greek and Latin, or English, French, Spanish, or Italian classics. These are held, among old books, to be far the best, and of new books it is probable that those will be the best which the most experienced find to be most excellent. But, of course, it is much more difficult to be certain about new books; we may like them by a kind of accident, or in a mere obedience to fashion.

Then ought you to be always reading classics, Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Addison, Pope, Dryden, Fielding, Sir Walter Scott's novels and nothing else? Not at all. These may be the best books, I think they are, but they may not be the best books for you. The language or the manners described or the ideas may seem so strange and odd to you that you cannot understand them, are wearied by them, turn them aside, and never come back to them. In that case you will, perhaps, go about abusing time past, and saying that you are much cleverer than the people who admired Shakespeare, or Homer, or Scott, or Pope. You may even find modern writers who maintain this very positively, and who maintain that the boys and girls of today are quicker and cleverer than grown men and women in Wordsworth's and Byron's time.

This is uncommonly unlikely to be true, and people who really know the past scarcely think so highly of the present. It is likely that in one particular 30 years every one who is born will be so very superior to all the generations that went before? This is nonsense, and dull nonsense. The favorites of a thousand years can hardly help being good, though you may not know enough, or be old enough or clever enough to like them. But do not let that make you either dispirited or conceited. Read what you like, read plenty of it; and, in time, it is a hundred chances to one that you find you agree with older people and older generations in your taste for books.

So, in the meanwhile, I end with saying, read what you like. Try the books that other people, and even that I myself afterwards may think you will enjoy. If you find that you do not care for them, leave them alone. You may take pleasure in them later; don't discard them merely because we think well of them; don't admire them merely because we admire them. Never try to beat yourself into a passion for a book because it is considered the right thing to praise it. Be natural, but do not suppose that a book is a dull or a bad book merely because it fails to amuse you just now. In the next of these papers we shall speak of some books that you are almost certain to find good reading. And what is good reading for boys and girls is good reading for men and women. Books written for or at boys and girls are worth considering. Good books are good for everybody. Girls, don't read "Mary Brown, a Book for Girls." Boys, don't read "Maurice Gret, a Book for Boys." I imagine you scarcely need this advice.

ANDREW LANG.

Like the Fair Maid's Father.

[Burlington Free Press.]

There is a man in New York who makes his living by stealing boots and shoes. A freebooter, as it were.

Generally Bad Form, Too.

[Time.]

Miss Anteek—No. 1 don't like the seashore. Everything is so formal here.

Mr. Eyeso—That's so. Even the bathing is merely a matter of form.

GENERAL NEWS.

Episcopal Church Convention in Session at New York.

The Race Issue Exciting Very General Attention—Postmasters Removed.

Deserted Farms in New Hampshire—Notes of Interest.

The triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal church of North America opened in New York, on Oct. 2, in St. George's church. The house of bishops was presided over by Bishop Williams of Connecticut, and the house of deputies by Dr. Morgan Dix of New York. After the formal opening, the appointment of committees, the communion, etc., a delegation from the provincial synod of Canada was announced and presented. The delegates were: The lord bishop of Algoma, Rev. Dr. Sullivan; the lord bishop of Nova Scotia, Rev. Courtney; the dean of Huron, Ontario; the archdeacon of Montreal, and Judge McDonald of Brockville, Canada.

The legislation of the convention up to the present may be summed up briefly as formally adopting the amendments to the liturgy which have been before the church for some time; accepting the report of the committee on the revision of the hymnal, by which some hymns have been discarded, and many new ones added; making minor changes in the rubrics, and providing a shorter service for occasional use in morning prayer. On Saturday last a most important decision was made by the house of deputies, the effect of which if carried concurrently by the bishops, to make the use of the Nicene creed discretionary with the minister.

Rev. J. J. Vaulx of Arkansas said in regard to the Nicene creed: "It is not the creed of the church. It was first forced upon the church by civil power. It is the Roman creed and it is obligatory on us just as much as the infallibility of the pope. No such yoke as this should be put on any church in this free country."

Rev. R. H. Holland of Missouri spoke strongly in favor of the retention of the creed.

Rev. Dr. G. M. Christian of Newark said: "We have no more right to cut out the Nicene creed than we have to mutilate the apostles' creed and make no explanation. If we discard this creed from the service the fact will go out to the world, and we shall shortly find that we are in the position of a church that does not believe in the Nicene creed. I do not want to have any such stigma upon the church. I do not see how anyone can be a member of this church and not acknowledge the Nicene creed. I should like to see the proposed change concerning it so amended as to make the use of the creed permissory, and not obligatory, nor would it afford any one the opportunity of saying that this church does not believe in the Nicene creed."

At the close of his remarks Dr. Dix had to use the gavel vigorously to stop the applause not only from the laymen and women in the gallery, but even that of some of the clerical delegates on the floor.

Rev. Dr. Christian's suggestion to make the use of the Nicene creed optional with the priests and not obligatory, found such favor that for the first time in two days the house demanded that the chair put the question.

After several others had spoken the resolution was put to vote by dioceses and adopted by the following vote: Clerical, 38 ayes, 9 noes, 2 divided; lay, 29 ayes, 14 noes, 4 divided. The house of deputies then adjourned until Monday.

The house of bishops at their session took up the question of dividing the church territory into provinces and notified the house to that effect.

PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

Delegates from South and Central America Entertained by Uncle Sam.

The delegates to the congress of all the Americas, who have been invited to visit the United States, and afterwards hold a conference at Washington on matters affecting the interests of all the countries on this continent, arrived in Washington, and were formally received by Secretary Blaine on Wednesday. Mr. Blaine made a most conservative and thoughtful speech, which made a good impression. After the reception a banquet was served at the Normandie Hotel by Secretary Blaine. Fifty-four guests were present. The dinner lasted from 7.30 to after 10 o'clock. There was no speech-making, save a few remarks from Mr. Blaine at the conclusion of the banquet. In a few happily chosen words he dismissed the company and proposed a toast, which was drunk standing. He said: "Before we part for the excursion, which, to a large number of this company, will begin tomorrow morning, and I hope will terminate happily, I will offer a single toast—The perpetual friendship and prosperity of all American States."

On Thursday the delegates were taken to West Point Military Academy, where the cadets were inspected, the school thoroughly examined, and the delegates invited to attend the ceremony of the formal presentation of portraits of Gens. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan to the academy. Dinner followed.

Friday and Saturday the visitors were the guests of the city of Boston, coming there by way of the Fall River line. They inspected the schools and factories and were banquetted on Saturday, the lieutenant governor, mayor and leading merchants being present to the number of about 150.

A Duel in the Street.

A desperate street duel took place Wednesday between W. L. Beeson and Harry Roberts, at Llono, Tex. Both of the men had formerly been sheriffs of the county. Politics in the last campaign was at the bottom of it. On Monday Beeson attempted to kill Roberts with a shotgun. Wednesday Roberts met him and asked him if he was ready to make good his threats of the day before. Beeson, without saying a word, drew his revolver and the fight opened. Roberts' first shot broke Beeson's right wrist. Beeson changed his revolver to his left hand and fired four shots, one of which struck Roberts in the face, the missile ranging down and lodging under the ear. Roberts fell, but he managed to raise himself, and he fired all the remaining chambers in his revolver. Two bullets struck Beeson in the body and one in the head killing him instantly. Roberts was taken home but he cannot recover. The streets were filled with pedestrians and several had narrow escapes. A horse tied 50 yards away was killed and another fatally injured. Both Beeson and Roberts have many friends and it is feared the trouble is by no means ended.

New Orleans Gamblers.

In accordance with an ordinance passed by the New Orleans City Council Mayor Shakspeare issued an order last week to the chief of police to close all gambling establishments in the city. The order includes the pool rooms of which there are four there. The gambling combination, members of which are interested in one of these establishments contemplated opening a palatial poolroom here this winter, but the plan will now be abandoned. High ball-poker, which has now become a favorite game here, is responsible for the passage of the ordinance. Several cases have lately come to light in which young men of prominent families have fallen from grace by its agency. The present order, which will reach all games from craps in the roustabout's barrel to poker, loo and baccarat in the swell clubs, will, it is hoped, avert such misfortunes in the future.

Confederate Memorials at Gettysburg.

The Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association has decided to go before Congress at the next session and ask the government, through its engineers and others, for facilities to determine and mark the lines of the Confederate army on that field. The positions of every foot of the Union line, which aggregated 21 miles, have been marked, but of the Confederate lines, which aggregated 23⅝ miles, not one rod has been opened or marked nor is there anything to show that the Union army had an opponent at Gettysburg. As an ornamental battlefield Gettysburg has no equal in any country. But as only the positions of one side are marked it really possesses no tactical value whatever. With both sides marked, Gettysburg would be the most wonderful object map in the world.

Behring Sea Seizures.

Judge Sawyer of the California district has rendered a decision in the Circuit Court which will cover the cases of all the sealers which have been seized in Behring sea at any time and have run away to Puget Sound. The case decided is that of L. N. Handy & Co. against Barton Atkins, United States marshal of Alaska. In the summer of 1887 the sealing schooner San Diego owned by Handy & Co., was seized by the Rush and ordered to Sitka. She went, and 577 sealskins were taken from her there. The skins were condemned by the court, and Atkins brought them here for sale. Handy & Co. enjoined the sale, on the ground that the order of the Alaskan court did not hold there.

Judge Sawyer overthrew this plea in a short oral decision, and Atkins' proceedings will not be interfered with. The principle of the decision applies also to the schooners San Jose and Ellen, which were seized in Behring sea last year and were ordered to Sitka, but came instead to Drake's bay and afterward into San Francisco. It applies to schooners seized this year which have run away with their prize crews, as it establishes the doctrine that the orders of the revenue officers hold good anywhere in American waters.

Accidents on the Rail.

A construction train on the Mackey railroad left the track near Bedford, Ind., Wednesday. Nineteen out of the 28 men on the train were seriously injured. Six were dangerously hurt, while two will die.

In a freight wreck on the Ashtabula, Youngstown & Pittsburg road near Hazelton, O., Thursday, Brakeman John Fitzgerald was killed and Conductor Milner badly injured. The engine turned a complete somersault over a high embankmnnt, but neither the engineer nor fireman were hurt. Six cars and a caboose were totally wrecked.

At Cheyenne, Wy., on Thursday, five cars were ditched. Six men were injured, four ladies seriously bruised, a porter's skull fractured and a conductor's legs broken.

Four men were seriously injured in a freight train wreck at East St. Louis, Thursday night and the trotter Lady Gay, worth $15,000, was killed.

Near Roscoe station, Neb., on the Union Pacific, James Soward, an engineer, was killed and three men badly injured by a collision of freight trains on Thursday.

A traction engine and threshing machine, while being moved across a small stream near Janesville, Ind., Thursday, broke through a bridge and landed in the water some 30 feet below. Five men were buried under the engine. Two men were scalded to death by steam, and the other three were severely injured.

A frightful accident occurred at the West avenue canal bridge at Rochester, N. Y., Friday night. Car No. 12 of the Caledonia avenue line was passing over the bridge in a westerly direction when one of the heavy troughs filled with pig iron, weighing 1500 pounds, used to assist by its weight in raising and lowering the bridge, fell from its support and crashed through the top of the car, injuring the following-named persons: John Metzler, seriously, perhaps fatally; Mary Birmingham, age 13, fatally; Rev. George Gonth, pastor of the German Lutheran church of Pittsford, injured on the side and on the leg; Mr. and Mrs. Gonth, parents of Rev. Mr. Gonth, slightly injured.

The rear end of a south-bound freight on the Western New York & Pennsylvania road broke loose as the train was climbing the summit four miles south of of Corry Penn., on Saturday, and rushing down the hill, crashed with terrific force into the morning passenger train which was following. All of the passengers were bruised, some injured seriously, but none fatally.

The seriously injured are: Conductor Fox, bad scalp wound and leg injured; baggage man, L. W. Bessie of Oil City, head bruised; Engineer Sullivan of Mayville, badly cut and bruised.

Notable Deaths.

George B. N. Tower, chief engineer of the navy, died at Brooklyn on Oct. 2. He served with distinction in the various squadrons throughout the war, and at its close, in 1865, resigned from the service to follow his profession of civil engineering. He made several valuable inventions, was an expert in patent cases, wrote several books relating to his profession, was for some time professor in the scientific department of Dartmouth College, and about five years ago was supervising inspector of steam vessels at New York.

Harry S. Chase, the marine painter, died at Sewanee, Tenn., Thursday. He was 37 years old. One of his pictures was recently purchased for the Corcoran gallery in Washington.

Gov. John A. Martin of Kansas died Wednesday morning at Atchison. Deceased was prominent in Kansas politics, and had long been identified with the Republican party in that State.

Rev. D. M. Sheldon, D. D., died at Waterville, Me., on Friday, aged 82 years.

Archbishop Potter, Catholic bishop of Bombay, whose death has been cabled, was a Jesuit father and a great linguist, as he wrote and spoke seven different European languages and over a dozen of the native tongues of India and Asia generally.

Gen. Asa P. Blunt of Manchester, N. H., died recently of brain fever, after a week's illness. He was born in Danville, Vt., Oct. 19, 1827. He was among the first to enlist at the breaking out of the war, was appointed adjutant of the 3d Regiment of Vermont volunteers, and since that time to the present has been almost continually in the military service of the United States.

The once famous actress, Mme. Albertine (Albertine Manchester), died on Sunday, at New Bedford, Mass. She was stricken with blindness while in Australia in 1873, and was brought home to New Bedford, where she has since resided. She was 58 years of age.

Rt. Rev. T. H. Vail, D. D., L.L. D., bishop of the diocese of Kansas of the Episcopal church died on Sunday last at Bryn Mawr, Penn.

The Judge Terry Case.

The grand jury of San Joaquin county, Cal., has presented its final report concerning the case of Deputy United States Marshal Nagle. The report says the facts show that the killing of the late Judge Terry was intentional and deliberate, and that while the constitution and laws of the State require that a crime against its laws should be tried thereunder the accused was taken from the power of the State by a process emanating from the United States Circuit Court. The report continues: "The United States Circuit Court has decided that Nagle cannot be tried by a State Court; essentially for a like want of jurisdiction it is fair to conclude he cannot be tried in any court."

Robbed of $3000.

Mrs. Mary O'Brien, 60 years of age, was robbed Thursday of $3000, that represented her savings for years. She was in Chicago from Waltham, Mass., Wednesday afternoon, on her way to her son's home in Elgin. She had sold her home in Waltham and in an envelope fastened inside her dress were the proceeds of the sale. Mrs. O'Brien went to a cheap hotel near the depot, where she was given a room. Thursday the odor of coal gas was noticed coming from the room; the door was broken open, and the gray-haired occupant was found lying on the floor unconscious. Assistance was given, and when Mrs. O'Brien returned to consciousness her money had disappeared. An employe of the house has been arrested.

Notes.

A storm raged in the Gulf of Mexico Thursday.

The 1st Regiment, Connecticut National Guard, visited Montreal last week.

It is rumored that all the surface street-car roads in New York have been consolidated.

Robert Ray Hamilton has begun an action for a divorce from his wife in the Supreme Court, New York.

It is intimated that the President is likely to fill the vacancy on the Supreme bench with a man from Michigan.

The corner-stone of the New York Academy of Medicine on 43d street, near 5th avenue, was laid yesterday.

Enrique Devilla, the Colombian consul who arrived at New Orleans from Guatemala on the first, died Thursday of yellow fever.

The wife of a deputy sheriff at Little Falls Minn., stole her husband's revolver, keys and money, released a convict and eloped with him.

The 24th triennial conclave of the Grand Encampment, Knights Templars, of the United States will be held in Washington, D. C., this week.

Gen. L. B. Faulkner, who has been on trial for several days on a charge of having wrecked the Dansville, N. Y., National Bank, has been found guilty.

Sixteen Maine monuments were dedicated Thursday on the Gettysburg battlefield. General Selden Connor, ex-Governor of Maine delivered the principal address.

After a quarrel over some property Wednesday, Daniel Robins, aged 64 years of Greenpoint, N. Y., shot and killed his wife, Mary Ann, 55 years of age, and then killed himself.

It is stated that the policy of the woman suffrage party in New York State will be to aid candidates for the Legislature who are friendly to woman suffrage, without regard to party lines.

General Master Workman Powderly delivered an address at St. Louis Friday night, during which he answered to the satisfaction of his audience the attacks which had been made upon him in the St. Louis papers.

Four hundred surviving veterans and friends of the Maine regiments that participated in the battle of Gettysburg 26 years ago, arrived at Gettysburg Wednesday evening. Sixteen monuments will be dedicated today.

The ancient and historical town of Stratford, Conn., had a monster celebration Saturday, the occasion being the 250th anniversary of the settlement of the town, and the unveiling of the soldiers' and sailors' monument.

The National Association of Woollen Manufacturers, which met at New York Wednesday, indorsed the resolutions relative to the tariff modifications desired which were proposed by the executive committee in Boston.

Reports from ranching districts along the Manitoba international boundary indicate great scarcity of food and water, and stock is already suffering in consequence. Owing to the unusually dry season, the amount of hay put up was small, and immense stretches of prairie have lately been burned over. The outlook is so discouraging that some ranchers offer to give their cattle away, knowing that death from starvation is almost certain.

William R. Batterson, a brother of James G. Batterson, president of the Travellers' Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., shot himself dead in the New England Monument Company's office at 1321 Broadway, New York, Monday.

By direction of Secretary Blaine, a volume has been prepared for the benefit of the delegates to the Pan-American congress, giving in a concise form comprehensive information in regard to the commerce and resources of the three Americas.

Walt Whitman is no longer able to drive out, his legs having failed him so that he cannot get in and out of a carriage. On pleasant days, however, he goes out in a wheel chair, and passes considerable time on the river bank enjoying the air and scenery.

St. John, N. B., has been thrown into a state of excitement over a wholesale attempt to poison the families of three Protestant clergymen. The wife of Rev. Mr. McRae has died from eating candy sent to her husband. The confectionery contained strychnine.

During a prayer meeting in the Presbyterian church at Moss Point, Miss., Wednesday night a shot was fired from outside through the open front door, instantly killing Dan K. McInnis, mortally wounding his little daughter and seriously wounding Henry Blumer.

According to reports to the Farmer's Review of Chicago the potato crop of 1889 will probably exceed in quantity that of any previous year in the United States. The total crop is estimated at 233,700,000 bushels, which exceeds last year's crop by over 17,000,000 bushels.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thomas Griffin, pastor of St. John's Roman Catholic church, Worcester, was invested with the insignia of domestic prelate at St. John's church Wednesday, and received the degree of doctor of divinity. The ceremony was one of great solemnity and magnificence.

Three children named Walton obtained access to the powder house of the gypsum mine at Cayagua, Ont., Thursday, and one of them lighted a match and ignited a quantity of powder. One of the children was literally blown to pieces, and the others were so badly injured that they cannot recover.

Richard A. Webb, 26 years old, who lived in Holyoke, Mass., is supposed to have taken a header from his bicycle on the North End bridge Thursday night, and gone into the river and been drowned. His wheel, hat and bundle were found on the bridge Friday morning, and the river is being dragged.

At an early hour Wednesday morning a large piece of rock became detached from the face of the cliff immediately under Dufferin Terrace, Quebec, and went crashing into a house on Little Champlain street. The slide took place several yards to the east of the scene of the recent fatal disaster. No lives were lost.

Owing to a mistake by the Michigan legislative bill clerk, section 10 of the new high license liquor law is void. This section compelled druggists to secure permits and to make annual statements of their sales. This, it is considered, will not invalidate the entire law, but it removes all restrictions from the druggists.

In the Calumet & Hecla mine Thursday a miner accidentally struck an unexploded charge of dynamite with his pick. A deafening crash followed, the dynamite exploding and sending masses of shattered rock in deadly showers all around the spot. Two men were instantly killed, another was fatally injured, and 26 others were more or less hurt.

Thursday morning a dastardly attempt was made to blow up the slaughter-house of J. & C. Scanlon in West 40th street, New York. A dynamite bomb was thrown in through an open window, doing about $200 worth of damage to the property, but luckily injuring no one. The act is supposed to have been committed by a discharged employe. There was a strike in the place last February.

The American Institute fair in New York was opened Wednesday night with the usual ceremonies that have marked it for the past 58 years. About 6000 people were in attendance. The opening address was made by ex-Assistant United States Treasurer L. E. Chittenden. All the space in the fair has been taken, though many of the exhibits are not yet in place. The fair will remain open until Nov. 20.

The conference of friends of the Indians was held at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., last week. The platform reaffirms previous utterances, approves the general plan outlined by Commissioner Morgan for comprehensive and compulsory education by the government in harmonious concurrence with the work of the churches and philanthropic societies. Another plank emphasizes the necessity of separating absolutely the appointments to offices from the mutations of parties.

Jacob Zintmaster, the treasurer of Bethlehem township, Stark county, O., has been forced to resign. He was over $4000 short in his accounts and tried to satisfy the township trustees with a $4 certificate of deposit which had been raised to $4000 by the addition of three ciphers. Forged notes to the amount of $2000 have also been presented for payment. Zintmaster's father and brothers have met all obligations, and it is rumored that the young man has disappeared.

Just before Minister Douglass left on the Kearsarge, on Tuesday, an old lady came rushing along the gang-plank, announcing herself as a grandniece of Pulaski. "Halt, there!" said the marine, because the gang-plank was about to be drawn in. "No, indeed!" said the old lady, charging on the marine with her umbrella, and, rushing to Mr. Douglass, she clasped his hands, saying, "You helped me when I was in distress; you fed me when I was hungry, and I cannot let you go without coming to praise you and to bid you good by!"

BOSTON'S STAR BATTERY.

Clarkson and Bennett Arrive and Are Welcomed by The Globe.

THE GLOBE $1000 gift has been the theme of general conversation since the action of Col. Taylor was made known.

Everywhere there was but one opinion, and no one was more enthusiastic than the men who have made money in the profession. The unexpected turn taken by THE GLOBE showed on its face the only motive there was in the offer.

Did the action end there?

Well, hardly.

Two members of the Boston team who had worked might and main were expected home last night, and THE GLOBE proposed to do them honor and show that though they had not succeeded in landing the team in the first position their untiring efforts were appreciated.

The two men were John Clarkson, the champion pitcher of all the country, and his modest and brilliant side partner, Charles Bennett.

They arrived in Boston last night at 9 o'clock, and when they stepped on the platform there was a GLOBE representative to shake them by the hand and in the name of Col. Taylor congratulate them on their magnificent work, and to assure them that though they did not win they had the encouragement and good will of every right thinking man in Boston.

Both men were naturally eager to get home, and THE GLOBE had a carriage ready for them.

The attention was appreciated, and both men paid a visit to the office of this paper before they turned toward the rest they both so badly needed.

"You can say for me," said the king of the pitchers, "that the boys all are conscious of the wonderful generosity of Col. Taylor, though I need not say wonderful, as his public spirit is well known. The club did not expect any such treatment, and it was all the more welcome on that account."

"It was a hard battle," put in Bennett, "and no team ever worked harder or more in harmony than did the Bostons."

Both men looked well and strong, and in their short stay at THE GLOBE office found time for a short talk.

"What was the feeling among the Western clubs?" was asked of Clarkson.

"I never saw such a desire to beat a club as was manifested by all the teams we played against. We got the hardest men to fight against all along the line, and where other nines were getting the new men to play against we got the cream of the lot against us. Still everything is fair in love and base ball, and we lost simply because we could not throw down the combination. I think that no club ever worked against such odds and made as good a showing. No one can accuse the boys of quitting, for from the first to the last they worked hard, and their record in the last Western trip is evidence of it. Take Bennett, for instance. He caught the last 10 games, although it was agony for him and, in fact, I don't know how he stood the strain."

"How about yourself?"

"I only did what I would do any time if called on. I wanted Boston to win so bad that my own interests were a very secondary consideration. Besides, although it was very hard work, I do not feel as if it had done me the slightest harm; and after a little rest I will be a better man. It is a little self-sacrifice that knits a team closely together, and next year if everything goes well the team that makes Boston work hard at the finish will be a stronger combination than anything playing ball this season."

Bennett, whose hands are terribly sore from the work he has done, seconded all that Clarkson had said, and as they both left for home they expressed their thanks to THE GLOBE for its kindly encouragement and wished it and Col. Taylor all the good fortune possible.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl st., New York.

THE YEAR'S AGONY OVER.

New York and Boston's Hot Race for the Pennant.

Individual Records of All the Players in the National League.

Base Ball Records for 1889 to Paste in Your Reference Books.

POSITION OF LEADERS AT FINISH.

	NEW YORK.	BOSTON.
GAMES WON	83	83
GAMES LOST	43	45
GAMES PLAYED	126	128
PER CENT. WON	.659	.648

In the three tables given today may be found the individual records of the league players in batting, fielding and base-running, also the most complete record of pitchers' work ever presented. Ten games has been the basis for a record in the three tables. A supplementary has been added to the pitchers' table, giving the records of all the other pitchers. The figures for the outfielders contain their aggregate records in the three out fields, but these players have been classified in the position in which they have played the most.

The champions were first in batting, average .280, and seventh in fielding, average .828. Boston was third in batting, with a record of .275, and first in fielding, average .855. Indianapolis was second in batting and third in fielding.

Boston stole the most bases—316, 35 more than New York, who was second.

Cleveland made the most double plays—114, Indianapolis 107, Boston third with 105. The Giants were fifth with 97.

Last year there were seven batsmen with a record of .300 or over. This season 17 have reached that figure. Kelly, the 18th batsman, just got left at .299.

Last year Anson led the league with a record of .343. This season only three have surpassed that figure.

Of the first 10 batsmen Boston has two, New York three, Indianapolis two, including Whitney, Pittsburg, Chicago and Cleveland one each. Thompson and Delehanty are tied for first place in the Philadelphias, with a record of .296. The ex-Detroiter has much the greater total batting record.

Fogarty led the league in stolen bases, with 85.

Glasscock made the most two-baggers, 40; Thompson and O'Rourke each made 36, and Dan Brouthers 26.

Connor made 17 triples, Fogarty 16, and Ryan 14.

The leading home-run hitters were Thompson, with 20; Denny, 18; Ryan, 17; Connor, 13; Tiernan, Duffy, and Farrell, 11 each.

Tiernan made more runs than any other player, 147; Duffy made 144, Ryan 142.

In the pitchers' table the records of the tie games are included. The figures show that Clarkson has the best record in a number of important points, proving him to be the first pitcher in the league. He is first in average earned runs per game, 1.74, and in percentage of games won, outside of O'Day, who only pitched 10 games.

The individual fielding records speak for themselves, being all classified according to positions and the players arranged in the order of their rank. Boston's catchers lead the list. Clarkson, as in the table of all-round work, leads the pitchers, and although Billy Nash has been piling up errors lately, his season's record shows him without a peer.

CLARENCE DOW.

INDIVIDUAL FIELDING RECORDS.

CATCHERS.

Name and Club.	G.	PO.	A.	E.	PB.	AV.
Bennett, B.	82	416	73	48	21	.911
Ganzel, B.	38	192	55	30	11	.892
Ewing, N. Y.	97	516	149	90	37	.881
Daly, W.	57	271	83	51	22	.874
Clements, P.	78	382	75	73	32	.862
Zimmer, Cl.	84	333	125	74	49	.861
Sutcliffe, Cl.	37	191	69	43	22	.858
Buckley, I.	54	177	57	41	17	.851
Murphy, N. Y.	9	26	8	6	1	.850
Farrell, C.	76	335	117	81	41	.848
Schriver, P.	48	232	78	56	26	.847
Snyder, Cl.	22	90	40	24	8	.844
Darling, C.	36	163	45	40	18	.839
Daily, I.	50	221	42	63	24	.837
Myers, G., I.	18	67	29	20	7	.828
Miller, Pi.	75	296	87	82	34	.824
Sommers, I.	21	103	20	30	19	.804
Carroll, Pi.	43	167	51	54	35	.801
Clark, W.	13	42	26	17	7	.800
Brown, N. Y.	37	141	34	45	13	.795
Fields, Pi.	15	57	23	21	9	.792
Flint, C.	15	62	18	22	9	.784
Mack, W.	42	186	72	72	38	.782
Sommers, C.	10	41	10	16	9	.761
Kelly, B.	12	32	19	19	8	.728

PITCHERS.

Name and Club.	G.	PO.	A.	E.	AV.
Clarkson, B.	73	36	456	259	.655
Burdick, I.	10	2	22	13	.649
Hutchinson, C.	37	18	239	140	.647
Radbourn, B.	33	19	152	96	.640
Staley, Pi.	49	18	264	161	.637
Sanders, P.	44	22	178	114	.637
Getzein, I.	44	23	210	134	.635
Keefe, N. Y.	47	10	308	183	.635
Buffinton, P.	47	20	232	149	.628
Sowders, Pi.	15	10	58	41	.624
Galvin, Pi.	41	20	153	111	.609
Gumbert, C.	28	17	137	99	.609
Tener, C.	35	22	176	131	.602
Boyle, I.	45	17	155	126	.577
Dwyer, C.	31	22	122	109	.569
Beatin, Cl.	36	16	187	156	.565
Bakely, Cl.	36	18	171	146	.564
Morris, Pi.	21	5	68	57	.561
Casey, P.	19	5	99	86	.547
O'Day, N. Y.	10	6	42	43	.527
Haddock, W.	32	13	153	150	.525
Healy, W.	13	4	71	65	.521
Ferson, W.	35	5	137	132	.518
Gleason, P.	28	12	117	123	.512
Rusie, I.	32	9	147	147	.511
Whitney, I.	9	4	23	26	.509
Gruber, Cl.	25	6	112	116	.504
Welch, N. Y.	45	14	172	183	.504
Madden, B.	22	6	93	101	.495
Crane, N. Y.	29	12	152	171	.489
O'Brien, Cl.	41	24	184	220	.486
Keefe, W.	30	6	117	161	.433
O'Day, W.	13	7	44	72	.415

FIRST BASEMEN.

Name and Club.	G.	PO.	A.	E.	AV.
Shoeneck, I.	16	165	11	3	.983
Beckley, Pi.	121	1219	53	27	.979
Morrill, W.	40	359	20	8	.979
Faatz, Cl.	116	1149	53	27	.978
Connor, N. Y.	131	1273	32	30	.978
Brouthers, B.	126	1246	50	31	.977
Farrar, P.	130	1253	46	32	.976
Anson, C.	134	1407	79	39	.974
Gilks, Cl.	10	97	6	3	.972
Carney, W.	54	513	15	23	.959
Hines, I.	109	1095	52	54	.955
Mack, W.	22	185	5	13	.936

SECOND BASEMEN.

Name and Club.	G.	PO.	A.	E.	AV.
Myers, P.	75	192	262	27	.956
Dunlap, Pi.	122	342	394	37	.952
Myers, W.	46	146	148	18	.942
Richardson, N. Y.	125	333	409	52	.935
Stricker, Cl.	136	435	423	61	.934
Bassett, I.	127	324	336	49	.931
Quinn, B.	47	102	121	20	.918
Pfeffer, C.	134	452	473	83	.918
Richardson, B.	86	241	312	51	.916
Wise, W.	72	176	224	39	.911
Delehanty, P.	24	54	55	12	.901
Hallman, P.	12	39	32	11	.866

THIRD BASEMEN.

Name and Club.	G.	PO.	A.	E.	AV.
Nash, B.	128	206	277	48	.910
Denny, I.	121	195	261	51	.899
Buckley, I.	11	8	27	4	.897
Mulvey, P.	128	166	278	55	.890
Tebeau, Cl.	136	188	283	63	.882
Burns, C.	136	237	297	72	.880
Kuehne, Pi.	75	82	162	37	.868
White, Pi.	52	69	98	27	.861
J. Irwin, W.	59	84	128	37	.851
Whitney, N. Y.	129	159	258	73	.851
Wise, W.	13	26	25	12	.810
Sweeney, W.	48	65	78	49	.745

SHORT STOPS.

Name and Club.	G.	PO.	A.	E.	AV.
Gilks, Cl.	13	21	43	6	.914
Bastian, C.	46	59	165	22	.911
Glasscock, I.	131	247	385	66	.905
Rowe, Pi.	75	112	225	36	.903
Smith, Pi.	58	94	190	31	.902
Smith, B.	59	124	169	32	.901
McKean, Cl.	123	211	393	66	.901
A. Irwin, W.	85	167	279	51	.897
Hallman, P.	106	238	338	73	.888
Ward, N. Y.	108	227	322	71	.885
Wise, W.	25	37	73	17	.866
Clark, W.	12	33	34	12	.848
Ryan, C.	29	31	109	26	.847
A. Irwin, P.	18	24	45	13	.841
Hatfield, N. Y.	24	50	76	24	.840
Quinn, B.	63	70	163	46	.835
Williamson, C.	47	50	133	38	.828
Duffy, C.	10	3	27	8	.789

LEFT FIELDERS.

Name and Club.	G.	PO.	A.	E.	AV.
Delehanty, P.	32	59	4	2	.969
Kuehne, Pi.	13	28	1	1	.967
Richardson, B.	46	79	8	5	.946
Shoch, W.	16	27	3	2	.938
Carroll, Pi.	22	40	2	3	.933
Wilmot, W.	108	232	20	20	.926
Seery, I.	127	224	24	26	.905
Twitchell, Cl.	134	219	13	25	.903
Van Haltren, C.	116	201	16	26	.893
Maul, Pi.	39	71	12	10	.892
Wood, P.	92	164	8	21	.891
Brown, B.	89	171	11	23	.888
O'Rourke, N. Y.	128	158	19	25	.876
Fields, Pi.	60	97	9	17	.862
Gumbert, C.	12	32	2	9	.791
Farrell, C.	10	19	1	7	.741

CENTRE FIELDERS.

Name and Club.	G.	PO.	A.	E.	AV.
Hines, I.	12	31	4	0	1.000
Gilks, Cl.	29	51	4	1	.982
Fogarty, P.	128	304	37	15	.958
McAleer, Cl.	110	237	31	18	.937
Sullivan, I.	64	131	10	12	.922
Johnston, B.	132	269	20	25	.920
Farrell, C.	15	31	1	3	.914
Myers, I.	22	40	2	4	.913
Hanlon, Pi.	116	277	13	26	.911
Ryan, C.	106	257	40	29	.911
Hoy, W.	127	249	27	32	.896
Andrews, I.	40	67	9	10	.884
Gore, N. Y.	120	241	17	34	.884
Slattery, N. Y.	12	21	2	4	.852
Carroll, Pi.	18	30	4	6	.850
Van Haltren, C.	14	25	2	8	.770

RIGHT FIELDERS.

Name and Club.	G.	PO.	A.	E.	AV.
Clark, W.	10	16	3	0	1.000
Maul, Pi.	23	43	5	1	.980
Miller, Pi.	26	54	3	2	.966
McGeachy, I.	132	188	46	16	.936
Sunday, Pi.	81	155	20	12	.936
Radford, Cl.	136	205	24	16	.935
Ganzel, B.	21	25	6	3	.912
Mack, W.	34	59	9	7	.907
Thompson, P.	128	179	21	21	.905
Tiernan, N. Y.	122	179	17	22	.899
Shoch, W.	13	22	3	3	.893
Duffy, C.	126	188	20	26	.889
Beecher, W.	38	52	15	9	.882
Kelly, B.	113	172	27	33	.858
Carney, W.	16	22	2	4	.857
Wise, W.	10	9	1	3	.769

BASE BALL STATISTICS, 1889.

INDIVIDUAL BATTING AND BASE-RUNNING RECORDS OF THE LEAGUE.

RANK, NAME AND CLUB.	Games.	At bat.	Runs.	Base hits.	Two-base hits.	Three-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.	Sacrifice hits.	Average base hits.	Average total bases.	Strike outs.	Bases on balls.	Stolen bases.
1—Brouthers, B.	126	483	104	181	26	9	7	246	32	.375	.507	6	66	19
Whitney, I.	10	32	6	12	4	1	0	18	0	.375	.563	7	5	1
3—Glasscock, I.	133	582	126	205	40	3	6	269	28	.352	.462	10	31	55
4—Ewing, N. Y.	99	407	91	135	23	13	4	196	36	.332	.482	32	37	35
5—Tiernan, N. Y.	122	501	147	166	22	14	11	249	21	.331	.497	32	96	34
6—O'Rourke, N. Y.	128	503	89	161	36	7	3	220	22	.320	.437	32	40	35
7—Carroll, Pi.	92	322	80	102	21	11	2	151	19	.317	.469	26	85	21
8—Richardson, B.	132	537	121	169	33	9	7	241	26	.315	.449	44	48	37
9—Anson, C.	134	512	98	161	32	7	7	228	23	.314	.445	19	86	22
McKean, Cl.	123	500	87	157	22	8	4	207	29	.314	.414	25	42	32
11—Fields, Pi.	75	285	41	89	20	4	2	123	11	.312	.432	30	29	7
12—Connor, N. Y.	131	497	117	154	32	17	13	259	29	.310	.541	46	93	17
13—Seary, I.	127	522	123	161	26	12	8	235	13	.308	.450	59	67	19
14—Van Haltren, C.	134	545	126	166	20	10	9	233	16	.305	.428	37	82	26
Ryan, C.	135	580	142	177	31	14	17	287	9	.305	.495	58	70	37
16—Madden, B.	24	86	7	26	1	0	0	27	5	.302	.314	7	3	4
17—Gore, N. Y.	120	493	132	148	21	7	7	204	13	.300	.414	28	84	28
18—Kelly, B.	125	505	120	151	41	5	10	229	42	.299	.453	40	65	68
19—Hines, I.	121	489	78	145	27	1	5	189	25	.297	.387	22	49	29
20—Thompson, P.	128	540	101	160	36	4	20	264	27	.296	.489	22	36	15
Delehanty, P.	57	247	37	73	13	3	0	92	10	.296	.372	17	14	13
Ward, N. Y.	114	480	88	142	13	4	1	166	33	.296	.346	7	27	57
Duffy, C.	136	581	144	172	21	8	11	242	22	.296	.417	26	46	47
24—Mulvey, P.	128	542	78	159	20	9	6	215	28	.293	.397	25	23	22
Mack, W.	98	386	50	113	15	1	0	130	14	.293	.337	12	15	23
Wilmot, W.	108	427	89	125	19	19	9	209	21	.293	.489	32	51	38
Andrews, I.	40	174	32	51	10	0	0	61	6	.293	.351	10	5	7
28—Slattery, N. Y.	12	48	7	14	2	0	1	19	2	.292	.396	3	4	2
29—Beecher, W.	41	179	21	52	9	0	0	61	10	.291	.341	4	5	3
Daly, W.	72	254	39	74	12	5	1	99	6	.291	.390	28	38	12
31—J. Irwin, W.	59	226	42	65	11	4	0	84	4	.288	.371	14	25	12
32—Nash, B.	128	477	84	137	23	0	3	169	32	.287	.354	44	79	26
33—Beckley, Pi.	123	524	91	150	24	10	9	221	10	.286	.422	29	29	7
34—Sullivan, I.	69	256	45	73	11	3	4	102	11	.285	.398	31	50	13
35—Andrews, P.	10	39	10	11	1	0	0	12	2	.282	.308	3	3	7
McGeachy, I.	132	531	84	150	32	1	3	193	31	.282	.363	39	9	36
37—Maul, P.	68	261	38	73	6	6	4	103	12	.280	.395	41	28	12
38—Clements, P.	78	313	51	87	17	1	4	118	5	.278	.377	21	29	3
39—Denney, I.	133	577	98	160	24	0	18	239	22	.276	.414	63	27	16
40—Hoy, W.	127	505	98	139	11	6	0	162	24	.275	.321	30	75	35
Richardson, N. Y.	125	498	88	137	22	8	7	196	35	.275	.394	37	46	29
Twitchell, Cl.	134	549	73	151	16	11	4	201	28	.275	.366	37	29	12
43—Gumbert, C.	41	154	30	42	3	2	7	70	4	.273	.455	32	11	2
Ganzell, B.	73	275	31	75	2	5	1	90	20	.273	.327	11	15	9
45—Sowders, Pi.	15	48	4	13	1	0	0	14	5	.271	.292	10	3	0
46—Schriver, P.	55	211	24	57	10	0	1	70	12	.270	.332	8	16	5
47—Tebeau, Cl.	136	524	72	141	20	6	8	197	27	.269	.376	41	37	25
48—Farrar, P.	130	478	70	128	22	2	3	163	22	.268	.341	36	52	25
49—Sanders, P.	45	169	20	45	8	2	0	57	9	.266	.337	11	6	4
Myers, W.	46	173	24	46	3	0	0	49	11	.266	.283	7	22	10
51—Miller, Pi.	104	426	77	113	25	3	6	162	18	.265	.380	11	30	20
52—Gilks, Cl.	53	188	18	49	5	2	0	58	9	.261	.309	20	7	6
53—Buckley, I.	68	260	34	67	10	1	7	103	11	.260	.396	32	15	5
Tener, C.	42	154	18	40	4	2	1	51	3	.260	.331	22	7	2
55—Fogarty, P.	128	497	108	129	16	16	3	186	26	.258	.374	60	65	85
Daily, I.	62	221	36	57	6	2	0	67	16	.258	.308	21	28	18
Stricker, Cl.	136	565	81	146	10	4	1	167	25	.258	.296	18	58	31
58—O'Brien, Cl.	41	140	13	36	1	0	0	37	5	.257	.264	18	12	2
Rowe, Pi.	75	319	57	82	14	3	2	108	16	.257	.339	16	22	5
60—Myers, P.	75	305	53	78	14	2	0	96	26	.256	.315	9	36	8
Wood, P.	97	422	77	108	21	4	5	152	20	.256	.360	33	53	18
62—Clark, W.	39	145	19	37	4	2	3	54	3	.255	.372	18	6	8
Smith, B.	59	212	21	54	11	4	0	73	12	.255	.344	28	20	16
64—Ebright, W.	16	59	7	15	2	2	1	24	0	.254	.407	8	3	1
65—Gleason, P.	81	99	12	25	4	0	0	29	8	.253	.293	12	8	4
Wise, W.	120	467	77	118	13	9	4	161	16	.253	.345	62	61	22
67—Sommers, I.	22	84	13	21	2	2	2	33	6	.250	.393	16	1	2
Zimmer, Cl.	84	264	47	66	9	7	1	92	13	.250	.348	35	44	8
69—Quinn, B.	112	442	60	110	13	5	2	139	34	.249	.315	21	16	22
Farrell, C.	101	406	67	101	19	7	11	167	11	.249	.411	17	41	57
71—Hallman, P.	119	459	65	114	21	7	2	155	33	.248	.337	54	36	21
72—Bassett, I.	127	476	62	117	12	5	3	148	27	.246	.310	38	37	16
73—Sutcliffe, Cl.	46	159	17	39	2	2	1	48	11	.245	.302	6	14	5
74—Knehne, Pi.	97	390	43	95	19	5	5	139	21	.244	.356	36	9	11
75—Williamson, C.	47	173	16	42	3	1	1	50	1	.243	.289	21	23	2
White, Pi.	55	226	35	55	10	1	0	67	11	.243	.296	18	16	2
77—Bennett, B.	82	248	41	60	8	2	4	84	10	.242	.339	43	21	7
Shoeneck, I.	16	62	3	15	2	2	0	21	0	.242	.339	3	3	1
Burns, C.	136	524	64	127	26	6	5	179	9	.242	.342	57	32	14
Brown, N. Y.	40	140	16	34	8	0	1	45	9	.242	.321	9	9	6
81—Brown, B.	89	357	94	86	10	5	2	112	11	.241	.314	56	59	64
Sunday, Pi.	82	323	60	78	9	6	2	105	14	.241	.325	33	27	48
83—Radford, Cl.	136	487	94	116	18	6	1	149	17	.238	.306	37	91	31
84—Boyle, I.	45	152	15	36	9	0	1	48	4	.237	.315	23	9	4
McAleer, Cl.	110	447	67	106	6	6	1	127	22	.237	.284	49	30	35
86—Flint, C.	15	55	6	13	1	0	1	17	1	.236	.309	18	3	1
87—Carney, W.	70	273	25	64	6	0	1	73	21	.234	.267	14	14	10
Johnston, B.	132	546	80	128	13	4	5	164	27	.234	.300	60	41	34
89—Sommers, C.	11	43	4	10	5	0	0	15	1	.233	.349	6	1	0
90—Pfeffer, C.	134	524	86	121	15	7	7	171	16	.231	.326	47	53	38
Dunlap, Pi.	122	450	59	104	19	0	2	129	34	.231	.287	33	46	19
92—Hanlon, Pi.	116	463	81	107	14	10	2	147	21	.229	.314	25	57	51
93—Sweeney, W.	49	191	13	43	6	3	1	58	5	.225	.304	26	11	8
94—Healy, W.	13	45	7	10	2	0	1	15	0	.222	.333	10	0	0
Shoch, W.	30	108	12	24	2	0	0	26	8	.222	.241	5	20	10
A. Irwin, W.	85	315	49	70	10	5	0	90	10	.222	.286	37	42	9
97—Whitney, N. Y.	129	476	71	105	12	2	1	124	26	.221	.261	34	56	13
98—A. Irwin, P.	18	73	9	16	5	0	0	21	4	.219	.288	6	6	6
99—Faatz, Cl.	116	445	49	97	11	4	2	122	17	.218	.274	28	17	21
100—Riddle, W.	11	37	3	8	3	0	0	11	0	.216	.300	8	2	0
101—Haddock, W.	34	112	13	24	3	0	2	34	4	.214	.295	27	19	3
102—Buffinton, P.	47	150	16	32	2	0	0	34	18	.213	.227	5	9	0
103—Smith, Pi.	72	258	26	54	10	2	5	83	16	.209	.244	38	23	12
104—Clarkson, B.	73	264	36	54	10	2	2	74	8	.205	.280	59	11	8
105—Dwyer, C.	35	131	14	26	1	1	2	35	2	.199	.267	8	4	0
106—Crane, N. Y.	29	106	13	21	1	0	2	28	3	.198	.264	18	13	6
107—Snyder, Cl.	22	83	5	16	3	0	0	19	3	.193	.229	12	2	4
108—Galvin, Pi.	41	152	14	29	6	2	0	39	10	.191	.257	46	3	2
Casey, P.	19	68	5	13	2	0	0	15	6	.191	.221	12	0	0
110—Radbourn, B.	35	122	17	23	1	0	1	27	10	.188	.221	19	9	3
111—Welch, N. Y.	45	155	20	29	5	1	0	36	7	.187	.232	25	5	0
112—O'Day, W.	13	44	1	8	1	0	0	9	3	.182	.205	7	3	0
113—Hatfield, N. Y.	32	127	21	23	2	0	1	28	8	.181	.220	15	9	9
114—Myers, I.	41	150	22	27	3	0	0	30	6	.180	.200	13	17	14
115—Darling, C.	36	124	12	22	1	1	0	25	1	.178	.201	22	25	5
116—Morrill, W.	44	144	20	25	5	0	2	36	7	.174	.250	23	30	9
117—Staley, Pi.	51	185	11	31	3	1	0	36	3	.167	.194	40	4	1
118—Rusie, I.	32	101	15	16	3	1	0	21	3	.158	.208	19	2	3
119—Getzein, I.	44	142	19	22	4	2	2	36	4	.155	.254	38	15	2
120—Hutchinson, C.	37	130	14	20	1	1	1	26	3	.154	.200	40	7	2
Keefe, N. Y.	47	149	17	23	5	2	0	32	5	.154	.215	49	14	0
122—Keefe, W.	30	97	7	14	2	1	0	18	1	.144	.186	29	8	2
123—Bakely, Cl.	36	113	9	14	1	1	1	20	3	.124	.177	40	17	1
Bastian, C.	46	153	19	19	0	0	0	19	4	.124	.124	46	25	1
125—Burdick, I.	10	17	1	2	0	0	0	2	0	.118	.118	2	4	0
126—Beatin, Cl.	36	120	13	14	0	0	1	17	8	.117	.142	33	14	0
127—Ferson, W.	35	114	7	13	3	1	0	18	4	.114	.158	47	10	1
128—O'Day, N. Y.	10	28	5	3	0	0	0	3	1	.107	.107	10	4	2
129—Morris, Pi.	21	70	2	7	1	0	0	8	5	.100	.114	17	4	1
130—Gruber, Cl.	25	72	7	7	2	0	0	9	7	.097	.125	18	14	0

PITCHERS' RECORDS.

BASES ON BALLS AND ERRORS—HITS AND RUNS OF OPPONENTS.

RANK, NAME AND CLUB.	Games.	Per cent. won.	At bat.	Runs scored.	Av. runs scored per game.	Earned runs.	Av. earned runs per game.	Base hits.	Av. base hits per game.	Av. B. H. to times at bat.	Total bases.	Strike outs.	Av. strike outs per game.	Bases on balls.	Average B. B. per game.	Hit with pitched ball.	Wild pitches.
1—Clarkson B	72	.721	2516	280	3.89	125	1.74	591	8.21	.235	765	295	4.10	208	2.89	17	15
2—Bakeley, Cl	34	.382	1173	167	4.91	67	1.97	296	8.71	.252	393	103	3.03	110	3.22	8	18
3—Gruber, Cl.	23	.273	760	120	5.22	47	2.04	187	8.13	.246	244	68	2.96	83	3.61	8	13
4—Crane, N.Y	25	.565	875	142	5.68	52	2.08	198	7.92	.226	262	124	4.96	129	5.16	10	16
5—Welch, NY	41	.700	1389	196	4.79	88	2.15	337	8.22	.250	465	115	2.80	145	3.54	10	15
6—Casey, P.	19	.421	701	102	5.37	42	2.21	192	10.11	.274	251	77	4.05	80	4.21	8	5
7—Keefe, W.	28	.333	977	179	6.39	64	2.29	274	9.79	.280	355	94	3.36	141	5.04	4	7
8—O'Day, N.Y	10	.900	327	52	5.20	23	2.30	85	8.50	.260	114	33	3.30	38	3.80	7	2
9—O'Brien, Cl	41	.653	1353	219	5.34	96	2.34	342	8.34	.253	451	124	3.02	172	4.20	24	25
10—Keefe, N.Y	45	.674	1535	242	5.38	106	2.36	353	7.84	.230	468	232	5.15	165	3.67	18	10
11—Sanders, P.	39	.512	1439	219	5.62	98	2.51	399	10.23	.277	510	127	3.26	98	2.51	4	9
12—Beatin, Cl.	36	.556	1235	183	5.08	92	2.56	313	8.70	.253	451	124	3.44	134	3.72	6	8
13—Staley, Pi.	47	.447	1667	248	5.28	125	2.66	426	9.06	.256	560	167	3.53	119	2.53	8	26
14—Galvin, Pi.	40	.590	1407	233	5.82	107	2.68	393	9.82	.279	546	67	1.68	76	1.90	10	12
15—Ferson, W.	33	.485	1157	200	6.06	89	2.70	307	9.30	.265	415	91	2.76	102	3.09	12	9
16—Hadd'k, W.	31	.367	1097	201	6.48	84	2.71	296	9.55	.270	395	103	3.32	119	3.84	9	15
17—Sowders, Pi	11	.500	387	61	5.56	30	2.73	98	8.91	.253	124	33	3.00	30	2.73	4	5
18—Buffit'n, P.	43	.605	1534	209	4.86	118	2.74	399	9.28	.260	540	141	3.28	120	2.79	6	9
19—Radb'rn, B	31	.633	1083	155	5.00	86	2.77	273	8.81	.252	378	94	3.03	87	2.81	8	1
20—Gumbert, C	28	.500	980	158	5.64	79	2.81	262	9.36	.267	374	91	3.25	77	2.75	14	7
Hutch'sn, C	36	.500	1106	208	5.78	110	2.81	301	8.36	.272	412	145	4.03	113	3.14	8	13
22—O'Day, W.	13	.167	453	94	7.23	37	2.85	127	9.77	.280	189	26	2.00	60	4.62	6	6
23—Rusie, I.	24	.500	828	166	6.92	71	2.96	221	9.21	.267	302	94	3.92	120	5.00	9	5
24—Boyle, I.	45	.467	1582	240	5.33	135	3.00	443	9.84	.280	586	106	2.36	102	2.27	14	12
25—Madden, B.	19	.474	682	120	6.32	58	3.05	185	9.74	.271	259	48	2.53	56	2.95	16	5
26—Dwyer, C.	30	.533	1146	186	6.20	99	3.30	312	10.40	.272	411	74	2.47	79	2.63	7	10
27—Tener, C.	30	.536	1120	182	6.07	100	3.33	288	9.60	.257	390	114	3.80	101	3.37	7	6
Morris, Pi.	21	.333	781	126	6.00	70	3.33	220	10.48	.282	297	43	2.05	51	2.43	6	2
29—Getzein, I.	43	.465	1546	271	6.30	147	3.40	423	9.84	.274	621	148	3.44	113	2.63	9	15
30—Gleason, P.	22	.409	796	164	7.45	89	4.05	225	10.21	.283	297	67	3.05	89	4.05	9	8
31—Healy, W.	12	.083	462	121	10.08	52	4.33	148	12.33	.320	211	48	4.00	47	3.92	5	5

PITCHERS IN LESS THAN TEN GAMES.

RANK, NAME AND CLUB.	Games.	Per cent. won.	At bat.	Runs scored.	Av. runs scored per game.	Earned runs.	Av. earned runs per game.	Base hits.	Av. base hits per game.	Av. B. H. to times at bat.	Total bases.	Strike outs.	Av. strike outs per game.	Bases on balls.	Average B. B. per game.	Hit with pitched ball.	Wild pitches.
1—Thn'ton, W.	1	.000	38	11	11.00	0	0.00	8	8.00	.211	11	3	3.00	7	7.00	0	0
2—Anderson, I	1	.000	42	10	10.00	1	1.00	12	12.00	.286	15	1	1.00	8	8.00	3	0
Day, P.	3	.000	93	28	9.33	3	1.00	21	7.00	.226	23	18	6.00	22	7.33	0	3
4—Daley, B.	7	.571	215	37	5.29	11	1.57	42	6.00	.195	58	41	5.86	40	5.71	2	5
5—Krumm, Pi.	1	.000	30	11	11.00	2	2.00	8	8.00	.267	9	6	6.00	10	10.00	0	1
Jones, Pi.	1	1,000	36	5	5.00	2	2.00	7	7.00	.194	13	10	10.00	1	1.00	0	0
7—Dunning, Pi	2	.000	69	19	9.50	5	2.50	20	10.00	.290	30	5	2.50	17	8.50	0	1
8—Burdick, I.	4	.500	150	30	7.50	11	2.75	43	10.75	.287	64	14	3.50	9	2.50	0	1
9—Hatfi'ld, NY	5	.200	181	38	7.60	14	2.80	44	8.80	.243	65	23	4.60	25	5.00	1	2
10—Fanning, I.	1	.000	37	10	10.00	3	3.00	13	13.00	.351	18	5	5.00	6	6.00	0	0
P. Wood, P.	2	.500	67	12	6.00	6	3.00	21	10.50	.313	28	8	4.00	3	1.50	0	0
Conway, Pi.	3	.667	101	17	5.67	9	3.00	30	10.00	.297	36	3	1.00	18	6.00	0	0
13—Healey, C.	5	.200	186	35	7.00	16	3.20	48	9.60	.258	68	19	3.80	18	3.60	4	2
14—Sowders, B	4	.500	152	30	7.50	13	3.25	48	12.00	.316	69	7	1.75	11	2.75	2	2
15—Krock, I.	4	.500	152	38	9.50	14	3.50	49	12.25	.322	68	12	3.00	15	3.75	0	1
Beam, Pi.	2	.500	70	16	8.00	7	3.50	20	10.00	.286	29	1	0.50	17	8.50	0	2
Ewing, N.Y.	2	1.000	75	12	6.00	7	3.50	23	11.50	.307	31	8	4.00	8	4.00	0	0
18—Krock, W.	6	.333	211	50	8.33	23	3.83	65	10.83	.308	89	17	2.83	22	3.67	1	3
19—Krock, C.	7	.571	279	46	6.57	28	4.00	92	13.14	.330	139	17	2.86	16	2.29	2	0
20—Anderson, P	2	.000	61	14	7.00	9	4.50	22	11.00	.361	32	5	2.50	6	3.00	0	0
21—Titc'mb, NY	3	.333	102	26	8.67	14	4.67	27	9.00	.265	43	8	2.67	16	5.33	2	1
Fee, I.	3	.333	101	31	10.33	14	4.67	31	10.33	.307	49	7	2.33	22	7.33	6	1
23—Shreve, I.	3	.000	103	38	12.67	15	5.00	34	11.33	.330	49	8	2.67	23	7.67	1	1
24—Sullivan, W	3	.000	112	36	12.00	16	5.33	35	11.67	.312	52	9	3.00	21	7.00	3	4
25—Garfield, Pi.	2	.000	80	20	10.00	11	5.50	27	13.50	.338	34	4	2.00	9	4.50	1	1
26—Whitney, I.	7	.286	288	60	8.57	39	5.57	93	13.29	.323	36	16	2.29	15	2.14	2	3
27—Maul, Pi.	4	.250	156	45	11.25	29	7.25	52	13.00	.333	75	8	2.00	23	5.75	1	4
28—Sprague, Cl	2	.000	81	31	15.50	16	8.00	27	13.50	.333	39	8	4.00	10	5.00	2	1

Fire Record.

A prairie fire started several miles east of Spirit Lake, Ia., Thursday. Driven by a strong wind from the south, it swept over a great portion of Dickenson county, and seemed to be beyond control. The damage done is very heavy. A great deal of corn in the field and grain in stack have been destroyed, and probably some farm houses.

There was a large fire at Bersemis, P. Q., Sept. 29. All the wharves, the stacks of lumber of the St. Lawrence Lumber Company, the stores and telegraph office were burned. The losses are covered by insurance.

Several business places at Kincardine, Ont., were burned Thursday night. The heaviest losers are Samuel Henry, bookstore; R. Rinker, grocer, and William Gray, buildings. Loss about $15,000; insurance $7500.

Incendiary fires in Helena, Mont., have resulted in a call for vigilantes.

Peter Sims & Sons' morocco factory at Salem, Mass., was burned on Friday night. Loss $100,000, and 250 men out of work.

Hollis & Co.'s packing house at Kansas City, Mo., was destroyed Thursday night; loss $35,000.

A great peat fire is burning near Geneva, Minn.; 5500 acres of land have been burned over, and 5000 tons hay destroyed. Estimated damage, $100,000.

A great peat fire is burning near Geneva, Minn. It is estimated that 5500 acres of land have been burned over and 6000 tons of hay destroyed. Experts estimate the value of the despoiled land at $100,000, and the damage by burning hay at $30,000.

The barn of Josiah Ricker at Webster, Me., was burned Saturday morning. Mr. Ricker while attempting to save a horse, was caught in the flames and burned to death. He was 48 years old.

Murdered at the Altar.

The old Hatfield-McCoy feud has broken out again, and at least three more lives have been sacrificed in the bloody vendetta which has now lasted over seven years. The shooting occurred at a marriage at the farmhouse of Peter McCoy, Pike county, Ky. His daughter was to become the wife of John Hand, a relative of the Hatfield gang, and members of both factions had sworn to prevent the union. Hand had never been connected with the disputes of the factions, and refused to recognize the leaders. Tuesday night, Oct. 1, the bridal party assembled in McCoy's house, and just as young Hand and Miss McCoy stood before the minister a volley was poured through the window which killed both of them and fatally wounded the clergyman. Reports say the farmers and mountaineers of the locality are hunting for the murderers, but no trace of them has been found.

A. A. Hodge, D. D., LL. D., Princeton Seminary, says of the American Supplement to the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA: "I have been specially delighted with its religious articles."

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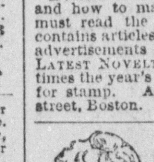
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